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CHS. SOUBRE

NETHERLANDS. X

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THE BANQUET OF THE BEGGARS

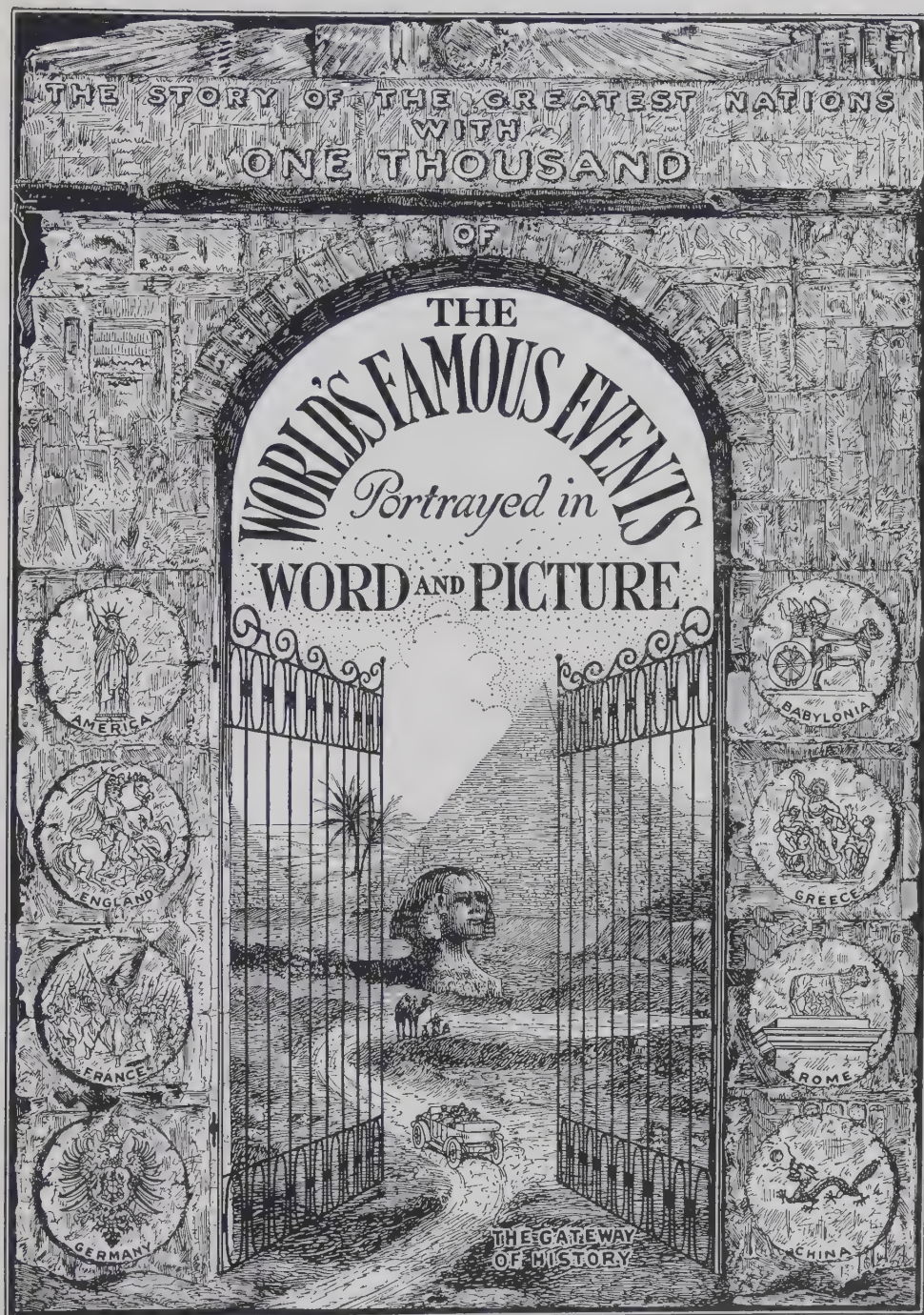
(The Nobles of Holland and Belgium Vow to Fight for Freedom against Spain)

From the painting by the contemporary Flemish artist, Charles Soubre

THE Netherlands, or at least that northern portion of them which we now call Holland, date their independent existence from the year 1566. They had been subjects of the mighty empire of the terrible Spanish king Philip II. But the awful cruelties and executions caused by his religious "Inquisition" drove them to a revolt of despair. When the rebellion began, Philip's half-sister, Margaret of Parma, was his regent in Brussels, the capital of the Netherlands. A huge gathering of the people drew from her a promise to try to suppress the Inquisition. "Are you afraid," asked one of her courtiers contemptuously, "of these beggars?" He referred not only to the rabble of poor folk, but also to the lesser nobles who had become impoverished by their opposition to King Philip.

At a banquet held by these nobles the same evening the name of "beggars," which had thus been applied to them in scorn, was adopted in defiance. A beggar's bowl and wallet were passed around the cheering assembly, and each man took oath to give up everything for the cause and become a beggar in very truth. In the midst of the tumult the great leader of the Netherlands, William of Orange, entered the banquet-hall. He was at once called to join the new organization; and though as a great noble of vast estates he did not and indeed could not promise to become a beggar, he drank to the success of their cause. From that moment the armed rebellion began; and William became its hero.





Volume Tenth

The Story of the Greatest Nations

A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY, EXTENDING FROM THE
EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT, FOUNDED ON
THE MOST MODERN AUTHORITIES, AND
INCLUDING CHRONOLOGICAL SUM-
MARIES AND PRONOUNCING
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SINGLE CONTINUOUS STORY OF HISTORY AND
ILLUMINED BY A COMPLETE SERIES OF
NOTABLE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
THE GREAT HISTORIC PAINT-
INGS OF ALL LANDS

By

EDWARD S. ELLIS, A. M.

AND

CHARLES F. HORNE, PH. D.

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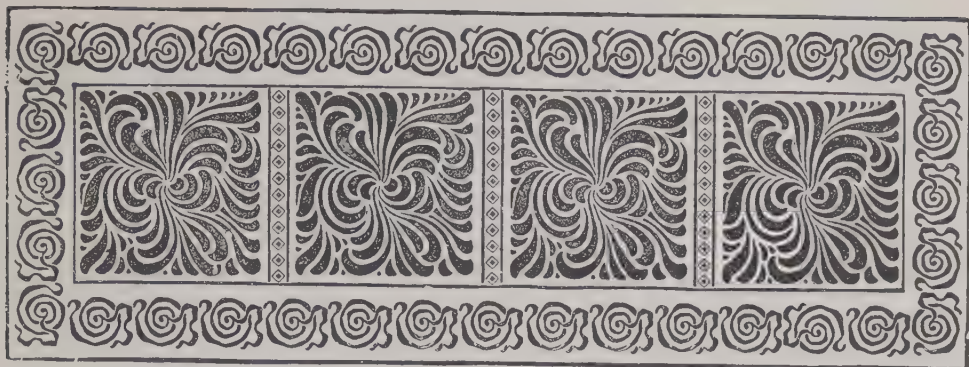
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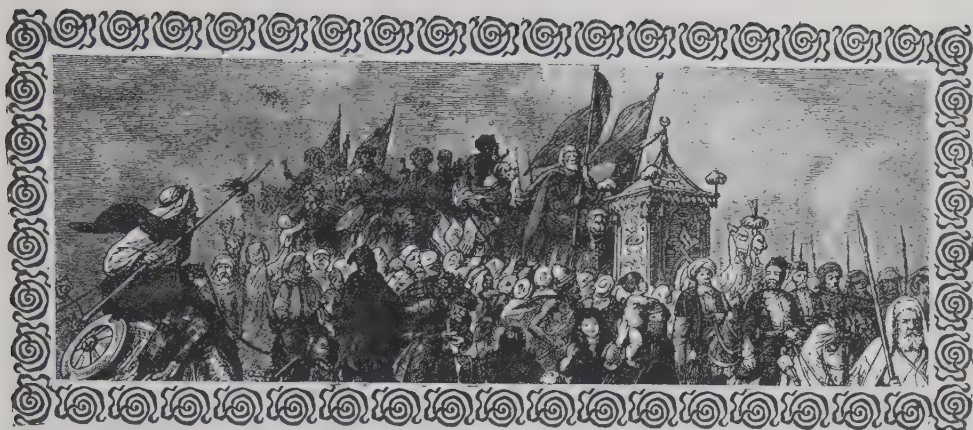


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ERTOGRUL TAKING POSSESSION OF SULTAN-ENI

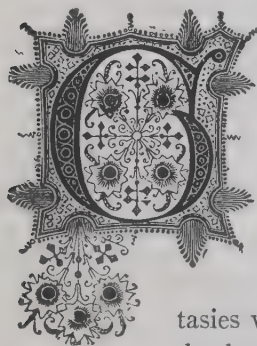
THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

MODERN NATIONS—TURKEY

Chapter I

FOUNDING OF THE KINGDOM OF OSMAN

[*Authorities—General:* Von Hammer Purgstall, "History of the Ottoman Empire" (in German); Creasy, "History of the Ottoman Turks"; Larpent, "History of the Turkish Empire"; Lamartine, "History of Turkey"; Cantemir, "History of the Growth and Decay of the Ottoman Empire"; Morris, "The Turkish Empire"; Lane-Poole, "The Story of Turkey"; Garnett, "Turkish Life in Town and Country"; Grosvenor, "Constantinople."—*Special:* Vambéry, "The Turkish Races."]



CONSTANTINOPLE, the Turkish capital, the mysterious, ancient, ever-flourishing city, sacred alike to Christian and Mahometan, stands in its wondrous beauty upon European shores; yet Turkey is an Asiatic State. Her story belongs to Asia, the world of dreamy fancy and lurid legend, not of sober fact and accurately dated history. Hence one can speak of Turkey only after the fashion of her own clime, repeating the poetic fantasies with which her writers have adorned her early days, enjoying the beauty and noting the symbolism of each new tale, but with not too deep a faith in its mathematical veracity.

The story deals first with Ertoghrul, whose name means the right-hearted man; and the hero who succeeds him is Osman, the limb-breaker. The

significant titles indicate the chief qualities for which the Turks take pride in their far ancestors. Those founders of the race were sturdy warriors and "right-hearted" men of honor.

This is certainly not the general conception of the Turks, held by the peoples of the West; but if we are to appreciate or understand at all the marvellous rise of this fierce yet romantic race, we must begin by casting aside the false ideas which many of us have acquired through dwelling only on the evil side of the character of a fallen foe. Let us start on the basis of a few plain facts. Western ignorance and indeed indifference as regards things Asiatic, are so dense that we blunder over the very name of this people and of their land. To speak of the Turkish Empire at Constantinople is as mistaken as to speak of the Caucasian Empire at London. *Turk* is really a general name covering all the nations and tribes which once spread over northern Asia and most of Russia. The name, to a gentleman of Constantinople, suggests something of wildness and barbarism. His own nation is a special branch of the Turkish race, the one that has risen above all others in intellect, in civilization and fame. The members of this noteworthy people are called the Osmanli, for they are the followers of Osman, or as the West has carelessly spelled it, Othman. Their domain, by a still further perversion of sound, we entitle the Ottoman Empire.

Turn now to the tale of its beginning. The first leader, Ertoghrlul, steps into the light of romance as a hero of about the middle of the thirteenth century, the central figure of a striking and characteristic episode. At the time of his appearance the great religious crusades were just at an end, and if they had disrupted European kingdoms, far more had they shaken and shattered the East. The vast empire of the Mahometan Arabs had fallen into fragments; and Western Asia, the region of Persia, Syria, and Asia Minor, the birthplace of civilization, was occupied by a confusion of many peoples, the most numerous among them being perhaps of Turkish race, descendants of the many bands of Turks which for centuries had wandered down from the wild and barren north-east. One tribe of these Turks, the Seljuks, had even founded a sort of empire of their own in Asia Minor. Their rulers or Sultans had established their capital at Iconium and had fought valiantly against the Crusaders. But their power had wasted to a shadow, they were staggering under the assaults of other invading hordes.

Into this world of tumult and confusion there entered another Turkish people, as yet a tribe without fixed name, the Osmanli of the future. They were "khazak" or cossacks, which means wanderers,—nomads, owners of vast flocks and herds with which they roamed over the wide grassy wildernesses of the north. Following in the footsteps of endless earlier tribes, they grew numerous and strong and began to push their way southward, seeking ever pleasanter, warmer dwelling-lands with richer pasturage. They had crossed Armenia, taking uncounted years,



THE REVIVAL OF MAHOMETANISM

(Osman and His Turks Adopt the Mahometan Faith)

From the Turkish historical series by T. C. Jack, of Edinburgh

THE advance of the Turks may fairly be said to have begun with their acceptance of Mahometanism under their leader Osman at the close of the thirteenth century. Before this they were a wild Tartar tribe who, wandering forth from Central Asia, had accepted service under a Mahometan king or sultan of Asia Minor and had been given rule over the district of Sultan-Ceni. At this period, nearly seven hundred years after Mahomet's death, his warlike religion had lost its original impulse of conquest. The tide of Mahometanism no longer threatened to engulf the world; on the contrary it was ebbing. The Christian Crusades had broken its power and its enthusiasm; and Mahometans talked of martyrdom and death rather than of victory and glory.

Then Osman, the young head of the Turkish tribe, had or declared he had, a vision urging him to accept Mahometanism and promising that under his leadership the faith would revive and sweep the earth in conquest. He was wooing at the time the daughter of a Mahometan religious teacher. She was called the Moon Maiden; and Osman's vision mingled the crescent of the moon with the crescent-shaped scimitars of his followers, and chose the crescent as the symbol of his new faith and purpose. His followers eagerly accepted his mystic promises of exalted deeds and much plunder; and they followed their chief into his new faith much as they would have followed him in any other dashing enterprise.





perhaps generations, in their advance. They were moving down the Upper Euphrates River into Syria, when their chief was drowned in the stream, leaving part of his inheritance to a young son, Ertoghrul, too youthful, thought his wild followers, to give them protection or to deserve obedience. So the tribe scattered in all directions, as fancy moved them. Only a remnant of the most loyal clung to Ertoghrul, leaving him a band of four hundred and forty-four horsemen, a fitting, symbolic number of faithful and valiant clansmen.

In his wanderings the new chief had heard of the great Turkish Sultan at Iconium, and with this lord he resolved to seek shelter and service for his people. Journeying through the wilds of Asia Minor, he and his followers heard one day a furious clash of arms. Watching from a hill, they saw two armies in the shock of battle, and the weaker side, though fighting desperately, began to give way before overwhelming numbers. With characteristic chivalry and impetuosity, Ertoghrul stayed not to learn the causes of the quarrel, but crying to his band that they must restore the uneven balance, he led them in a wild charge into the affray. Small as the troop was, the shock of its unexpected appearance and attack decided the fortune of the day. The enemy fled, and Ertoghrul, showered with the thanks and praise of those whom he had rescued, found that their general was the very ruler he was seeking,—the Sultan of Iconium.

It may be imagined how eagerly the Sultan accepted the adherence of these proven veterans. He conferred on them the lordship of a province in northern Asia Minor, centering about the city of Saguta, and charged them to defend the land against the ever-recurring invasions of the Tartar hordes. Ertoghrul ruled wisely, and gathered round him a strong army from the inhabitants of the district and from the many adventurers, chiefly of Turkish race, who joined his standard. He soon found that he was really an independent ruler, who must rely on his own resources. Wandering bands like his own were constantly appearing to attack him. The Sultan's authority was only a shadow. Each warlike Emir (lord) of a city fought against the others, and the only law was that of the strongest.

By that law Ertoghrul proved his right to rule. Very gradually he made himself assured master of the territories that had been granted him. In a battle fought against the forces of the Greek cities bordering the coast of the Black Sea, he originated a new style of tactics which remained for centuries the favorite mode of attack among his people. He repeatedly sent his light troops against the enemy, not to lock with them in death-grapple, but to harass, bewilder and exhaust the foe. Then seizing the vital moment, the chieftain swept his lighter forces aside and charged with his own veterans, fresh, fierce, and eager to prove their right to the proud supremacy they held.

A complete victory resulted, and Ertoghrul was thereafter recognized as the chief lieutenant of the feeble Sultan, and as defender of all the northern frontiers.

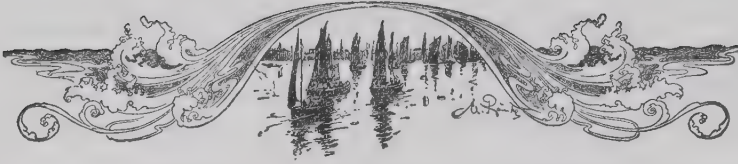
His province was greatly enlarged, and to it was given the name of Sultan-Çeni,—the Sultan's stand.

The new Emir of Sultan-Çeni always remained loyal to the trust he had accepted, and maintained his nominal allegiance to the Sultan at Iconium. Hence he was not the founder of a new kingdom, though his province was practically an independent state and the best governed and best ordered in Asia Minor. The "right-hearted" Emir died in 1288 and left his authority to his son Osman, the limb-breaker.

As to whether Ertoghrul and his people had adopted the Mahometan faith before entering Asia Minor, the Turkish historians differ. The more commonly accepted legend represents them as rude, uncultured pagans. Their leader, we are assured, was first made acquainted with the Koran in the house of a Mahometan whom he saw reading it. Being told the book was the word of God, Ertoghrul examined it and was so impressed that he stood erect and in that attitude of reverence continued reading the entire night. Then, as if in a vision, he heard a solemn voice from above which spoke a promise: "Since thou hast read with such respect My Eternal word, even in the same manner shall thy children and thy children's children be honored from generation to generation."

Despite this vision, young Osman seems to have been brought up in the pagan faith of his ancestors, for the pretty love legend of his youth, a favorite theme of Oriental poets, is based on his conversion. According to the tales, there was a learned Mahometan sheik who dwelt in a village near Ertoghrul's capital. More famed even than the learning of the sheik was the beauty of his one daughter Malkhatoon or the moon maiden; and the lad Osman, first attracted to the house by the wisdom of the sire, remained as a suitor for the daughter. The sheik refused the alliance because Osman was an unbeliever; and the young prince submitted reverently. Still raving however, of his lady-love, he described her beauty in such impassioned terms to a neighboring Emir that the latter also became enamored, and striving to win the maid by rougher means, drove her and her father to seek shelter in the home of her more respectful admirer. Here the discourses of the sheik completed the conversion of Osman. Like his father Ertoghrul, the shrewd young convert had a vision. In this, if we omit the flowery details and symbols so dear to Turkish fancy, he saw a picture of the descendants of himself and the moon maiden governing the whole earth and, through the power of many crescent scimeters, spreading throughout their domains the religion of Mahomet.

So impressive a vision would scarce allow itself to be misunderstood or disobeyed. The young pair were wedded, Osman's warlike followers adopted his new religion with its invitation to conquest, and Mahometanism took a fresh lease of life. Over five centuries had elapsed since the exhaustion of that first impulse which sent the Arab followers of Mahomet across half the known world with the



OSMAN'S GREATEST TRIUMPH

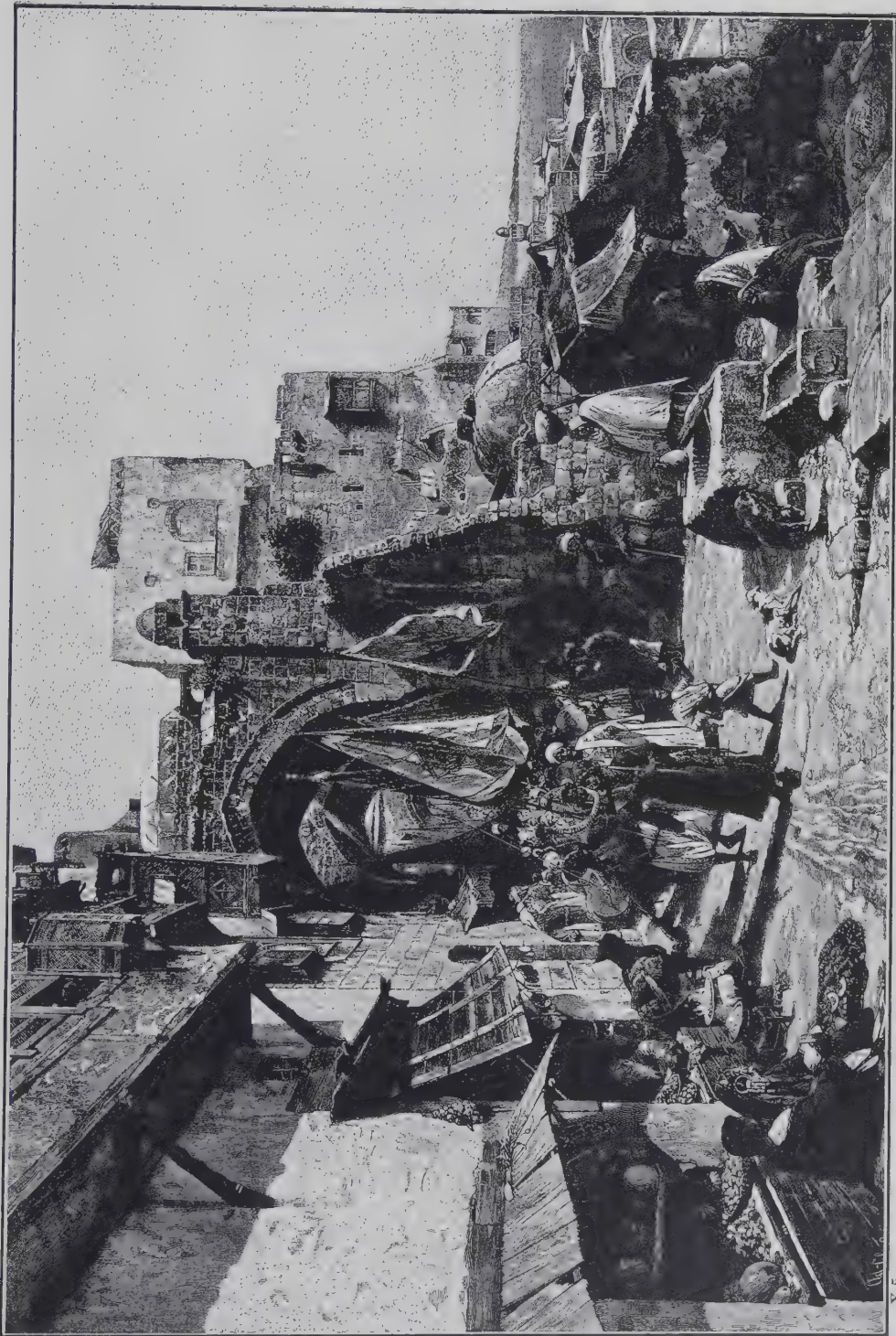
(Osman Hears of the Conquest of Brusa by His Son Orchan)

From a painting by the German artist, G. Bauernfeld

MOST notable of all the conquests of Osman was that of the great Greek city of Brusa, which lay on the coast of Asia Minor, facing Europe and thus leading onward to conquest in that direction. Brusa surrendered to Orchan, the son of Osman, after a siege of eight years. Its final capture was achieved only in the very year of Osman's death (1327); and he at once moved thither in person and made Brusa his capital. He was buried there, and it remained for a century and a half the capital of his people, the Osmanli or followers of Osman, as they continue to be called even to-day.

Within three years after Osman's death his son and successor, Orchan, achieved the conquest of Nicea the last of the independent Grecian cities of Asia Minor. When news of this victory reached Brusa, the Turks held a special and solemn thanksgiving to God and Mahomet; for now at last they held complete control of all the East. Their advance had not been startlingly rapid but it had been steady and most sure. Orchan had as his Vizier his brother Aladdin, celebrated throughout the East for his wisdom and generosity. Aladdin remained at Brusa binding fast what his warlike brother conquered. The shrewd Vizier made friends of the defeated peoples, restored their prosperity, promulgated just laws which protected them in peace. Thus they found themselves as happy under Turkish rule as they had been before, and far more secure in their good fortune. They became devoted adherents of the Osmanli.





Koran and the sword. Their remarkable empire had long disappeared, but their religion remained, and now a new myriad of scimeters were consecrated to the work of conversion.

In many respects Mahometanism resembles Christianity. It has indeed been called a debased form of the earlier faith; for its followers accept the teachings of Christ, whom they regard as a great prophet whose commands have, however, been supplanted, and to some extent superseded, by those of the later and greater prophet, Mahomet. His doctrines are eminently fitted to inspire a rude and warlike race, for they expressly direct the spreading of the faith by the sword, and they promise physical bliss, instant and perfect, to all who perish in the holy strife. Thus by the word of Osman, what had been only a band of nomads, doubtless a mixture of many races, Mongols and Turcomans as well as Turks, growing like a snowball larger and more heterogeneous in their wandering advance—this mass was welded into a single nation, inspired by one common impulse.

Osman followed quietly at first in his father's footsteps, completing and enforcing his power over Sultan-Æni. He was a wise and just ruler, and not until after many years of peace did he (1299) begin to extend his territory through conquest. One of his earliest aggressive expeditions gave rise to another legend, treasured by his people as typical of their race. Being about to seize one of the Greek fortresses upon his borders, Osman called a council of his warriors. His aged uncle, who had accompanied Ertoghrul in all the wanderings of the tribe, pleaded for caution. Whereon Osman, fearing that his followers would begin to look coldly on his schemes, snatched up a bow and shot his uncle dead. No man after that dared counsel him to peace.

It was not, however, until twenty years after his father's death that Osman assumed a wholly independent sovereignty. His wars were fought and his provinces held in the name of the Sultans of Iconium. In 1307, the last of these to whom he had sworn allegiance died; upon which Osman abandoned the few remaining forms of vassalage and continued his career of conquest as a monarch in his own right. He did not change his simple title of Emir or lord for that of Sultan or supreme ruler; but about this time he took to himself the two most distinctive attributes and privileges of sovereignty in the East. He bade that the public prayers of Sultan-Æni be said in his own name, and he coined money bearing the stamp of his own head. Thus it was he, rather than his father, who became the founder of a new kingdom. It was he who gave it its new religious impulse, and from him it has become known as the realm of Osman and of his successors, the Osmanli.



THE VISION OF SOLYMAN

Chapter II

THE FIRST PERIOD OF POWER AND THE FALL OF BAJAZET

[*Authorities:* As before, also Gibbon, "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; Freeman, "History of the Ottoman Power in Europe"; Tilly, "Eastern Europe and Western Asia."]



FROM the doubtful kingship of a petty border state to the assured sovereignty of a mighty empire, is no easy climb; nor did the Osmanli achieve it in a single generation. Emir Osman himself was busy all his life warring against the Greek cities of the Black Sea. These had seen the rise and then the fall of many a power such as his, and, protected by walls and fleets, had managed to maintain a practical independence of all. They treated the new conqueror with but half-veiled scorn. They admitted that he might be able to ravage their outlying territories as others had done, or storm an occasional country fortress; but the great cities themselves he could not harm—and he too would pass away.

Osman, however, was more patient than earlier conquerors. Outside each city's gates he erected forts which served to shelter permanent garrisons; his soldiers remained year after year to plunder all who ventured forth. Yet the cities, provisioned by their fleets, continued to defy him, and it was not until the very year of his death that Osman, or rather his son Orchan, achieved the capture of Brusa after a siege of eight long years. Brusa, situated on the little sea of Marmora looking toward Europe, was one of the three greatest of the Greek cities of Asia Minor, and its fall drew the startled attention of all the East. The dying Osman commanded with pride that his body should be buried there in remembrance of the triumph he had achieved.

In studying the career of Osman we can see what has given such permanence to the Turkish dominion. It was established, at least in its earlier advance, by love, not fear, by benefits conferred, rather than sufferings inflicted. Other Asiatic monarchs have built up more sudden, more wide-spreading empires; but these terrible men have flashed like blood-stained meteors before the eyes of a devastated world. Their conquests have been vast raids of destruction, which left behind only hatred of themselves. Their captured provinces, held only by force, have broken away at the first sign of the conqueror's exhaustion. The power of Osman was not thus lost in the winning. It was extended slowly. Between his wars, there were long periods of peace. As each neighboring province was acquired, it was carefully assimilated. Though known to his people as a warrior, he was even more admired as a just and generous ruler. They called him Kara Osman, which means the black Osman, but not in the evil sense the term would have with us, for the Turks admire swarthy men. Hence the phrase suggests to them Osman the darkly beautiful, the nobly attractive and commanding. Despite that sudden slaying of his uncle, so repellent to Western ideas, Osman is regarded by his countrymen as almost a saint. The wish with which each new Sultan of Turkey is greeted is that he may be, not as great, but as good as Osman.

The death of the founder of the kingdom left his authority to his two sons, Aladdin and Orchan, between whom a contest of generosity at once arose. Aladdin was the elder, but the European rule of succession was by no means fully established amid the Turks. Indeed, in their old days of wandering, it had been the youngest son who remained to care for the aged parents, and who finally took possession of the homestead. Each elder lad, as he came to manhood, started off with a few comrades to seek new fortunes. Moreover, it was Orchan who had proved his ability and gladdened his father's heart by the capture of Brusa; so the dying Emir named Orchan as his successor.

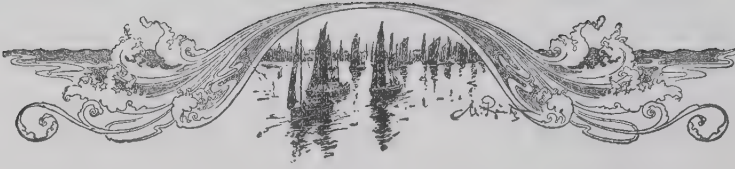
Emir Orchan offered his disinherited brother whatever he desired, even to the half of his domains, but Aladdin refused to destroy by division the power which their father had built up. He would accept only the revenues of a single village. "If you will take nothing from me," said Orchan, "then you must be my Vizier;" which means bearer of burdens. To this Aladdin consented and became the real administrator and director of the affairs of the kingdom.

To him the Turks attribute almost all their characteristic institutions. He gave them a code of laws, and established a feudal system not unlike that of Europe. He created a standing army, antedating by over a century the earliest known among the nations of the West. Schools were instituted and mosques erected, as were palaces and other public edifices of magnificent architecture. In short, if we regard the ancestors of the Osmanli as having been barbarians when they first entered Asia Minor, their progress in civilization was rapid almost beyond parallel.

Of all Aladdin's institutions, the best-known to the West was the band of soldiers called the Janizaries. The idea was suggested to him by a warrior relative; the name Janizaries, which means "new troops," was given the first recruits by a holy dervish who blessed them; but Aladdin's was the brain and Orchan's the hand that brought them into being. The purpose of their creation was partly, at least, religious. When the Turks conquered a people opposed to the faith of Mahomet, they did not compel conversion by massacre, but sought to induce it by milder means. One of their methods was to exact from the subjected territory a yearly tribute of the fairest and strongest boys who were not Mahometans. In this manner, a thousand such lads were gathered every year and separated from home and all the softer influences of life. They were brought up as Mahometans, trained in warfare and, if deemed worthy, became members of the band of "new troops," the chief instrument of Turkish warfare, the central band on whose final, desperate charge, like that of the four hundred and forty-four warriors of Ertoghrul, the rulers relied for victory.

The weapons thus prepared by Aladdin were wielded by Orchan. Within a year of his father's death, he had captured Nicomedia, the second of the three Greek cities which had defied his father. Three years later (1330) he put an end to the dominion of the Greeks in Asia Minor, by compelling the surrender of Nicæa, the last and greatest of their strongholds, inferior only to Constantinople itself in size and splendor. The Turkish kingdom of Karasi, with its capital at the ancient Greek city of Pergamos, was also conquered (1336). This established the authority of Orchan over all north-western Asia Minor, and gave him a kingdom nearly as large as modern Italy. He became the nearest neighbor and indeed the real master of the ancient and decrepit Roman Empire of the East. This still lingered as a Greek kingdom with its capital at Constantinople and its feeble authority extending over most of what to-day is European Turkey. The cities of Asia Minor had acknowledged a vague allegiance to this Empire, and in seizing them, Orchan began its dismemberment. Throughout the latter part of his reign, he was the practical dictator of its policy. Crusaders from the West gathered to aid this outpost of Christianity against the Turks. But Orchan was repeatedly appealed to by the rivals who fought for its throne, and in viewing the intrigues of father fighting against son, he gained such an introduction into European statecraft as could hardly have roused in him much admiration or even respect for the civilization of the West.

Nearly a quarter of a century was devoted by Orchan to establishing himself in Asia Minor, while his warriors became ever more clamorous for a new advance. Several times bands of them crossed from Asia and raided the provinces beyond Constantinople, but these expeditions aimed only at plunder and were not intended to establish a permanent dominion. In 1356, came what was really the next great



THE NORSEMEN AID CONSTANTINOPLE.

(The Norse Sea-Wanderers Save Constantinople From the Threatening Turks)

From a painting in 1888 by Don José Moreno Carbonero

THE fall of Nicea alarmed all Europe. The fact became startlingly evident that Mahometanism had indeed received a new lease of life, that Christianity was once more threatened, that the East was rising again to pour forth its hordes and seek to overwhelm the West. Moreover, the danger was all the greater because these new leaders, the Osmanli, were merciful and allowed subject races to keep their own religion. Thus the conquest advanced in the subtle guise of increased prosperity.

Constantinople was at this time the Christian capital of the East. In its palaces ruled the so-called Roman Emperors of the East, direct successors of the ancient Romans, the only sovereigns whose land had never through all the Dark Ages succumbed to the barbarians who overran Rome. Constantinople, which had held a vague suzerainty over the great Greek cities of Asia Minor, now found the last of these wrested from her, and her own security threatened in its turn. She raised a cry to all Europe for help. No united nation answered to her call, but individual adventurers came in numbers. Some were religious enthusiasts, but more were seekers after worldly fortune. Most important of these defenders were the Norsemen. Quite a little army of these stalwart fighters voyaged to Constantinople, where they were received, as our picture shows, with more suspicion than gratitude. The courtly Greeks of Constantinople looked on them as rude and dangerous barbarians.





forward step of the Osmanli, their first acquisition of European territory. Solyman, the son of Orchan, was in command of his father's troops along the Hellespont. As he stood gazing across its waters, he had, according to legend, one of those visions characteristic of and so useful to his race. A crescent moon rose before him, linking the two continents with its light; he heard voices summoning him to advance and saw palace after palace rising out of nothing, for his possession.

A band of forty warriors with young Solyman at their head rowed secretly across the Hellespont by night and stormed the European fortress of Tzympe, capturing it by surprise. The Greek Emperor remonstrated, but Solyman refused to give up his prize. A large ransom was offered him, and peaceful negotiations were in progress, when suddenly, unexpectedly, a terrific earthquake swept over all the region, breaking and battering the walls of many cities. The opportunity seemed too providential to be lost. The Turks cried out that God himself had interfered to deliver the country into their hands. The troops of Solyman advanced from Tzympe and seized Gallipoli, the chief city and seaport of the Hellespont, marching in over the ruins of its walls without resistance from the terror-stricken inhabitants. Other towns were captured in similar manner, and though the Greek Emperor protested, he dared do no more.

Solyman died, and his body, like that of Osman, was buried near the scene of his last conquest. Soon afterward, Emir Orchan closed a long life full of honors and fame. He was succeeded on the throne by his eldest surviving son, Amurath or Murad I (1359-1389).

Murad, the last of the Osmanli rulers to be satisfied with the simple title of Emir, was a worthy representative of his able, energetic race. He had first to defend himself against a revolt incited by the Emir of Caramania, chief rival of the Osmanli for dominion over Asia Minor. Despite the intrigues of the enemy, Murad suppressed the rebellion with a vigor and rapidity which thoroughly convinced his subjects of his right to rule. Then he returned to the Hellespont, and following in the footsteps of his brother Solyman continued the advance of the Osmanli into Europe.

His reign was practically one long war against the West, and to him were due most of those Turkish acquisitions in Europe which have lasted to this day. The great city of Adrianople was wrested from the Greek Empire in 1360, and Murad settled his court there permanently, made the place one of his capitals, and the seat from which he pushed on to further conquests. The degenerate Greeks opposed him with no effective force, and retained in their power only the massive-walled capital, Constantinople, with its immediate surroundings.

The invaders found a much more vigorous foe when they approached the Balkan States, the little principalities which we have seen revived in our own generation, after their national life had been extinct for over four hundred years. In the

fourteenth century Serbia was a powerful state, an empire in the estimation of its rulers, one of whom had assumed the grandiloquent title "Emperor of the Roumelians, the Macedonian Christ-loving Czar." Bosnia and Bulgaria were also strong kingdoms of the Sclavic race, while beyond, and aiding them, lay Poland and Hungary, at that time two of the chief powers of Europe.

A league of all these states was formed to expel from the continent the invading Osmanli. The Christian forces took the field and advanced almost to Adrianople. In the pride of their numbers and prowess, they neglected all precautions; and, as they lay one night by the Marizza River engaged in a drunken carouse, they were suddenly set upon by the Turks and completely overthrown (1363).

The battle of the Marizza was the first of the long series in which for five centuries the Eastern invaders have held their ground against all the efforts of the West. The Turkish historians rise to poetry in celebration of the triumph. Says one of them: "The enemy were caught even as wild beasts in their lair. They were driven before us as flames are driven before the wind, till plunging into the Marizza they perished in its waters." By 1376, both Serbia and Bulgaria had become tributary states to Murad, and the great Emir set himself to the peaceful task of consolidating the kingdom which he had more than doubled in size.

Once only in later life was he compelled to encounter rebellion, and that was not from his subjects but from his younger son Saoudji. The tale is strikingly Turkish. Saoudji was in command of all his country's forces in Europe. He thought himself neglected by his father, and joining an equally discontented son of the Greek Emperor, ordered the Turkish troops to follow him in revolt. The wrathful Murad hurried back from Asia. He accused the Greek Emperor of being the instigator of their two sons; and the trembling Emperor, to prove he had no part in it, agreed with Murad that if the youths were captured, they should both have their eyes put out. Marching onward from this interview, the Sultan encamped his troops in front of his son's forces, and himself spurred forward alone in the night. Riding up to the rebels he called out to them to return to their allegiance. At the sound of the well-known voice, the Turkish warriors rushed around their Sultan in multitudes, beseeching pardon since they had been bound in loyalty to follow the command of his son.

Thus the rebellion was over, but Murad seized Saoudji, blinded him according to his pledge and then beheaded him. The Greek nobles who were with the rebels, were drowned in batches, the Sultan showing a grim pleasure in their sufferings. He bound the Greek prince in chains and sent him to the Emperor, informing the latter of the punishment already inflicted on Saoudji. The feeble Emperor blinded his own son also, but unwillingly and so imperfectly that the youth was left with some slight power of vision. Murad took no further notice of the matter.

Equally important with Murad's European conquests, at least to Turkish



SOLYMAN ATTACKS EUROPE

(Urged by a Vision the Turks Cross the Hellespont Into Europe)

From a painting by the Polish artist, A. Bastworowsky

NOT until the Turkish kingdom had been established for over half a century and had gradually welded firm its power in Asia, did its leaders attempt the conquest of Europe. In the year 1356 Solyman, a son of King Orchan and the commander of his armies, determined that despite all the Christians who had come to aid the Empire of Constantinople, his soldiers were strong enough to begin the attack. While marching an army along the Asiatic shore of the Hellespont, the narrow strait which separates Europe and Asia, Solyman had a vision in which the crescent moon of the Osmanli seemed to reach across the Hellespont and bridge the strait with its light, beckoning him on to immeasurable riches.

So Solyman with forty picked men from among his followers rowed secretly across the strait at night and stormed an unsuspecting Christian fortress. His army joined him; and before they could be expelled or even attacked a natural disaster came, as though in fulfilment of Solyman's vision, to make his conquest secure. A mighty earthquake shook all this eastern coast of Europe, toppling down the walls of its cities. Solyman at once marched against those nearest him and entering over the fallen walls, took possession of one strong place after another almost without resistance from the dazed and despairing inhabitants. Thus quite a province in Europe, almost as much as they still hold to-day was won by the Turks at a single grasp, though Constantinople still defied them.





eyes, was his victory over the Emir of Caramania, the hereditary rival of his house. Caramania was the land of south-eastern Asia Minor where a Turkish power similar to that of the Osmanli had grown up from the ruins of older empires. The two rival states had swallowed one by one the lesser principalities between them and finally stood face to face disputing the supremacy of the entire region. The decisive struggle broke out in 1387, and Murad completely overthrew the enemy in a great battle at Iconium. It was here that Bajazet, Murad's son and successor, gained the title of Ilderim, "the lightning," through the speed and fury of his attacks upon the foe.

Scarcely were the Caramanians overcome, when the aged monarch found himself confronted by another danger. A second league of the Christian states was formed against him with Servia at their head. This kingdom and Bulgaria had been apparently his submissive vassals, until in 1388 their troops suddenly assailed and almost annihilated a Turkish army which was advancing into the unsubdued province of Bosnia. Murad hurried from Asia for revenge. His troops crossed the Balkans into Bulgaria, desolated the land with grim fury, conquered and annexed it. The Turkish frontier was advanced to the Danube. Then Murad himself led his forces against Servia. The enormous army which was gathered against him from many Christian states, greatly outnumbered his, but the aged conqueror did not hesitate to attack the foe on the plain of Kossova (1389). A brilliant Turkish victory followed, due once more, we are told, to the dash and daring of Bajazet Ilderim.

While the contest was raging, Murad was stabbed by a Servian assassin, who penetrated to his tent under pretense of being a deserter with important news. The Emir lived long enough to be assured of his last great victory and to order the execution of his rebel vassal, the Servian King, who was brought before him a prisoner. Then he died, and Bajazet Ilderim succeeded to the throne.

In Bajazet I (1389-1402) we find a ruler of wholly different type from the earlier Osmanli. Four generations of the house of Ertoghrul had shown themselves fierce and strong, but also wise and just and even generous, caring for the reality of power rather than its outward trappings. Bajazet seemed to inherit only the ferocity of his race. He was vain and ostentatious, false and foolish, an evil-minded voluptuary, who brought to ruin almost all that his ancestors had labored to accomplish. Perhaps we ought not to accept these statements too freely. The Turkish writers, with their love of allegory and poetic justice, always insist that vice must be punished and virtue rewarded. As Bajazet fell, it follows therefore in the estimation of his people that he must have been wicked; and the tales of his folly and perfidy have perchance been pictured with too dark a hue.

Yet the record seems plain to read. The new Emir's first act on the very field of battle, was to seize his only surviving brother and cause him to be put to death.

Remembering that Orchan, a younger brother, had superseded an elder, Bajazet meant to allow no rival near the throne, which he had already resolved to hold by force if not by justice.

Fickle fortune seemed to welcome him as a favorite and showered upon his undeserving head all the conquests for which his father had laboriously prepared the way. Servia, crushed by the defeat of Kossova, became a vassal state, its king remaining the most valued and the most faithful of the allies of Bajazet. Wallachia also became tributary to the Turks without much resistance; and thus their expanding territory for the first time crossed the Danube. In 1392, Sigismund, King of Hungary, afterward the Emperor Sigismund, attacked them, but was driven back in utter rout.

Bajazet was next obliged to return to Asia to re-establish his dominion over Caramania, whose emirs were recovering from their defeat at the hands of Murad. They do not seem, however, to have been able to offer Bajazet any considerable opposition, and he annexed their entire land as a permanent part of his empire. He then marched his victorious armies to the eastward, and extended his power over the last remaining fragments of Asia Minor.

Having thus made sure of his domains, Bajazet sank into a state of indolence and evil pleasure. The tales of his debauchery and licentiousness are too hideous to repeat. His pride, however, led him to do one noteworthy thing. The simple title of Emir seemed to him insufficient for his glory. He applied to the Caliph in Egypt, the religious head of the Mahometan world, and was by him authorized to assume the illustrious title of Sultan, or lord of lords.

In 1396, Sultan Bajazet was compelled to return to Europe to meet the most formidable effort yet put forth by the West to resist the advance of the Turks. In the Hungarians, the invaders had at last encountered Roman Christians, instead of the Greeks who looked to Constantinople as their Church's centre. Upon the appeal of the defeated King Sigismund of Hungary, the Roman Pope preached a crusade against the heathen foe. An army, perhaps twelve thousand strong, composed not of peasants but of the proudest knights of France and Germany, took up the holy war. So splendid was their array that they boasted that if the sky should fall they would uphold it on the points of their lances. They planned to defeat Bajazet, then take possession of Constantinople, then conquer Asia Minor, march on to Syria, seize Jerusalem, and re-establish a Christian kingdom there.

King Sigismund received this aid with joy, and marshalling his own forces, joined the advance of the Crusaders. The King of Servia refused to desert Bajazet and join them, so this Christian state was laid waste by the followers of the Cross. Its warriors were slain without quarter and its cities stormed.

The Sultan made haste to gather the most powerful army his dominions could supply, and met the enemy before the city of Nicopolis. The Crusaders had



THE RAVAGING OF SERVIA

(Murad Makes the Turks a Terror to All Europe)

From a painting by the French artist, O. D. V. Guillonet

SO long as Orchan and his son Solyman confined their slow and cautious advance to the devouring of the possessions of the feeble Roman Empire of the East, Europe felt no serious anxiety. But both Orchan and his son died soon after the first advance into Europe and another great conqueror, Murad I, succeeded to the throne. Murad at once turned all his forces against Europe. In 1560 he stormed Adrianople and let loose all the hordes of his Asiatic followers against the other Balkan States. Chief of these at the time was Servia, whose king called himself Czar of the old Romans. Bulgaria and Bosnia were also strong Christian kingdoms, constantly fighting against Servian aggression. These foes were all most cruelly ravaged by the Turkish hordes.

The three Christian States united, drew to their aid the forces of their next neighbors, Hungary and Poland, and in a vast confederated army pursued the Turks. The latter, loaded with all the plunder of Servia and Bulgaria, retreated as far as the Marizza River close to Adrianople. Here occurred the first great battle in the long series in which the Turks clashed against the strength of Europe. The Christians were surprised by a sudden night assault and were completely overthrown. Murad at once advanced again over their stricken lands and was able within the next ten years to establish his empire firmly over all the land that had been Bulgarian and Servian, that is, over most of the Balkan Peninsula.





boasted that this notorious voluptuary would never dare encounter them; they had refused to believe the news of his approach. When at last his troops suddenly faced them, the Crusaders were eager to attack at once. Sigismund, who knew to his cost the Turkish style of battle, explained to his impetuous allies that they were confronting only the lighter troops, whose attack meant nothing. He entreated them not to exhaust themselves until the Janizaries should appear. But the Crusaders, especially the French knights, refused to be advised; they would not condescend to alter their form of battle to please the Turks, but insisted on charging the foe at once and bearing down all who opposed them. Their light-armed opponents scattered, but there were always other troops beyond. The Frenchmen were led on and on until at length, when they were exhausted and their wearied horses were stumbling at every step, the last curtain of light horsemen was drawn away, and they saw before them the long, stern ranks of the steel-clad Janizaries. Slowly the grim foe closed about them in a circle, and the Frenchmen were slain or captured almost to a man.

Following them, hoping yet to save the fortunes of the day, came the Hungarians and the remnant of the Crusaders. Both sides fought valiantly; but the Servian troops under Bajazet, furious at the cruel devastation of their land, made a charge that swept all before it. The Janizaries advanced to join them, and soon the Hungarians and their allies were fleeing in utter rout. King Sigismund escaped almost alone from the disastrous battlefield of Nicopolis (1396).

The slaughter was immense. Christian historians say that sixty thousand Turks were slain. The next day Bajazet, vowing to be avenged for the loss of so many subjects, caused almost all his prisoners, at least ten thousand in number, to be massacred in his presence. A few of the richest Crusaders were spared for ransom, and when these were released, the Sultan sent back by them the scornful message that he would always be pleased to have the Franks come and try their strength against him.

The Turks did not pursue their advantage far. After ravaging a portion of the enemy's domains, Bajazet fell back. Perhaps his losses had really been too great to bear, though his own historians explain that he was seized with illness. He sent his troops into Greece instead, and all that ancient land was added to the Ottoman Empire. Then in 1400, Bajazet dispatched to the Emperor of Constantinople a haughty notice that the divinely appointed conquerors would wait no longer, that Constantinople must be surrendered to them, or they would slay every soul within its walls. The Emperor bravely responded that he knew his weakness, but would defend his capital, and only Heaven could decide the issue.

Heaven had already decided. This last easy triumph was to be denied the savage Bajazet. Already his doom was at hand. The great Tartar conqueror,

Timur the Lame, or Tamburlane, had established his empire in Central Asia. His forces swept westward and clashed with those of the Osmanli. A son of Bajazet defended against the invaders the city of Sebastia on the eastern borders of Asia Minor. Sebastia was captured and all its defenders slain with torture. The Sultan vowed to avenge his son. Timur's hordes had surged southward into Syria, but would soon return. Bajazet had two years in which to gather all his forces; then Turk and Tartar met on the plain of Angora to contest the sovereignty of the East (1402).

Vague and marvellous legends have reached us of this tremendous battle. The Turkish historians seem to assign to Bajazet a hundred thousand troops and to Timur eight hundred thousand. Yet, despite this enormous discrepancy, they represent their own chieftain as acting with the blind self-confidence of a madman or a fool. To show his contempt of his adversary, he withdrew his troops from before the foe and employed them in a gigantic hunt, miles upon miles of mountain land being encircled by the army and the game driven forward to be killed by the Sultan and his court. So exhaustive was the labor, so barren the region, that thousands of the warriors perished of thirst; and when at last the senseless tyrant would have permitted his victims to return to the streams of the plain, they found the vantage ground occupied by their watchful foe and they could reach the water only by fighting for it. They struggled heroically but in vain, and the gallant army perished almost to a man, through exhaustion rather than the blows of their enemies.

Of these legends we may believe what we choose. It is certain that the Turks were utterly defeated; Bajazet was captured, and Timur marched in triumphant procession over the Asiatic territories of his foe. The tale has passed into literature of his carrying the fallen Sultan around in an iron cage and forcing him to drag his conqueror's chariot. But in truth the captive seems to have been borne about in a comfortable litter, to which bars were only added after he had attempted to escape. Timur's treatment was apparently as kindly as was consistent with holding a rival prisoner. Bajazet soon died; and Timur did not long survive him. The Tartar chief had conquered all Asia, but his successors did not know how to hold together his vast domains, and at his death the Asiatic world fell into chaos.



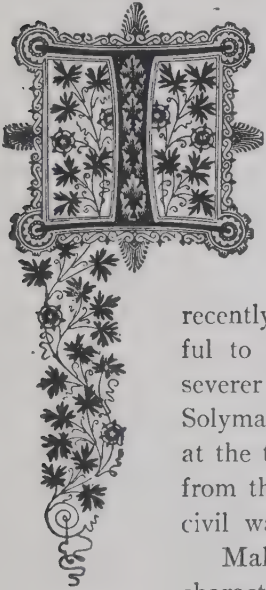


MAHOMET THE CONQUEROR AT BELGRADE

Chapter III

THE RECOVERY OF THE EMPIRE AND THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY MAHOMET II

[*Authorities:* As before, also Mommsen, "History of the Roman Empire"; Vön Ranke, "History of Servia"; Pears, "The Fall of Constantinople"; Vambery, "The Story of Hungary"; Besant, "Constantinople and its Sieges."]



It is curious to reflect that after the deaths of Timur and Bajazet, the empire of the victor perished, while that of the vanquished survived. This was because of the manner in which the latter power had been established, so thoroughly, so wisely, that all the tyranny and folly of Bajazet had not been able to destroy the esteem in which his family was held. Sultan-Æni and its surrounding territory, with some part even of the more recently acquired domains of Murad and Bajazet, remained faithful to the Osmanli. Yet their empire had to endure an even severer shock than that delivered by Timur. Bajazet's eldest son, Solyman, was ruling the European portion of the Sultan's domains at the time of the battle of Angora. Three younger sons escaped from that fatal field, and the four brothers plunged at once into civil war, each claiming a portion of their father's domains.

Mahomet, the youngest of the four, had inherited the high character and abilities of the earlier generations of his house; the others seemed to possess little beyond their father's savagery. Gradually Mahomet gained possession of all the Asiatic region and established himself at Brusa, the capital of the empire. He even allied himself with the Greeks against his brother; and his troops garrisoned Constantinople. Asiatic Turks fought European Turks in defense of this ancient capital of Christianity.

At last the virtues of Mahomet and the vices of his brothers caused the followers of the latter to desert them even on the field of battle, and, by 1413, Mahomet had reunited under his single sceptre all that was left of the shorn and desolated empire. In Europe he then sought peace rather than reconquest. His friendly alliance with the Greek Emperor was continued, although the Greeks had regained many of their cities formerly captured by the Turks. The Sultan held at Adrianople a general conference with all the little lords who had seized a city or a province on his European borders and made themselves independent. He promised to leave them unharmed in their possessions. "Peace," he said to them, "I grant to all, peace I accept from all. May the God of peace be against the breakers of that peace."

The shrewd Sultan thus gained opportunity to devote all his attention to his Asiatic dominions, which were in even more precarious condition. The Emir of Caramania had been re-established as an independent ruler by Timur. By degrees he had regained much of the former power of his race, and burning with extinguishable hatred, was once more ravishing the lands of the Osmanli. His forces even besieged Brusa, their capital. Mahomet hurried to its rescue, and after a long campaign was victorious over his hereditary foe. The Emir was brought before him a captive. With his usual mild policy, Mahomet only demanded an oath of submission, which the Emir gave by placing his hand within the robe upon his breast and saying, "So long as there is breath within this body, I swear never to attack or covet the possessions of the Sultan."

Even as the captive left the presence of his conqueror, he began giving orders to his captains to renew the struggle. They reminded him of his oath, but he grimly drew from the concealment of his bosom a dead bird, and told them that it was *only* while breath remained in that body that he had sworn to submit. So the war began again. Once more the Sultan broke the dwindling power of his foe, and once more he pardoned him.

Mahomet, in his early days of strife, had been called by his followers the "champion," because of his strength and skill with weapons; but in later years he became a builder of palaces and mosques to replace those that had been ruined in the years of anarchy; he became a lover of the arts, and his added name was Tschelebi, which means the noble-minded or the gentleman. It was Mahomet the gentleman who thus forgave his foes, yet restored his domains to peace and security. He is remembered by his countrymen as the second founder of their empire, its rescuer after the period of devastation.

It is strange that this lover of life's purer side should have been forced constantly to engage in war. The Dervishes of his own faith raised a revolt against him, the only religious strife which for centuries directed the fanaticism of the Turks against other than external foes. This was suppressed only after several bloody



ON THE FIELD OF NICOPOLIS

(Destruction of the First Great Crusading Army Against the Turks)

From a drawing by the French master, Gustave Doré

WHEN Murad had grown very old, he faced and defeated a wide rebellion of his Servian and Bulgarian subjects. This was supported by the mighty Sigismund, King of Hungary and afterward Emperor of Germany. Murad defeated the combined forces of Hungary and his former vassals, but perished in the moment of victory. His death gave the Hungarians breathing time. At Sigismund's entreaty a Holy War was preached against the Turks, and a powerful Crusading army gathered from all Europe came to Hungary's aid. So mighty was this army that its members laughed at the idea that from all Asia any force could be gathered to stand against them for an instant. The Crusaders boasted that if the sky should fall they were numerous enough to uphold it on the points of their lances.

This mighty host was met by Murad's son and successor, Bajazet, on the stricken field of Nicopolis. The Crusaders charged furiously; the wily Turks led them on in true Oriental warfare, evaded them, pretended to flee, exhausting and scattering the heedless Christians, then turned on them suddenly in grim destruction. All over the field little knots of Christians fought and fell, slaughtered to the last man. Only King Sigismund and a mere handful of his Hungarians escaped. This was in the year 1396, and thus the Osmanli less than a century after starting their career as a nation had met and broken the chief strength of Europe.





battles. A pretender claiming to be a son of Bajazet caused another civil war, was defeated and escaped to Constantinople, where he was imprisoned. There was a quarrel with the Venetians, and the Sultan built against them the first of those Turkish fleets which afterward became the terror of the Mediterranean. There was also fighting along the Hungarian frontier. Fortunately for the Turks, Hungary had been so crushed by the great defeat at Nicopolis that she remained quiet through all the Turkish period of weakness. But her people finding themselves unassailed, now began to recover courage and to renew the strife.

Mahomet died of apoplexy in 1421, and his death was concealed for forty days to enable his eldest son and acknowledged successor, Murad, to return to Brusa from the eastern frontier where he was learning the art of war. Murad II (1421-1451) was a youth of only eighteen when he was thus unexpectedly called to assume the difficult position and responsibilities of his father. Once again, however, the Osmanli had found a chief worthy of their fame.

The Greek Emperor, presuming on the new Sultan's youth and hoping to renew the civil wars which had proved so destructive to his dangerous neighbors, released his prisoner, the pretended son of Bajazet. The expected strife did follow, but it was soon terminated. Murad displayed a skill both in statecraft and in battle which completely overmatched his opponent, who was defeated and slain.

The youthful Sultan vowed to end forever the perfidy of the Greeks by capturing Constantinople. In 1422, he besieged the massive walls of the metropolis, advancing against them with good generalship and reaching the point where a preliminary assault was begun. Both Greek and Turkish accounts tell us that this was repelled by the miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mary at the most threatened spot. The assault certainly failed, and Murad was soon compelled to withdraw his forces to meet another danger.

This was an Asiatic rebellion headed by his younger brother and supported by all the power of the Emir of Caramania. It was suppressed and its leader slain. Murad himself remained for a long time in personal government over the people of Caramania; and from that time onward they became the devoted followers of his house. We hear no more of their persistent and formidable revolts.

Along the Hungarian border the Turkish troops were engaged in an endless though not serious warfare, and after many years of patience had fully established Murad's power in Asia, he resolved to crush forever this petty contest in Europe. He was destined, however, in the new strife to meet at last his equals if not his superiors in the art of war, the two ablest champions brought by the West against the East;—Hunyadi, the hero of Hungary, and Scanderbeg, the hero of Albania.

The decisive war began in 1442 when the forces of Murad were repulsed from Belgrade, the chief fortress on the Hungarian border. At the same time, Hunyadi leaped into fame by defeating with great slaughter a Turkish army which had

invested the town of Hermanstadt in Transylvania. We have spoken of the savagery of Bajazet, who slew his Christian prisoners after Nicopolis; but there is certainly little to choose between the methods of either side. After the battle of Hermanstadt, Hunyadi caused the Turkish general and his son to be chopped into little pieces; then, at a banquet of victory, he entertained his guests by having Turkish captives led in one by one and slaughtered in various interesting ways.

Hunyadi followed his success by an even greater victory at Vasag. Encouraged by this turning of the tide, the Roman Pope preached another crusade, and volunteers from all Europe joined Hunyadi's force. The next year, 1443, he led a strong army into Turkish territory. He won the battle of Nissa, drove the Turks out of Bulgaria, and fought his way across the Balkan Mountains in most remarkable manner, opening to the ravages of his army the thoroughly Turkish district around Adrianople. That year, however, he advanced no farther; his great force broke up, and its members scattered to their homes.

Murad had not personally encountered this terrible foe; but having found his ablest generals defeated, he had no wish to put his life and throne on the hazard of so desperate a contest. He proposed a peace with the King of Hungary, yielding the latter large advantages and surrendering all his claims to suzerainty over Servia and Wallachia. These liberal terms were accepted and a truce was made which both parties swore should not be broken for at least ten years (1444).

Having thus after many trials established peace through all his domains, Sultan Murad performed an act rare in the annals of any land, rarest in the East. He resigned his throne. His eldest and best-loved son having just died, the second, Mahomet, a boy of fourteen, was declared Sultan and girded with the sacred sword of Osman. Murad retired, not to a monastery of austerity like his later and more celebrated imitator, the German Emperor Charles V, but to a retreat made attractive by every pleasure that could appeal to the cultured intellect.

He was not, however, allowed to remain in his seclusion. The truce with Hunyadi had roused vigorous protest from the Roman Catholic Church. A crusade had been preached, it had achieved splendid victories, yet its object was not accomplished. The Turks must be driven wholly out of Europe. Their appeal for peace proved their weakness; the successes of Hunyadi attested the irresistible might of the Christian arms. No faith was to be kept with infidels; despite the oaths of ten years' peace, the war must be renewed at once. Hunyadi opposed this. Having freed his own land and those nearest it, he had no desire for further war; but he was overborne. Without warning, waiting only till the promised fortresses of Servia and Wallachia had been handed over to them, the Christians invaded the Turkish lands.

Their advance was as successful as it was unexpected. All down the Danube Hunyadi marched his forces, seizing the fortresses and cities by the way. He then

moved southward along the Black Sea, penetrating as far as the important port of Varna, which he captured.

The storm which Sultan Murad had thus far avoided, he could not leave to burst upon his son. Instantly upon news of Hunyadi's advance, his resolution was taken. Leaving his retirement, he hastily gathered his best troops and hurried to repel the invader. Crossing the Balkan Mountains in unexpected fashion, he advanced against Hunyadi from the rear, and for the first time these two able generals met at Varna. The encounter that followed is known to the Turks as the Battle of the Violated Treaty, for the Sultan, hoisting a copy of that document upon a lance, bade his soldiers follow it as a standard. Hunyadi on his side, having grown confident through success, drew up his forces on the plain outside the city and charged without waiting for the attack of the foe. Both wings of the Turkish army were driven back, and we are told that for a moment Murad contemplated flight. But in the centre, the Janizaries held firm. The Hungarian king who attacked them was slain and his head raised upon a lance, as fitting companion to the treaty to which he had sworn. Bearing these two grim standards the Janizaries advanced, and the Christians fled before them. Even Hunyadi, though he performed prodigies of valor, could not stay the tide. He himself escaped, but his army was annihilated (1444).

The battle of Varna broke forever the power of the Balkan States which had joined Hunyadi. Not only Servia and Wallachia but Bosnia also became tributary Turkish states. Having established garrisons there as a bulwark against Western Europe, Murad for the second time abdicated in favor of his son and withdrew to his philosophical retreat. He is the only sovereign in history who has ever twice resigned his power.

The peace and pleasure for which he longed were still denied him. The boy Mahomet was not yet strong enough to control the wild Turkish warriors. The fierce Janizaries in particular were little likely to obey a child. They engaged in open plunder and murder and laughed at all efforts to restrain them. The councillors whom Murad had left around his son, hurried to their former master and besought him to return again from his seclusion, for only he could prevent the establishment of a military tyranny, a despotism subject to these "new troops" once slaves of the empire.

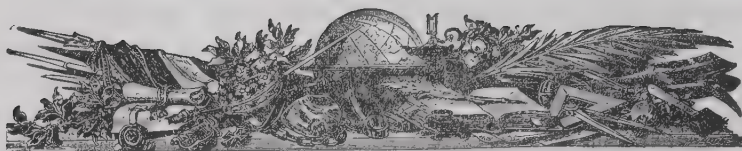
Then Murad, feeling that he was indeed the servant of his subjects, abandoned his dream of rest. He came forth from his beloved retreat and dispatched young Mahomet thither to study and obey, until he should be capable of leading and commanding. The turbulent troops welcomed with delight the return of their trusted master. The ringleaders of sedition were executed, the remainder pardoned, and Murad began again the task of keeping order both at home and on his frontiers.

The chief enemy of his remaining years was the Albanian hero, Kara George, or Black George, frequently spoken of as Scanderbeg, a corrupted form of "Lord Alexander," a name given him in youth by Murad himself in admiration of the lad's fiery valor, which the Sultan said was like that of the great conqueror, Alexander. George was the son of an Albanian chieftain and was sent to Murad's court as hostage for his father. He was brought up a Mahometan and became a chief favorite of the Sultan, then one of his most valued and trusted lieutenants, commanding in several Asiatic campaigns.

In secret, however, the courted and admired "Kara George" had never forgotten the home of his childhood. On his father's death he hoped to be established in the family lordship, and as the Sultan failed to send him home he planned a bold revolt. Seizing for its execution the moment of Hunyadi's great victories of 1443, he went to the chief secretary of the empire and forced him with a dagger at his throat to write out an order to the governor in Albania, directing that all the fortresses should be placed in the hands of the bearer. Then, slaying the unhappy secretary lest the secret be betrayed, George hurried to Albania and without difficulty secured command of almost the entire region. He threw off the pretence of having come in the Sultan's name, and declared the land independent and its ancient religion re-established. The wild Albanian mountaineers eagerly joined this son of their former leader. The peaceful Turkish inhabitants of the land were massacred; their remaining armies were defeated and put to flight.

Murad by abdicating had thought to leave to his son rather than himself the struggle against his well-beloved page and favorite, Scanderbeg. But even on his second return to his throne, he found the task still unbegun. So taking this trial also upon himself, he invaded Albania with a mighty army. One fortress after another was recaptured. The Sultan, however, found his progress so slow and so costly in the lives of his followers, that he resorted to his old tactics and sought peace, offering to make Scanderbeg his viceroy over Albania. The Albanians steadily refused all terms of accommodation, and the Turks were finally compelled to fight their way out of the land through the mountain passes, even as they had forced a passage in.

This was in 1448, and the Sultan's departure was made necessary by the return of his other foe, Hunyadi, who had recovered from the defeat of Varna and was again leading an army out of Hungary, attacking the Turks in Servia, their border dependency. A second time did Murad defeat his greatest enemy, this time in the terrific three-day battle of Kossova. It was his final triumph; he died in 1451, and was by his own command buried, not in a grand mausoleum, but in a simple, open grave, "nothing differing," says Knowles, the picturesque English historian of the time, "from that of the common Turks,—that the mercy and blessing



MURAD REPULSED FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

(The Turks Rage Helplessly Against the Mighty Ships of the Christians)

From a drawing by Gustave Doré

THE successor of Mahomet I was his son, Murad II, one of the most remarkable of all the great Osmanli rulers. Ascending the throne as a lad of eighteen, he had first to face treachery and civil war from various claimants to his throne. These were all encouraged and aided by the Emperor of Constantinople, who thought thus to weaken the power of these dangerous Turks with whom he had allied himself. Enraged at the Emperor's treachery, Murad as soon as he had triumphed over the last of his rivals, turned all his energies to an attack on Constantinople.

Up to this time the power of the Turks had lain wholly in their armies; they were a land power, possessing no navy whatever. But to win Constantinople, the great seaport of the East, ships were absolutely necessary. Murad conducted his land siege with skill and vigor; but the ships of the Christians who came to aid Constantinople, broke easily through his sea defenses. The fiery Turk saw his people slain in vain, and himself defied and ridiculed. He prepared a great land assault; but this also failed, and he was compelled to abandon the hopeless siege.

Except for this failure Murad's reign was most successful. He restored the empire of the Turks to the full extent it had attained before Timur's invasion; he met the great Hungarian leader Hunyadi and defeated him and a huge Crusading army at Varna, thus once more crushing the renewed strength of the Christians.





of God might come unto him by the shining of the sun and moon and the falling of the rain and dew of Heaven upon his grave."

Mahomet II (1451-1481), called the Conqueror, was that son of Murad who had been twice removed by his father from the throne because of his inability to control the empire. By 1451, however, the young man had learned at least the blacker part of his hard lesson. On receiving the news of his father's death, he cried out, "Who loves me, follows me," and leaping on a horse rode without pause until he reached the capital. There he was immediately proclaimed Sultan; and his first act was to order the death of his infant brother, justifying the crime by the example of Bajazet, and by pointing to all the civil wars which had been caused by the weakness of his own father and grandfather in not following this firm course. In the latter part of his reign, Mahomet actually proclaimed this slaughter of all the brothers of a new sovereign as the law of the Empire. It became the established policy of his successors.

The first warlike movement of Mahomet's reign was against Constantinople. Its last Emperor, Constantine, judging the man by the incapacity of the boy seven years before, sent a demand for an increase in an annual sum paid him for keeping in confinement a claimant to the Turkish throne. Mahomet responded encouragingly until he had taken full possession of his inheritance and felt secure of his subjects' allegiance. Then he began building a huge fortress which still towers above the shores of the Bosphorus, close to Constantinople. The Emperor Constantine, himself a youth but little older than Mahomet, remonstrated against this threatening demonstration, whereupon the Sultan, with fury suddenly released, answered that the Osmanli had borne too long the insolence of a dependent, and that he meant now to chastise Constantinople once for all and to take rightful possession of this arrogant metropolis which obtruded itself like a foreign island in the midst of his domains.

Early in 1453, the Moslems gathered round the doomed city, the capital of a thousand years, whose mighty walls had resisted the siege of so many armies of Asiatic invaders. Constantine sought help from Western Europe, but secured only a few hundred troops, while the effort cost him the allegiance of the mass of his own people, who declared him a heretic. Some of them vowed they would sooner see the Mussulmans in possession of their homes than open them to the hated Roman Christians. Thus it was upon a city hopelessly divided against itself that Mahomet made his attack. He conducted it with great skill, casting enormous cannon with which to batter down the walls, sapping the defenses with mines, and creating a fleet to prevent the provisioning of the besieged by sea. His people were as yet untrained in naval warfare, and once a relieving fleet fought its way past his vessels, though Mahomet in fury forced his horse into the very waves and passionately urged on his defeated sailors. At length, however, the blockade

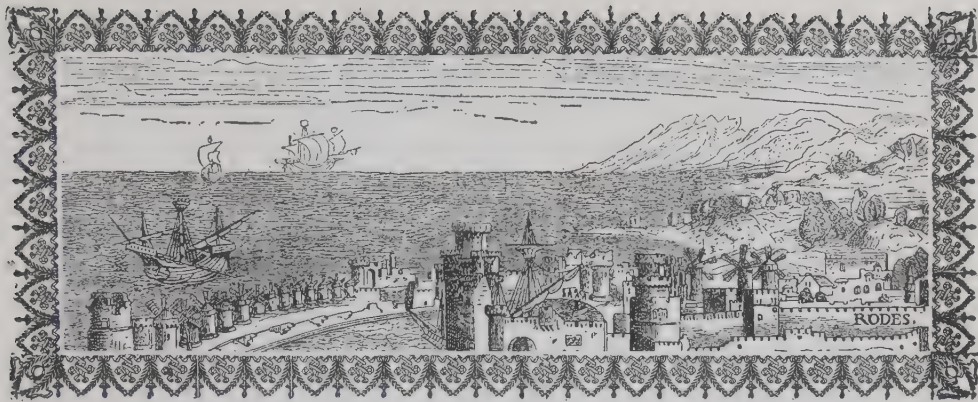
was complete, and the defenses were so battered, the loyal defenders so decimated and exhausted, that a general assault was made.

Constantine and his troop resisted this heroically but without avail, and the last of the Cæsars perished with the downfall of his empire. The city was sacked. For a time the Moslems slew all they met, then they began seizing as slaves all the fairer women and stronger men. Thousands of the fanatical Greek Christians gathered in the great church of St. Sophia, believing that a miracle would save them from the foe. None occurred, and most of the foolish and factious inhabitants who had refused to join in the defense of their city, thus met the fate they had invited, almost deserved.

Finally Mahomet checked the slaughter. This grandest metropolis of the world was henceforth to be his capital; he did not want it wholly without people. The remnant of the miserable Greeks were therefore promised mercy. They were even permitted to continue their religion, and Mahomet conferred office on a new Patriarch or head of the Greek Christian Church, assuring him that he should be unhampered in his religious authority. But the splendid palaces, the gorgeous churches, were all taken possession of by the Mahometans. The Osmanli might at last feel themselves fittingly housed in a capital worthy of their fame. They were masters of a broad and undisputed empire, united around its natural centre, the ancient city most celebrated in all the world for culture and magnificence.



JANIZARIES SEIZING CHRISTIAN CHILDREN



FIRST SIEGE OF RHODES (From an Ancient Manuscript).

Chapter IV

RELIGIOUS SUPREMACY ESTABLISHED UNDER SELIM THE DESTROYER

[*Authorities:* As before, also Muir, "The Mameluke or Slave Dynasty of Egypt"; Lane-Poole, "History of Egypt in the Middle Ages"; Samuelson, "Bulgaria Past and Present."]



AHOMET II, through his capture of Constantinople, is perhaps better remembered by Europeans than is any other of the Turkish monarchs. Hence the typical idea of his race is taken from him, one of its most unfavorable specimens. The career of the Osmanli had dawned with glorious promise. Their noonday splendor only furnishes us with another instance of a nation admirable in the rude strength and virtue of its youth, but sinking into degeneracy under the enervating influences of wealth and victory.

Much of what is most evil in the Turkish empire, much that has led to its decay, was inaugurated by Mahomet. He was undoubtedly an able man, shrewd and strong, but as false as he was cruel, and self-indulgent, and enamoured of every vice. In the murder of his infant brother, he had chosen for his model, not Orchan and Aladdin, the brethren of the generous strife, but Bajazet, the monster, and like Bajazet he found a hideous pleasure in licentiousness, in the ruin and destruction of innocent young lads and maidens.

Having mastered Constantinople, Mahomet in the pride of youth, strove to earn and justify still further his title of the Conqueror. He easily gained possession

of the remaining fragments of the Greek Empire, the cities of Sinope and Trebizond in the far East, and the Peloponessus and the islands of the Ægean in the West. The unhappy Greeks fled from their homes in multitudes, often without waiting the approach of the enemy and without any idea whither to turn for shelter. They perished by thousands of starvation and exposure. Mahomet then gave play to his craft and subtlety against Serbia and Bosnia, never as yet wholly submissive in their dependency.

We are told that when Hunyadi negotiated with these states, he was asked what terms he would give them if they aided him against the Turks. He answered frankly that he would compel them to abandon every doctrine of Greek Christianity and conform to the Roman Church. The despairing people then asked the same question of the Sultan, who, less bigoted and less honest, assured them of full protection in their own religion. This may not be true, but it is certain that the Bosnian king and his sons came to Mahomet under a sworn promise of safety and he used against them the very doctrine that Hunyadi had adopted against Murad. No pledge, he declared, was binding toward unbelievers. He slew his guests.

The next year (1456) the Conqueror advanced against Hungary. Belgrade, the famous frontier fortress, was besieged, and Mahomet boasted that he would take it as easily as he had Constantinople. Another religious crusade was preached against him, and Hunyadi with a band of desperate adherents forced an entrance into the beleaguered town. Then heading a sally against the Turks, the great Hungarian chieftain won his last and most important victory. Mahomet saw his troops put to flight by a fanaticism beyond their own. In his fury he struck down his closest adherents and wielded his sword almost alone against the advancing foe. He was wounded and carried from the field, still raging and resisting in the arms of his devoted followers. Twenty-five thousand Turks perished, and not for many years did the Osmanli venture any further advance against Hungary.

Never again do we hear of Mahomet the Conqueror appearing in person on the field of battle, nor did he for nearly two decades attempt any military movement of importance. He developed, however, a strong and intelligent interest in civil matters and in art, establishing a widespread system of law and life among his people. Religious doctrine he placed under the charge of a special order of learned men called *mufti*. The whole system of government was made so elaborate and minute that it had much to do with checking the progress of the Turkish race. It took away the necessity and also the incentive to initiate new methods of action, it destroyed the power of invention, and the "march of civilization" ceased. The Turks remain to-day almost exactly where Mahomet II left them.

In middle age the Conqueror turned again to military glory, but sought it



DOWNFALL OF CONSTANTINOPLÉ

(The Turks Slaughter the Helpless Christians in the Great Church of St. Sophia)

From a painting by the German artist, E. Hillemacher

MURAD was succeeded by his son Mahomet II, called the Conqueror. Mahomet II at last achieved what the Turks had so long desired, the conquest of Constantinople. Gradually their advance into Europe had engulfed all the territories of the Roman Empire of the East, and had left Constantinople standing as a single island of Christianity amid the Mahometan possessions. Now Mohamet made a solemn vow that no other task should distract him from the conquest of this mighty city. He gathered all his forces, he built blockades across the waterfront to bar the Christian fleets of rescue; and he constructed huge cannon, the largest the world had yet seen, wherewith to batter down the enormous walls. Thus equipped the Turks began the final siege of Constantinople. The metropolis received but little aid from western Europe, so its walls were at length battered down, and in a furious assault the Turks swarmed over the ruins and slew all they met.

Thousands of the Christians gathered in the great church of St. Sophia, hoping that a miracle there would check the Turkish advance. It did not; and the church became the center of the massacre. At length Mahomet himself checked the slaughter, declaring that Constantinople was henceforth to be the capital of his empire, and he did not want it left wholly without inhabitants. This was in 1453 and the city has ever since remained what Mahomet made it, the Turkish capital.





along an easier path. Hunyadi was long dead, but Murad's other great antagonisi, Scanderbeg, still reigned over Albania. The strife between him and the Turks had never wholly ceased, and gradually they wore his followers down by numbers, took his fortresses one by one, and compelled him to flee from Albania, which became a Turkish province. When, a little later, Turkish invaders came upon his grave in a Venetian city, they broke open the tomb and devoured the hero's heart, hoping thus to become as brave as he.

Herzegovina also yielded to the Turkish advance. Mahomet then, in 1475, quarrelled with Genoa, which was still a powerful maritime republic, owning most of the northern shore of the Black Sea, what is now southern Russia. The people there were "khazak" or cossacks, wanderers, Turkish nomads such as the followers of Ertoghrul had been. They were at enmity with the Genoese and eagerly aided an army sent by Mahomet to attack Kaffa, the chief seaport of the Crimea, a Genoese colony so opulent as to be known as "the lesser Constantinople." Kaffa and all the Crimea fell easy victims to the Turkish arms.

Finding there was little real strength in these Italian city republics, Mahomet quarrelled with Venice, and his troops plundered her territories along the Adriatic, venturing almost to the site of the venerable city of the doges itself. In 1480, the last year but one of his life, his generals attacked Italy from its southern end and captured the famous stronghold of Otranto.

Only one repulse checked the Ottoman arms during this period. The same year that Otranto was won, Mahomet sent a formidable fleet and army against the island of Rhodes, which was held by the Knights of St. John and formed the last bulwark of Christian power in the East, the last remnant of the conquests of the Crusaders. Both the attack and the defense of the citadel of Rhodes were conducted with noteworthy skill, but the final Turkish assault failed just when it promised to be successful. The reason assigned by the Turks for the repulse is that at the very moment when their troops reached the summit of the ramparts, their general issued a command that there must be no plunder, that all the spoils were reserved for the Sultan himself. Indignant and disgusted, the bulk of the Turks abandoned their advance; their comrades on the ramparts were left unsupported and were hurled back. The siege failed and Rhodes for the time escaped.

Mahomet died rather suddenly the next year, in the midst of the preparation of a vast armament whose destination no one else knew. Treacherous himself, he was always suspecting others and concealed his purposes from even his closest councillors. Consequently the great expedition stood still, and the Grand Vizier tried to keep secret the death of his master while he dispatched hurried news of the event to the Sultan's sons, Bajazet and Djem. These two were each in command of a distant province, and as the Vizier was specially devoted to Djem, the younger, he arranged that the word should reach his favorite first. Djem had

many partisans in Constantinople; he was known to be as energetic as Bajazet was quiet; and since, under their father's law, one of them was likely to die, Djem might prefer being Sultan himself.

The Vizier's scheme failed because the Janizaries suspected the Sultan's death. Mahomet had increased both the number and the power of these famous troops. Their turbulence had grown greater in proportion, and now, finding that the master-hand was indeed removed, they broke out into open rioting. They slew the Vizier who would have deceived them, and began, as at Mahomet's first accession, to plunder their more peaceful and milder fellow citizens. In the general tumult, the messenger to Djem was slain. So Bajazet got the news first after all, and came post-haste to Constantinople where the Janizaries declared in his favor, being still angry with the Vizier who they knew befriended Djem. The troops even condescended to entreat the new Sultan's pardon for their outbreak, though at the same time they demanded from him a large sum of money to pay them for their adherence.

Bajazet II (1481-1512) was at the time thirty-five years old; he might in childhood have seen the members of this same troop crowding in passionate devotion round his grandfather, Murad; but those old days of obedience had passed away under Mahomet. Bajazet, perforce, submitted to the insolence of his servants and paid the money they exacted. Thereafter this became the custom, and the Janizaries insisted on a donation from each future Sultan.

Djem, however, was not yet disposed of. His whole career reads like a romance and has been much enlarged on and embroidered by the poets of the East. He was himself a poet of no mean order, and his works are still cherished by his countrymen. He was, moreover, if not one of the ablest members of his race, at least a warrior and statesman of no mean merit. He may well have felt that he was fighting for his life, Mahomet's specious legalizing of murder being well fitted to produce death and discord, but never peace. So Djem maintained the mastery of his own province and raised civil war against his brother. The ablest generals of his father were dispatched against him by Bajazet; and these with all their forces found the conquest of the rebel no easy task. When driven from his province, he sought aid from the Sultan of Egypt and renewed the struggle. Crushed a second time, he turned to the Knights of Rhodes, but they while promising him alliance and assistance made him prisoner. He was hurried from one European court to another. Bajazet paid an enormous price for his detention, and each of the Western monarchs, under pretense of aiding the fugitive, sought to secure his person and thus receive a portion of the spoils. The Pope urged him to turn Christian, promising in that case a real support; but Prince Djem * haugh-

*As illustrating the impossibility of translating Turkish words into English spelling, it may be mentioned that the name of this unfortunate prince has been written by good authorities in such varied forms as Djem, Zizim, Jen, Jein, and Jimschid.



THE ROMANCE OF PRINCE DJEM

(Djem's Secret Flight to the Christians)

From a painting by the Hungarian artist, Prof. Franz Zverina

THE successor to the throne of Mahomet II, the Conqueror, was Bajazet II, the Dreamer. Bajazet II was the first of the fierce Osmanli who made no effort to extend his territories. He indeed flatly refused to plunge into war unless forced to it. During his reign the chief center of romantic interest lay less with him than with his younger brother, Djem or Jimschid.

The frequent family wars among the descendants of Osman as to which of them should win the throne had resulted at length in the establishment of a law that the Sultan on coming to the throne should slay all probable rivals. Now Mahomet the Conqueror died suddenly, and his Vizier being a friend of the Sultan's younger son Djem, concealed his master's death while he sent word of it to Djem, hoping that the younger brother might thus seize first upon the throne instead of being slain by Bajazet. This plot led to a civil war. Djem was defeated, fled to Egypt, and there gained a second following. Again defeated, he fled alone and secretly to Europe. There, single handed, aided only by his powerful personality and fluent eloquence, he gained many supporters, and for thirteen years strove to raise an army to renew his warfare with Bajazet. He was finally poisoned by Pope Alexander Borgia. Djem was certainly a remarkable figure, a poet and a soldier, one of the ablest men of his race and the one best known to Europeans.





tily refused and dragged out in foreign lands a weary exile of thirteen years. At last, he fell into the hands of the worst of all the Popes, Alexander Borgia, and was by him poisoned, Bajazet having promised for his brother's death a reward even larger than for his restraint.

Despite this evil bargain, Sultan Bajazet II was not at all a bloody or cruel-minded man. He only purchased his brother's murder when the necessity of it was forced upon him. He was not even a soldier, disliked war and devoted himself mainly to religion. He was called by his people "Sofi," which means the mystic or the dreamer. Yet he was not without worldly wisdom. "Empire," he sent word to Djem, "is a bride whose favors cannot be shared." He built up a navy which made him respected and feared by European powers, and which for the first time gained victories for the Turks at sea.

On land, his armies were unfortunate. The success of Turkish soldiers depended always on their enthusiasm, on the fanatic courage roused by the presence of their Sultan. The "dreamer" failed to aid them with this inspiration. Hence no foreign conquests were achieved in his reign; and he failed to win the admiration of his warlike people. He even abandoned Otranto, the foothold which his father had secured in Italy. Such wars as Bajazet was compelled to undertake were in the East. He attacked the Persians, who from his time appear in the place of the former Emirs of Caramania as the hereditary Asiatic rivals of the Osmanli. He was also forced to fight against Egypt, then under the sway of the famous Mamelukes, a band of noted warriors who had broken the power of the French in the last crusade of King Louis IX. The powerful Mameluke Sultans repeatedly defeated the forces of the Turks, and acquired some portions of the Osmanli territory to the southward.

The old age of Bajazet the Dreamer was moreover long embittered by strife with his fierce son Selim, afterward Sultan Selim, the Destroyer. He was neither the eldest nor the best-loved of Bajazet's sons, but he early distinguished himself in war and became the favorite of the soldiers, who despised the peaceful Bajazet. The latter, as we have seen, never possessed any real control over his people, such as made the earlier members of his house so powerful and so beloved. Selim even dared to raise frequent rebellions against his father. Once Bajazet was forced to lead against him such portion of the army as remained loyal, and Selim was decisively defeated. His intrigues, however, never ceased, and at length the Janizaries insisted that he should be called to the capital in preference to his brothers. Selim came with an army, and the turbulent troops, gathering round the palace, shouted to the Sultan to come forth.

"What will you?" demanded the aged ruler as he calmly faced them.

"Our monarch," they answered, "is too old and too sickly, and we will that Selim should be Sultan."

"So be it," said Bajazet philosophically, "I abdicate in his favor. God grant him a prosperous reign." Then the deposed Sultan left the city in a litter, Selim walking respectfully by his side. Yet Bajazet must have taken the matter more deeply to heart than he admitted, for within three days he was dead.

With the dethronement of a Sultan by the Janizaries, we enter a new phase of Turkish history. The servants have grown as powerful as their master; the unquestioning devotion to the ancient line of Osman has disappeared. Hereafter it is always a disputed point as to which shall rule, the Sultan or the Janizaries, whichever is stronger and more subtle holding temporary control.

Selim the Destroyer (1512-1520) was eminently fitted to cope with the corps which had raised him into power. If they were fierce, he was fiercer. They slew with little hesitation, he with none at all. They were passionate for war, he devoted his life to it. Once more the Turks became a nation of warriors on the march. In his brief reign of eight years, Selim doubled the size of the Ottoman Empire.

He trusted no one. Among his followers the executioner was ever at work, until the common curse with his people grew to be, "May you be made Grand Vizier to Sultan Selim." The average term of life of these Viziers is said to have exceeded scarcely a single month.

"Will your highness grant me a few days to arrange my affairs?" queried one of them, venturing a jest in the moment of his greatest prosperity. "You are sure to order my execution some day or other."

Selim laughed with grim appreciation. "You are right," he said; "in fact I have been intending to order it for some days, but have not found any one fitted to take your place."

Yet this ferocious man was in his way deeply religious, a fanatic in his devotion to his faith. He found no enjoyment in voluptuous ease, and when not engaged in war devoted himself to hunting. All his pleasures were of the sterner sort. Nevertheless, he was an admirer of literature. A "royal historiographer" accompanied his campaigns, and other men of letters were given high posts in his service. Selim even displayed in himself something of the genius which glowed in so many of his race, and composed poetry of no mean order.

A ruler of such varied ability could not fail to make his impress upon the world. Bajazet had left several sons and grandsons; Selim promptly slew the seven who were within reach. Then he attacked the others, until all had been defeated and killed in civil war. On Selim's first entrance into Constantinople as the acknowledged sovereign, the Janizaries planned to form a double line and cross their swords above his head as he passed between. This, while it would show their loyalty, would also be a hint to the Sultan of the power which had made and could unmake him. Sooner than submit to their yoke, Selim avoided them entirely, passing



SELIM UNITES THE MAHOMETAN WORLD

(The Conquering Turks Enter Cairo in Triumph as Masters of All Mahometanism)

From a painting by the Austrian artist, Konstantin Makowsky

BAJAZET THE DREAMER was ultimately deposed and possibly murdered by his own son, who succeeded him as Selim the Destroyer. Selim was not the eldest of his father's sons, but he was the most warlike. The fighting Turks grew more and more discontented with the lack of battle and plunder under Bajazet's peaceful rule and more and more eager that Selim should succeed him. At last the chief troops, the Janizaries, would wait no longer, but gathering around the royal palace in Constantinople, clamored for Bajazet to resign. He yielded perforce to their sudden outburst; resigned his authority quietly to Selim, and three days later was found dead.

Selim at once began a career of conquest. He was a sternly religious man, and had resolved that all Mahometans ought to be reunited under a single head, as they had been in Mahomet's time. He meant to be that head, and with his united Mahometans to conquer the world. Hence he conquered Persia, then Syria, and then advanced against Egypt. At this time Egypt was ruled by the celebrated body of soldiers, the Mamelukes. These were crushed by Selim's Janizaries in two tremendous battles, and he became lord of Egypt (1517). He thus accomplished his first aim; when he entered Cairo in triumph he was in control of the entire Mahometan world. The menace of the Turks against Christianity now reached its height.





through the city by another route. To pacify the turbulent warriors he sent them an immense present or "donation" which well-nigh emptied his treasury. Afterward, one by one, he executed all whom he suspected of being leaders in the movement. Once when his religious teachers ventured to remonstrate against his endless slaughters, he put them gravely by. "My people," he said, "can only be controlled by sternness."

The Mahometan world, then as now, was divided into two religious sects, the Sunnites and Shiites. The Osmanli were Sunnites, but the other sect had begun to spread from its stronghold in Persia and to take root in their dominions. Selim arranged a vast and subtle system of police spies who enveloped his empire as in a net, and made record of every Shiite. They found seventy thousand of the heretics; and on a single day, without warning, these were all made prisoners. Forty thousand were slain, while the remaining thousands met the even crueller fate of being immured for life in the fanatic's dungeons. Thus did the holy Sultan purge his domains of heretics at a single stroke. It was a massacre of St. Bartholomew, only of earlier date and more successful issue than that which later stirred Christianity to its depths. The Turkish orthodox writers hailed the slaughter with enthusiasm. Its perpetrator is styled "the devout," "the just," "the humane."

The "humane" Sultan was planning a still more comprehensive effort of religious zeal. The Shah of the Persian Empire, who was a Shiite, had sheltered one of his rebellious brothers. Selim sent the Shah a long, eloquent letter pointing out the wickedness of all Shiites and of the Shah in particular, and explaining to the latter that he was a reprobate needing chastisement, a tyrant who abused his people, a criminal who slew them without justice. All these atrocities, declared the mild and clement Selim, he meant to put an end to; and he invaded Persia with an army of nearly two hundred thousand troops, perfectly organized and equipped.

The management of the Turkish armies of this period, the preparations for their supplies, their nourishment, and the care taken for their health, demand admiration even in our own day, and were centuries in advance of the commissariat arrangements of European troops. Selim's invasion of Persia would have been impossible to any other monarch of his time. It was difficult even for him. His army crossed deserts, and marched hundreds of miles without serious loss. The Persians wisely fell back before them, devastating the land on their approach, until the Janizaries complained loudly of their hardships. Selim turned on them with furious scorn, and taunted them with having become children, who only clamored for war when it was at a distance. Some of the murmurers he slew with his own hand; then he offered to let each soldier go home who found himself unable to endure what their Sultan was suffering with them. Not one accepted the contemptuous proposal.

Meanwhile, Selim was sending one taunting message after another to the Shah, until the latter's rage overmastered his generalship. On the plain of Calderan he attacked the Turks with an army almost equal to their own, but unprovided with the artillery which had become the chief weapon of the Osmanli. The Shah was defeated and fled, wounded, leaving Tabriz, his northern capital, to the plunder of the enemy (1514).

An extensive portion of Persia was thus added to the Turkish Empire; but Selim, yielding to the protests of his soldiers, ventured no farther through the deserts to complete the conquest of the East. He turned southward instead. The Mahometan world had long been divided among the rulers of Turkey, Persia and Egypt. One of the Turks' rivals having been overcome, they attacked the other, —Egypt, the land of the Mamelukes, a band of famous slave soldiers like the Janizaries, only that the Mamelukes—bolder than the Janizaries—had long since overthrown their master and established in Egypt a government and Sultan of their own.

Bajazet the Dreamer had quarrelled with them and been defeated. Hence they despised the Osmanli. When Selim's forces invaded Syria, they met him with little preparation; they were disputing among themselves and considered their internal strife far more important than any menace from the invaders. Through the power of artillery, the Turks gained an easy victory near Aleppo (1516), and all Syria with its celebrated holy cities, Jerusalem, Antioch, Damascus, passed into their possession.

No longer underestimating the foe, the Mamelukes retreated into Egypt. They awoke to the vast difference between Janizaries taking orders from a dreamer in his capital, and the same troops headed by Selim in the field. The Egyptians placed their mightiest warrior on the throne; they had still the desert for defense, and prepared to guard its passage, to hurl troops fresh and strong against the exhausted warriors who would come staggering out of its burning wastes. But the thorough preparations of Selim thwarted them. He gathered thousands and thousands of camels to carry water and make the journey easy for his men. Not only soldiers but cannon were successfully transported across the sands. The Mamelukes were defeated at Gaza, and again in a last desperate stand at Ridania, near Cairo their capital. So furiously did they charge in this last battle, that Selim was himself in danger. The warrior Sultan of Egypt pierced to the very centre of the Turkish army, where mistaking the gorgeously appanelled Grand Vizier for the Sultan, he slew the lesser man, wheeled horse and escaped. The Turkish artillery, however, once more decided the fortune of the day. Twenty-five thousand Mamelukes fell, and the Osmanli became lords of Egypt (1517).

His new empire brought to Selim authority over Arabia also, and the guardianship of Mecca and Medina, the holy cities of his faith. More attractive still to

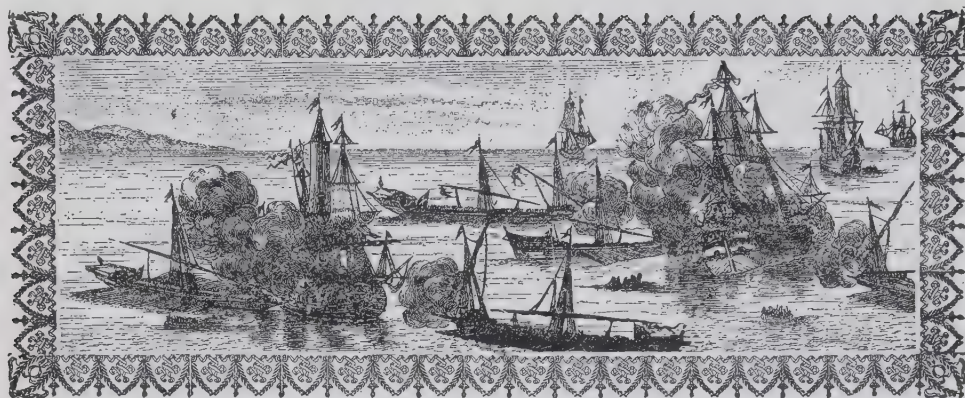
the religious devotee (or was it the subtle statesman who saw the value of the change?) he became master of the nominal religious chief of all the Mussulmans, a feeble descendant of the Prophet Mahomet, who dwelt in empty state among the Egyptians. This chief "caliph" was induced or compelled to transfer his authority to Selim and his descendants, and the house of Osman, children of the wandering khazak Ertoghrlul, became Caliphs as well as Sultans, religious as well as temporal heads of the greater part of the Mahometan world.

Selim himself assumed the sword, the mantle and the standard of the Prophet. Now, indeed, was he armed against heresy. Only the Shiites of Persia still opposed him and denied his authority; and there can be little doubt that had Selim lived he would have completed the conquest of the Persian Empire.

Having organized a government for Egypt, he returned to Constantinople in 1518, loaded down with spoils. He had resolved to compel the Greeks within his domain to join also in his faith, planning to slaughter the refractory ones, as he had the Shiites. "Which is better," he asked a mufti, his leading spiritual adviser, "to conquer the world, or to convert its nations to the true faith?" The mufti pronounced eagerly in favor of conversion; and the Sultan promptly ordered every Greek church to be changed into a mosque, every Christian to become a Mahometan or die. The Greek Patriarch protested, and appealed to the pledges made by the conqueror of Constantinople. He quoted passages from the Koran itself which forbade such violence as Selim's. Even the Mahometan preachers remonstrated with their new Caliph at his excess of zeal, and he reluctantly resigned the truly stupendous pleasure which he had promised himself in the slaughter or conversion of six millions of his subjects.

The restrictions upon the Christians became, however, increasingly severe, and only the sudden death of Selim in 1520 relieved them, and indeed the entire empire, of an ever-increasing burden of fear. The "Destroyer," as all men knew, was not yet glutted with bloodshed, not yet weary of forcing his own fierce way upon the world.





KHAIREDDIN'S VICTORY OFF PREVESA

Chapter V

THE SPLENDOR OF SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT

[*Authorities* : As before, also Knolles, "History of the Turks"; Clark, "Races of European Turkey"; Upham, "History of the Ottoman Empire."]



AHOMET II had enfeebled the creative power of his people and encouraged them in idleness; he had himself led the way into paths of voluptuous vice. Now Selim drove them with whips of scorpions and taught them fear, with which comes always falsehood. Laziness and vice, cowardice and treachery! Philosophizing from a distance, one may see that the Turks were under bad teaching, that already their degeneration had begun.

When the absolute ruler of a people is a hero and a sage, an Osman or a Murad, his headship is like that of a god and inspires his nation to a glorious imitation of himself. But when the despot falls ever so little below the highest rank, when he becomes mere man, his faults have far wider influence than his virtues, and his people breathe contamination. Hence the Turkish Empire, for all its seeming splendor and territorial advance, was an impossibility, a thing that could not continue to exist, whose power had only momentarily increased, because of the continued greatness and good fortune, the nobility and the wisdom of most of the members of that remarkable house of Osman.

The failure visible to us, had not, however, at the time of Sultan Selim's death become manifest to his contemporaries. On the contrary the reign of his son Solyman (1520-1566) is depicted as the acme of Turkish glory. The first half of the

sixteenth century was in many respects one of the most remarkable periods in history. It was the age of the Reformation; Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin were preaching their doctrines. The Renaissance was in fullest flower; Raphael and Michael Angelo were beautifying the churches of Italy. Columbus had discovered America, and its riches were pouring into Europe. Ferdinand and Isabella had expelled the Moors from Spain, and their grandson, the Emperor Charles V., wielded a combination of Spanish and German power the most extensive since Charlemagne. Francis, called the Great, ruled over France, as the most munificent of art patrons, most chivalric of heroes, most sumptuous of monarchs. Yet amid all this rising splendor and power of the West, the Turkish Emperor was not eclipsed. Bickering sovereigns who heaped insults upon one another, united in admitting the greatness of the infidel, the most hated among them all. From Western Europe itself, Sultan Solymar received the name of "the Magnificent." His own people knew him by a yet more lordly appellation, perhaps not undeserved. They called him Solymar the Lord of the Age.

Let us see how far the title was merited. When the young prince at the age of twenty-six ascended the throne of his fathers, he ruled over an empire territorially as large as all Western Europe combined. His capital had been for a thousand years the centre of the culture of the world. His subjects, it is estimated, were forty millions in number, at a time when England contained only four millions, and even the German Empire, most populous of European lands, boasted of but thirty million subjects. Moreover, Solymar was absolute master of his realm, not constantly thwarted and antagonized by nobles almost as powerful as he, not bound by charters and constitutions, not antagonized by a Church that claimed from his subjects a still higher allegiance. Solymar was spiritual chief of a region even wider than his temporal domains. He bowed to no law except the Koran, of which he himself was the interpreter. No nobility existed in his land, except such as he created.

In personal character also, the young monarch was a worthy example of the Osmanli at their best. Even in the reign of his grandfather, Bajazet the Dreamer, Solymar's budding youth had been distinguished by military success. Selim had found him a valuable lieutenant. Moreover, he was an only son, hence his accession to the throne was undisputed. He was not driven to trickery and intrigue during his father's reign, and sudden fratricide at its close. He came into his great inheritance with hands unsoiled by crime, with heart in the first warm flush of youth, with a reputation already high for generosity as well as valor; and his people welcomed him with a hopefulness and enthusiasm, which measured the intensity of their relief in escaping the terror of Selim.

The very opening of his reign was marked by notable military achievements. The two great bulwarks of Christianity, Belgrade on the borders of Hungary, and

the Island of Rhodes in the eastern Mediterranean, fell before his arms. From these two famous strongholds Mahomet the Conqueror had been repulsed. They had dealt him the two great defeats of his career; and for half a century the attack had not been renewed. The Dreamer had not dared attempt it. The Destroyer was himself too soon destroyed. The last effort of Selim's life had been the gathering with his customary thoroughness of a vast armament against Rhodes. While awaiting the completion of this, Solyman turned his attention to Belgrade.

The young King of Hungary had merited chastisement by putting a Turkish ambassador to a cruel and shameful death. Solyman advanced swiftly into Hungary, captured several fortresses, and by a vigorous siege made himself master of Belgrade (1521). He so strengthened its already enormous fortifications, that it remained for two centuries the chief bulwark of the Turkish Empire against Europe.

Returning next to his already formulated project against Rhodes, the Gibraltar of its day, Solyman invested the island with an overpowering force, and at the enormous sacrifice of one hundred thousand lives, gradually sapped the strength of the defenders. The tremendous artillery of the Turks was employed with its usual effect. The modern science of attack, by means of trenches slowly advanced and carefully protected, here first received its full study and development. After five months of a most memorable defense, the exhausted Knights of St. John surrendered; and the only remaining fetter which had been imposed upon the East by all the toil and bloodshed of the Crusades, was broken. No foe remained anywhere within the circle of the Turkish Empire. Its outspreading bounds were unified at last (1522).

All the world recognized the valor which the defenders had displayed. The Sultan granted them honorable terms, and they were allowed to depart from Rhodes unmolested. Solyman even spoke to their Grand Master with characteristic generosity, reminding him of the varied fortunes of war, and saying that he grieved to drive from home so aged and so brave a gentleman. The Emperor Charles V conferred upon the Knights a new Mediterranean fortress to defend, the island of Malta; and to this they withdrew, making of it another memorable centre of defense against the Turks.

Having satisfied his martial ardor by these two celebrated achievements and by the suppression of revolts in the recently conquered regions of Syria and Egypt, the young Sultan betook himself to the pleasures of peace and to the improvement of the internal order of his empire. Ambassadors sought him from all the turbulent courts of Western Europe. Their letters to their homes make marvel of the splendor of his surroundings and the wisdom, justice, and generosity of his character. In 1525, Francis of France, held prisoner by the Emperor Charles, wrote to Solyman, Sultan of the infidels, entreating him to compel his release. Solyman



SOLYMAN'S AMBASSADOR SLAIN

(The Hungarians Bring the Captured Ambassador Before Their King)

From a painting by the Hungarian artist, J. Pawlitzak

SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT was the son and successor of Selim. Solyman's reign marks the culmination of the Osmanli power, the "golden age" of the Turks; their zenith not only of military but of intellectual and literary success. Solyman ruled from 1520 to 1566 at the time of Europe's great religious upheaval of the Reformation, and he displayed not only more power but more magnanimity than any other European sovereign of the time. Probably he was more powerful than all of them combined.

Yet the beginning of Solyman's reign was hailed by his European neighbors as a deliverance. They had been fearful indeed of the grim might which Selim the Destroyer, having established his supremacy over the Mahometan world, seemed about to hurl against them. Solyman, they felt, was an untried youth likely to be harassed at first, like most Osmanli sovereigns, by civil war. So the young king of Hungary took heart, and when a Turkish ambassador was seized by the fierce Hungarians and brought as a bedraggled prisoner before the king, he had the unfortunate envoy slain. The Hungarians delighted in this defiance of the Turks, but Solyman exacted a fearful vengeance. He came at once in hot haste against Hungary and stormed and captured its great frontier fortress of Belgrade. He then completely crushed the Hungarian power in the battle of Mohacs. Hungary became in its turn a Turkish province.





answered in terms well befitting the "Lord of the Age," speaking of his own court as the asylum of sovereigns, the refuge of the world; and assuring Francis that, having appealed to him, he should have justice. "Night and day," says his letter, "our horse is saddled and our sabre girt."

The continued appeals of Francis had undoubtedly considerable effect in fomenting the wars which arose between the Turkish and the German Empires. Their immediate cause, however, was less romantic and more serious. The turbulent Janizaries protested against peace and began plundering Constantinople. Solyman hurried to the scene of their rioting and, after cutting down the leaders with his own hand, executed a number whom he suspected of instigating the disorder. But to quell it wholly and by the most effective means, he marched to war.

Hungary, with which no peace had been made since the capture of Belgrade, was the victim of his attack. Its young king hastily gathered his forces, but he directed them with little judgment or skill and was slain and his army annihilated by the overwhelming numbers of the Turks on the field of Mohacs (1526). This battle, still remembered as "the destruction of Mohacs," caused the downfall of the Hungarian kingdom, which for a century and a half had held back the European advance of the Osmanli. Now it lay helpless at the feet of the victor. "May Allah be merciful to this youth," he said as he gazed at the body of the dead king, "and punish the counsellors who have misled his inexperience. I had no wish to cut him off when he had but just begun to taste the joys of life and sovereignty."

Advancing up the Danube, the Turks seized Buda, the Hungarian capital; but the purpose of the Sultan seemed rather to punish the land by devastation than to take permanent possession of it, and his army withdrew laden with plunder and burdened by a mass of one hundred thousand unhappy prisoners.

In the extremity of their despair, the Hungarians broke into civil war. One party sought the aid of Germany. To strengthen their resistance against Turkey, they gave the Hungarian throne to Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Charles V. The other party, insisting on a native king, elected Zapolya, one of their nobles. Being defeated by Ferdinand, Zapolya appealed to the Sultan for assistance. The rival kings laid their claims before his court, where they were treated with arrogance as vassals of the Turks. "Thy master," the envoy of Zapolya was told, "is only king because we make him so. The crown does not make kings, it is the sword." The ambassador from Ferdinand, having been less submissive and having demanded the restoration of Belgrade, was assured that the Sultan would punish him even if the Turks had to march all the way to Vienna, the capital of the German Empire, to drag him from the protection on which he relied.

Thus was the gage of battle fairly offered to the great German Empire; and over the prostrate lands of the Greek Empire, the Balkan States and Hungary, the Turks advanced into central Europe. In the spring of 1529, Solyman, with a

quarter of a million men, began his threatened march from Constantinople. This time the elements were against him. Constant rains made the advance of his troops almost impossible, and much of his heaviest artillery had to be left behind. Not until September did he reach the Hungarian capital, which after a brief siege, surrendered. Ferdinand had fled, and Solyman, as he had promised, placed Zapolya upon the throne. Then, taking his vassal king with him, he continued his advance upon Vienna.

From that city also Ferdinand took flight, and the energies of the Emperor Charles V were absorbed elsewhere in his dominions; but fortunately for Christendom, its capital had more resolute defenders. Lacking heavy artillery, the Sultan could make no effective breach in the walls, and assault after assault was vigorously repelled. The weather grew more bleak, winter approached, and sickness spread through the camp of the warm-blooded Turks. After a single month of ineffectual siege, Solyman, recognizing that he had met the first check of his career, withdrew his troops. Vienna remained unconquered, but almost all Austria had been ravaged as had been Hungary three years before. Thousands of captives were slaughtered and other thousands carried away by the withdrawing Turks. Solyman boasted that the Christians dared not meet him in the field, and at Buda he held a great celebration of his triumph.

Three years later the Sultan invaded the Austrian territories again and laid all Styria in ashes. The little fortress of Guntz made a memorable defense against his arms, giving the Emperor Charles time to gather an imperial German army and march against him. It seemed as though a great decisive battle might again settle the fate of an entire continent. But Solyman had already weakened his forces by his long and trying campaign; he challenged Charles to lead the Imperial army against him, but did not himself march toward Vienna. The Emperor with even greater caution remained within reach of the sheltering walls of the capital, and saw his fairest provinces made desolate without an effort to protect them.

The next year, 1533, a truce was agreed upon. Solyman was too sensible to exhaust his armies by repeating such distant and profitless invasions. There was little left to plunder, no army would give him battle, and he only sacrificed his troops by thousands against the stone walls of the innumerable fortresses. Moreover, the old religious quarrel with the Persians had again broken out, so that from this time Solyman, like Selim, turned his attention mainly to the East. He fought at least six great campaigns against the Persians, broke their power, and wrested from them the fairest portion of their empire. The entire valley of the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers with the great capital Baghdad, the last of the sacred places of the East, passed under the sway of the Osmanli, where it still remains. The "arch of Turkish Empire" curved from Baghdad in the east, to Belgrade and even to Buda in the west.



THE HUNGARIAN VASSAL KING

(Zapolya Entreats Audience With Solyman the Magnificent)

From a painting by the Italian artist, Alberto Passini

SOLYMAN did not take complete possession of Hungary after destroying its military strength at Mohacs. His first impulse was merely one of vengeance; and he ravaged the land from end to end, then returned to Constantinople loaded down with spoils and prisoners. Some of the despairing Hungarians appealed to Ferdinand of Austria, afterward Emperor of Germany, to be their king. Others elected one of their own nobles, Zapolya. Both Ferdinand and Zapolya sought to make friends with Solyman by appealing to him to uphold their claims. Zapolya even came in person and waited outside Solyman's palace until he could secure audience with the great Sultan. So Solyman declared in favor of Zapolya; and, to support his candidate against Ferdinand, marched his imperial army once more into Hungary. It became a Turkish dependency under Zapolya.

Solyman then pursued Ferdinand as far as Vienna; but finding that city too strong for assault, he withdrew. His troops ravaged Austria (1529), as before they had ravaged Hungary. So here were the Turks threatening to enter the very heart of Europe. In another advance a few years later, Solyman again ravaged Austria, and sent a defiance to the German Emperor, Charles V, challenging the Germans to meet him in the field in defense of their devastated province. But the Germans kept safely within the walls of Vienna, and the cold of winter drove Solyman home. He proclaimed himself "Lord of the Age."





Fortunate indeed for Europe was the respite thus granted her from Solyman's attacks, and some of her sovereigns frankly recognized it as such. "Nothing but these Persians," writes Ferdinand's ambassador, "stand between us and ruin." And again, "This war affords us only a respite, not a deliverance."

Another important addition to Turkey's empire was acquired by her navy. Or rather the navy was presented to her as a voluntary tribute to her now recognized position as head of the Moslem world. The little Mahometan states of North Africa had long found in piracy their chief source of revenue. A Turkish sea-rover known to Europe as Barbarossa (Red-beard), and to his own people as Khairaddin, distinguished himself by establishing a piratical control over all Algiers. As the magnitude of his operations increased, he recognized his need of protection from the Christians he despoiled and, voluntarily placing himself under the protection of Solyman, became a "vassal of the Porte." His example was soon followed by other African states. Solyman, gladly accepting this addition to his empire, increased his own navy and made Khairaddin his chief admiral or Kapitan Pasha.

The Turkish sea power thus suddenly created, disputed with Venice and Genoa, with Spain and France, for the naval supremacy of the Mediterranean. Khairaddin, who had made himself master not only of Algiers but of Tunis also, was driven from the latter stronghold by a formidable fleet and army led by the German Emperor in person. In 1538 he avenged himself by a great victory over the combined fleets of the Emperor, Venice, and the Pope, off Prevesa. For a time thereafter he ravaged the Italian coast almost at will, plundering some of its fairest cities. In 1541, another elaborately planned Christian expedition attacked him in Algiers, but failed disastrously.

Encouraged by Khairaddin's example, the Turks became experts in the art of seamanship, and other admirals arose to emulate his deeds. The fleets of Solyman were, if not masters of the Mediterranean, at least far more powerful than those of any other single state. The Christians could withstand them only by uniting.

In 1539, Zapolya, the Sultan's vassal ruler over Hungary, died. Ferdinand of Austria, who had been allowed to keep a small portion of the country, at once laid claim to the whole. The widow of Zapolya appealed to Solyman to preserve the land for her infant son; and the great Sultan, postponing his Persian campaigns, hurried westward once more (1541). He drove Ferdinand and his Austrians out of the districts they had seized. As fortress after fortress surrendered it was garrisoned, not with followers of Zapolya, but with Turkish troops. Turkish officials were also installed in civic control, and thus almost the whole of Hungary sank to be a mere province of the Ottoman Empire. In 1547, a five-year truce was concluded between Solyman and the powers of Europe which lay beyond

Hungary. Not only the Emperor Charles V, but also the Pope, the Doge of Venice, and the King of France were parties to this treaty, by which most of Hungary was formally surrendered to the Turks. For the small part of the land which King Ferdinand was allowed to keep, he was to pay a heavy annual tribute to the Sultan. This treaty marks the high tide of the power of the Osmanli. It may perhaps be regarded as justifying Solyman's claim to be "Lord of the Age."

Nor was it through military successes alone that the great Sultan's reign won its renown. This was also the most noted period of Turkish literature. Solyman was its patron. A cultured admirer of the art of verse, he even dabbled in its mysteries himself, though without noteworthy success. Yet if not gifted with this special form of genius, he could recognize it in others. One of his poems addressed to the lyric poet, Abdul Baki, prophesied that future ages would name Baki, "the Immortal." He is so called to-day; and though the Sultan's prophecy doubtless helped to work out its own fulfillment, Baki is generally regarded by Turkish critics as the chief master of their language. On Solyman's death the poet whom he had so admired composed in his honor an ode accounted by the Turks the grandest pæan ever uttered in human praise.

Nine other noteworthy poets adorned this culminating age of the Turkish race, in addition to a crowd of lesser singers, at least one great historian, and one great jurist, beside numerous minor writers on these themes, on philosophy and on religion. Architecture likewise reached its fullest development, as did the decorative arts. The luxury of the court of Solyman became such as only revenues vast as his could have supported.

To see the inevitable "other side" of the picture, the sorrows of the "Magnificent" Sultan's lot, we must turn to his domestic life. He was easily susceptible to the softer emotions. For the first time in the story of the house of Osman, we find a vast and baneful influence exercised over the entire realm by a woman. She was the daughter of a Russian priest, was brought to Constantinople by Cossack raiders, and sold into the Sultan's harem. She was called Khurrem, "the laughing one," though European courts spoke of her as Roxalana. She soon gained a great influence over Solyman. He valued her wisdom as highly as her charms and took counsel with her upon every subject. She was in fact an empress.

Before Roxalana's rise, the chief aids and counsellors of the Sultan had been his eldest son Mustapha and his Grand Vizier Ilderim. Ilderim was a Greek slave boy to whom Solyman had become attached in youth, and whose marvellous rise and great ability form a favorite theme of Turkish legend. His devotion to his master secured him by degrees a power second only to that master's own. He even signed himself "Sultan Ilderim." Ferdinand of Hungary when negotiating with the Porte, addressed Ilderim as "brother." Roxalana secured Mustapha's banishment from court and Ilderim's execution (1536).



BARBAROSSA'S CAPTIVES

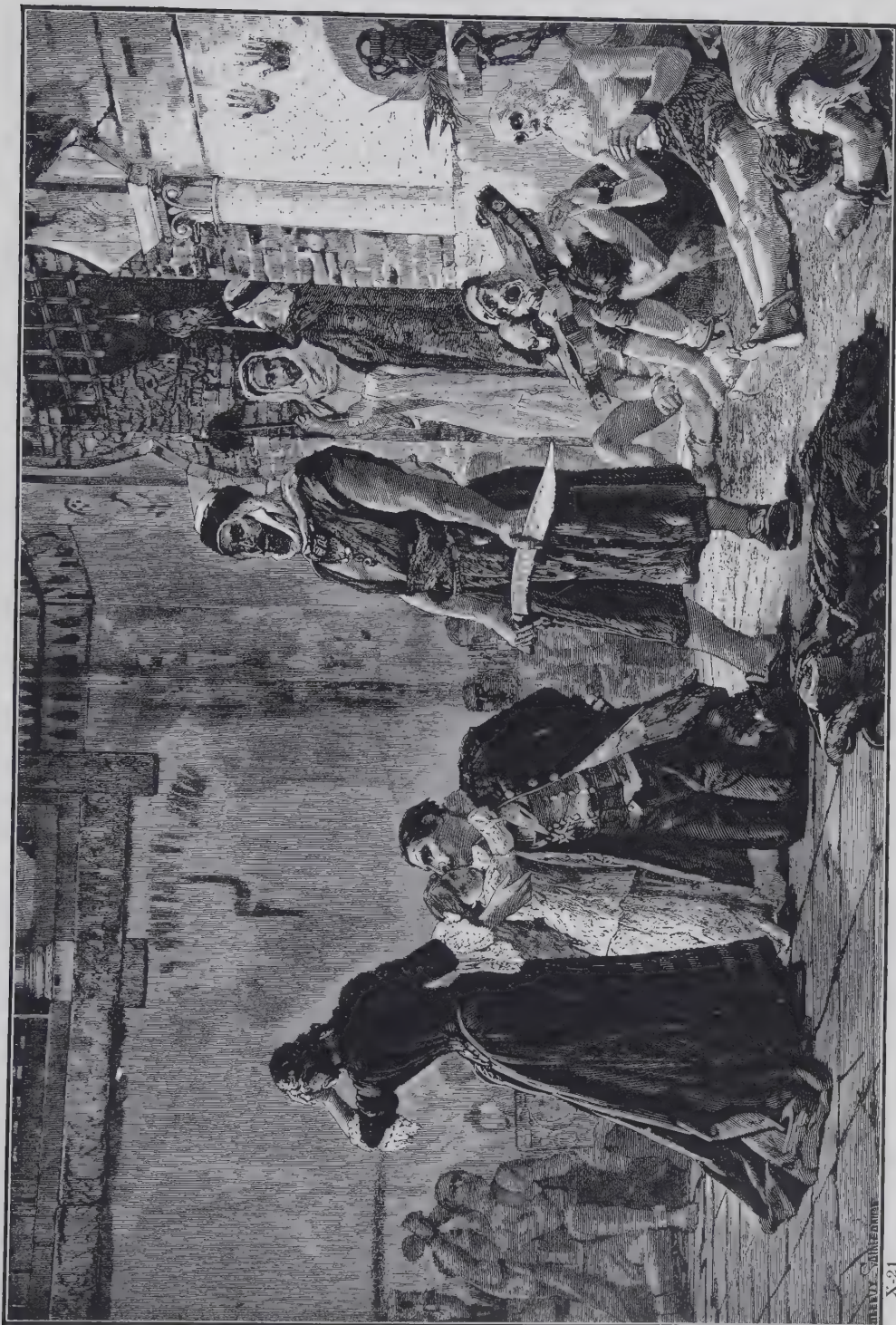
(The Noted Turkish Pirate Plays With the Agony of His Prisoners)

From a painting by the French artist, Poilleux Saintange

WHILE Solyman was thus triumphing on land, his fleets achieved equal glory on the sea. Before his time the Turks were still admittedly inferior to the Christians in seamanship. But the uplifting of Selim and Solyman to be the religious leaders of Mahometanism brought to their standards a new race, the wild corsairs of northern Africa. These men were, in truth, savage pirates. The most noted of them all was Khairreddin or, as the Christians called him, Barbarossa (Red-beard). Barbarossa established himself as master of Algiers; and having acquired much religious merit by plundering many Christian ships and enslaving and torturing their passengers, he applied to Solyman for protection against Christian vengeance. Solyman, who eagerly desired good seamen, made Barbarossa his chief admiral and supplied him with more ships and men. Barbarossa then seized upon Tunis also; but a vast Christian naval expedition attacked and captured Tunis, liberating all the captives whom Barbarossa found no time to slay before his flight.

After that Barbarossa's fleets disputed the supremacy of the Mediterranean on equal terms with all the combined powers of Spain, France and the Italian States. The Turks became almost at a bound, the strongest single naval power of the world. Solyman stood at the summit of his splendor and renown.





She thus became unrivalled in her power, her strong nature impressing itself upon Solyman's as he grew old. When her two sons approached manhood, she resolved that they, not Mustapha, should succeed to their father's throne. For this purpose she secured the promotion of Rustem, her daughter's husband, to the office of Grand Vizier. Rustem was wholly under Roxalana's control; he was a miser, false and wholly venal, who corrupted the entire state by selling its chief offices to the highest bidders, men who naturally sought to recompense themselves by every method of extortion.

At the Sultana's urging, the Vizier systematically poisoned his master's mind against the distant Mustapha. Solyman, who had known his son well and loved him, long refused to believe the evidences laid before his eyes, but finally yielded and in 1553, probably in the father's presence, the son was executed.

The grief of the entire empire was extreme. Mustapha had been one of the worthy members of his race, devoted to the service of his father, beloved and highly honored by the people. His very virtues wrought his destruction, for it was reported that the Janizaries of their own accord were planning to substitute him for his aging father upon the throne. To the necessity of fratricide which the house of Osman already felt, the rising power of the Janizaries thus added a further horror. Fathers began to slay each able son lest he depose them as Bajazet the Dreamer had been deposed. They adopted still another method of protection, keeping their sons in ignorance and seclusion, that the young men might lack both the ability and the influence to revolt. Under such policy as this the house of Osman was doomed!

Roxalana's eldest son, Selim, was declared heir to the throne, but so incompetent and so vicious did he prove himself, that many of his troops rebelled in favor of Bajazet, his younger brother. This Bajazet, of whom we have scant records, seems to have been an able and honorable youth; but Roxalana, with a mother's partiality, clung to her first-born. Bajazet was declared a rebel, and the royal army marched against his followers. Roxalana died while the campaign was in progress. Bajazet was defeated and executed. Thus in his old age Solyman was left alone. The friend of his youth, the hero son of his early manhood, the promising child of his later years, each had been slain by his orders. The siren at whose bidding he had acted was also gone; and to his desolation there remained only a ferocious drunkard, an imbecile, the false and worthless Selim. Such are the declining days of despotism.

Military reverses also came upon the aged Sultan. The Knights of St. John whom he had expelled from Rhodes, had made of Malta another powerful citadel, where their ships reposed in safety, or rushed suddenly forth upon the Turkish fleets. If master of this island, Solyman felt that he would be master of the Mediterranean, and in 1565 he sent a tremendous armament against it. After a long

and bloody siege, the attack was repulsed, and though a second expedition was planned for the following year, it was perforce abandoned because of the renewal of the war on the German frontier.

King Ferdinand, who had become the Emperor Ferdinand, died; and his son, the Emperor Maximilian II, succeeded to his claims over the small remainder of independent Hungary. The Turkish vassal king who held the rest of Hungary, claimed the part which had been Ferdinand's, and so fell to fighting with Maximilian. Once more Solyman led an army across Hungary. He was now over seventy years of age and so feeble that he had to be borne in a litter. But he had no son that he could trust, to take his place.

Fortress after fortress in independent Hungary surrendered. The Austrians abandoned the hapless land to its fate. One of its own sons saved it at the sacrifice of himself. The count palatine Nicholas Zrinyi defended his town and fortress of Szigeth with such valor and ability that Solyman was compelled to settle down to a regular siege with his entire army. Month after month slipped by. September came, and the enfeebled Sultan one night complained with childish querulousness that he could no longer hear the beating of the huge drum of victory. Then turning his back upon a world that had grown dark to him, he died in solitude. With him departed the glory of the Turkish race.



SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT



THE SIEGE OF SZIGETH (*From an Ancient Manuscript*)

Chapter VI

INTERNAL DECAY AND ITS TEMPORARY ARREST UNDER MURAD IV

[*Authorities:* As before. also Stirling-Maxwell, "Don John of Austria"; Dyer, "History of Europe"; Menzies, "Turkey Old and New."]



HE death of Solyman was concealed from his troops by his devoted Vizier, Sokolli. The Vizier was well aware that the news would cause the soldiers to abandon the siege of Szigeth in discouragement; and he was determined that the fortress before which his master had perished should not remain untaken to boast of its resistance. For seven weeks the body of the dead "Lord of the Age" was borne about in a closed litter, as though the empty shell still held its former tenant. Officers approached and bowed low to it and heard Sokolli, stooping within the curtains, repeat feeble words of command.

The fortress succumbed at last, and its heroic defendants rushed forth to death in a final charge. The Countess Zrinyi, remaining behind, blew up the powder magazine at the entrance of the victors, hurling the entire fortress into air and carrying with it skyward three thousand Janizaries. Sokolli announced that the object of the campaign was accomplished, and withdrew the army in good order. Only when the homeward march was well advanced, was the demise of the great Sultan proclaimed and his outworn body permitted to have rest. His authority passed to his only surviving son, the drunken, imbecile Selim, called even by his own reverent historians, Selim the Sot.

Of no land has it been more true than of Turkey, that the fortune of the people followed that of their rulers. For three centuries the descendants of Ertoghrul had handed their kingship steadily from father to son. Ten generations of leaders, all efficient and only one or two falling below real greatness of mind or body, had established for the Osmanli an almost superhuman reverence in the hearts of their people. But with the death of Solyman, the genius of his race suddenly disappears. His successors sink to a general level of feebleness as impressive as was the grandeur of the earlier generations. One or two of the later Sultans rise, perhaps, to the ordinary stature of mankind, but as a race they grovel beneath contempt.

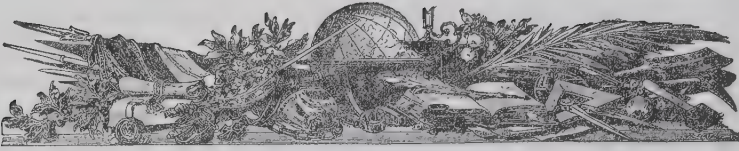
For this evil change we must hold Solyman responsible, Solyman and Khurrem, "the laughing one," the Sultana whose machinations destroyed all the capable sons of her royal lover and left him only Selim, the worthless child whom, with a mother's instinct of his need of her, Khurrem had made her favorite.

The character of Selim II (1566-1574) had come to be well understood by his father and all his people, but such was the absolute devotion of the nation to the house of Osman, that no one thought for a moment of disputing his succession. The lives, the fortunes, and the consciences of the whole Turkish race were placed unreservedly in the hands of an acknowledged drunkard and half-imbecile. Through him this power descended to the children of his vile amours.

The weakness of one man could not of course cause the immediate downfall of so vast and firmly founded an empire. For a time the high spirit of Solyman still pervaded its counsels. Except when swayed by his Sultana, he had been a keen judge of men, and he had drawn around him a body of noble servitors. The venal Vizier Rustem, the creature of Khurrem, had been succeeded in his high office as second head of the empire by Sokolli, the artful secreter of his master's death, a soldier and statesman worthy of the rank.

Sokolli, by a wise diplomacy, managed to retain until his death, not only his place but also his honor, and was the real ruler of the empire throughout Selim's reign and during the first years of his successor. Selim was awed by his Vizier's high repute, and being content to revel in idleness with boon companions, seldom intruded on affairs of state.

The Turkish troops, however, were accustomed to being led to battle by their Sultan, and their inefficiency without the religious enthusiasm aroused by his presence, or at least by his guidance from afar, was soon sadly demonstrated. Sokolli had conceived the bold and statesmanly project of uniting by a canal the two great Russian rivers, the Volga and the Don, and thus securing for the Turkish fleet a passage from the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea. This would assuredly have resulted in the conquest of all northern Persia, which was no longer protected from the Turks by the valor of its warriors, but only by the difficulty of approach



HUNGARY'S UPRISING

(Countess Zrinyi Checks the Turkish Advance by Blowing Up Her Castle)

From a painting by the English artist, T. Allom

SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT had drifted into an old age of solitude; it was also to be one of military reverses. The glory of the Turkish crescent was waning at last, and perhaps the renowned Solyman by the destruction of his two ablest successors had done most of all men to bring about its fading. In 1565 all the armaments of Solyman were repulsed from the island of Malta. In 1566 a dispute arose as to the tribute to be sent Solyman by the ruler of the small fragment of Hungary still reckoned as part of the German Empire. So for a fifth time, Solyman, now grown very old and feeble, marched into Hungary.

As he approached close to Vienna, his progress was stopped by the obstinate resistance of a little fortress called Szigeth. The Hungarian Count Zrinyi defended this with such valor that the Turkish army settled before the castle for a regular siege. During this Solyman died. His Vizier concealed the death and ordered a general assault upon the fortress. When it was stormed, the wife of its commander stood by the powder magazine with a flaming torch; and, waiting till the last moment so as to destroy as many Turks as possible, she exploded the magazine and devoted herself, her home and her foes to a common destruction. The disheartened Turks retreated. The high tide of Turkish conquest began slowly now to ebb.





R. BRENDA MOORE

across its dreary deserts. Azov, the city at the mouth of the Don, was already in Ottoman hands; but the region of the canal and Astrakhan, the famous port at the mouth of the Volga, had half a century before been taken from the Tartars by the Russians.

Sokolli's project, therefore, brought Russians and Turks for the first time into armed conflict. A force was sent to build the canal, another to seize Astrakhan, and the great Khan of the Crimea, ruler of all the northern Black Sea shore under the suzerainty of the Sultan, was commanded to aid the expedition. Instead, he naturally did all he could to discourage it. He did not wish the Ottomans brought closer to his domain, and in greater numbers. He worked upon the religious fears of the soldiers, reminded them of their distance from the Sultan, and explained that the short nights of the north would make it impossible for them to perform the duties of their faith, which required them to pray at evening, at midnight, and again at dawn. While in this superstitious mood they were attacked both at Astrakhan and on the Don by Russian forces. The disheartened Turks easily allowed themselves to be driven back and abandoned the expedition (1569). To the Ottoman Empire this appeared a mere frontier repulse by a barbarian tribe, and not till a century later did the two predestined rivals meet again in strife.

A far more noted disaster of Selim's reign was the great sea-fight of Lepanto (1571). According to some authorities this was directly attributable to the Sultan's drunken folly. He had acquired a special liking for the wine of Cyprus, and insisted that the home of so delicious a beverage must assuredly be added to his domains. The island of Cyprus belonged to Venice, and Sokolli, who on Solyman's death had hurriedly made peace with Western Europe, had no wish to revive against the ill-governed Turks, a coalition of the Christian powers. For once, however, all his arguments and diplomatic manoeuvres in opposition to his master were without avail. With besotted stubbornness Selim insisted that Cyprus he must have. It was invaded and captured for him at a cost of fifty thousand lives.

The struggle left Venice, like Hungary, exhausted by her long resistance to the Ottomans. Another Solyman might have seized upon her territories with ease; but Selim's utterly unjustified aggression against Cyprus roused all Europe and startled the other states into a selfish fear for themselves. What Sokolli had dreaded took place. A Christian league was formed by the Pope, and an immense fleet was gathered not only of Venetian but of Spanish, Papal, Maltese, and other galleys, over two hundred in all. This armament, under the leadership of the renowned Don John of Austria, advanced to the Turkish coast and was met off Lepanto by the navy of Selim, superior to it in numbers, but hastily gathered and ill-prepared.

The battle of Lepanto was the greatest naval disaster the Turks ever encountered. If we except only the defeat of the Spanish Armada in the same genera-

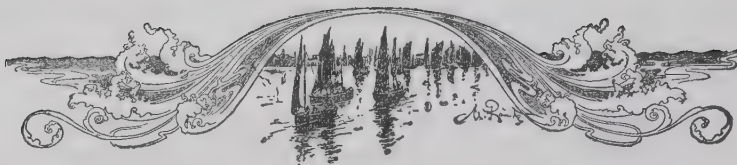
tion, no other sea-fight in history can compare with this, in the number of men and ships engaged, and in the completeness of the defeat. The entire Turkish fleet was destroyed or captured with the exception of a single squadron of about forty ships. The commander of this wing, the celebrated Ouloudj Ali, Bey of Algiers, had protested against encountering the enemy while the Turks were so unprepared. He was overborne in council, but in the battle he held his own. At its close, seeing the destruction that had come upon the Turkish centre, he with the ships of his wing broke boldly through the line of the Christians and escaped.

When news of this disastrous overthrow reached Constantinople, even Selim was startled from his indifference. He devoted his own private treasures to ship-building, he gave up a portion of his garden for the ship-yard. Ouloudj Ali, with the ships that he had rescued, cruised from port to port collecting around this remnant of the navy all the scattered craft that could be pressed into service. The Christian admirals, on the contrary, had dispersed to their homes to sing *Te Deums* of victory. When another year came around, there was a second Turkish fleet apparently as powerful as before, which under Ouloudj Ali, now surnamed Kilidj (the sword), baffled the Christian advance at every point.

A peace was agreed upon in 1573. Not only did Turkey retain Cyprus, but the helpless Venetians agreed to repay her for the cost of its conquest. Christian writers learning this said bitterly, that despite all the celebrations it was really the Turks who had won the battle of Lepanto.

Selim died from a drunken fall, and his son, Murad III (1574-95), a weakling in mind and body, succeeded him. The first words of each new Sultan on assuming power are regarded by his superstitious subjects as prophetic of the character of his reign. Murad's were, "I am hungry, bring me something to eat." His first official act was to command the slaughter of five brothers, apparently as worthless as himself. Murad was a woman-lover, always in his harem and completely under the influence of its occupants. His early reign was still marked by victories. Turkish generals conducted a successful and even glorious war against Persia, wresting from her all Georgia and the ancient capital, Tabriz. The peace of 1590 confirming these conquests marks the date of the greatest expansion of Turkish territory.

But the drain which for a quarter of a century had been sapping the resources of the empire to supply the debauchery of its base rulers, now began to be apparent. Not from the strength of its enemies without, but from decay within, came the downfall of the Turkish State. The marvel seems only that it so long withstood the evils gnawing at its root. Let us enumerate again the more obvious and generally recognized of these causes of decay. They were the repressive laws of Mahomet II, which arrested the development of the people; the ferocity of Selim the Destroyer, which taught them fear and falsehood; the increasing number and



THE CAPTIVES FROM LEPANTO

(Turkish Prisoners Sent to Vienna to Restore the Courage of Its People)

From a painting by the German artist, E. Zimmerman

THE aged Solyman was succeeded on his throne by that incapable son whom Roxalana had selected. He is called Sultan Selim the Sot. In his day occurred the first great disaster to the Turkish arms, the celebrated sea-fight of Lepanto (1570). This is said to have been brought on by Selim's own folly. He was extremely fond of the rich wine of Cyprus, a fair Mediterranean island which still belonged to Venice. So as soon as he ascended the throne he insisted that this island must be added to his domains. The able Vizier of Solyman cautioned Selim against thus defying Europe. But Selim insisted.

This war saw the great sea-fight; and here again the Turkish admirals knew themselves unprepared for the fray and would have delayed it, but Selim insisted upon immediate battle. Don John of Austria, a brother of the great Spanish king Philip II, led the allied Christians. They attacked the Turks off the Greek gulf of Lepanto, and destroyed almost their entire navy. The Turks rallied and built another navy, but thereafter they were on the defensive. Captured Turks from Lepanto were sent to all sections of Germany to show the inhabitants that these Turks were not such terrible fellows after all. Especially were prisoners sent to Vienna, where they were compelled to work on fortifications to protect the city from any further assaults by their countrymen.





turbulence of the Janizaries, whose whole training urged them to insolence and oppression; the corruption in office, which was introduced by the Vizier Rustem and which after Sokolli's death pervaded the entire empire; and above and behind all these, lay the inherent evil of an hereditary despotism, the decay which sooner or later must enervate its rulers.

In 1590 the foreign nations little suspected the change that had come over the conquering Turks. France sought their alliance. Elizabeth of England wrote them long letters urging their attack upon her enemy Philip II of Spain, and explaining to them how similar their faith was to that of Protestant England and how opposed were both to Catholicism. It was a common saying among the Turks that very little was needed to make the English genuine Mahometans.

The miseries of the people could not, however, be longer ignored. The devoted peasantry of Asia Minor had given of their substance to repeated tax-collectors until they faced starvation. The unpaid troops lived perforce by plunder, while their money was held back by thieving officers. In 1589 the storm broke. The Janizaries in the capital, furious at a new fraud imposed on them, surrounded the royal palace clamoring for the heads of the officials whose guilt they suspected. Sultan Murad yielded in instant terror, and the heads which they demanded rolled at their feet.

If one head, why not another? The Janizaries had learned their power. Twice within the next four years they repeated their clamor and compelled the removal of Grand Viziers who had not pleased them. Rival bands of troops fought civil wars against one another in the streets of Constantinople. Internal revolt, a thing hitherto unknown among the Turks, broke out in Asia Minor among the starving peasantry. The Christian border dependencies were also harassed beyond endurance. The mild and humane treatment previously accorded them was changed to intolerable oppression. Their people rebelled. In the "Wallachian Vespers" (1594) all the peaceful Turks of Wallachia were suddenly slaughtered. Both there and in Transylvania, the disorganized Ottoman armies were repeatedly and disgracefully defeated. The surrounding nations began to rouse themselves and take fresh heart against the hitherto irresistible Osmanli. The German Empire declared war and joined the Transylvanian insurgents. Even the Persians defended their threatened frontier with the vigor of new hope.

Amid these disasters Murad III died in dreary dissatisfaction and despondency. He was succeeded by his son Mahomet III (1595-1603), who signalized his accession by the execution of his nineteen brothers and also eight of his father's wives. The brothers were all young, probably all worthless, and the slaughter deserves mention only as being the most extensive of those hideous holocausts offered by each new Sultan to the evil policy of his race. Mahomet III instituted what became the practice of the future, by keeping his sons in a special part of the palace called

the "cage" from which they never emerged except to die or to reign. Their unfitness to do either seems thus to have been most effectually insured.

Meanwhile the advancing armies of the Germans, Hungarians and rebels had driven the Turks from almost all their European possessions north of the Danube. Every counsellor who still cared for the preservation of the empire, now vehemently urged the new Sultan to take the field in person. Only by his presence could the fanaticism of the soldiers be once more aroused, their obedience secured, and the triumphant enemies checked. After long hesitation and evasion, Mahomet III consented to lead his troops as his ancestors had done. Moreover the sacred standard of his namesake, the Prophet Mahomet, the most holy and treasured relic of the empire, was taken from its sanctuary and borne before the soldiers to inspire them.

They met the allied Christian armies on the plain of Cerestes near the river Theiss, and there were three days of fighting. The first day the Mahometans lost several standards and even the sacred relic of the Prophet was endangered. The terrified Sultan insisted he must withdraw and leave the troops to protect his retreat. Long and passionate entreaties from his generals persuaded him to remain, and the second day the Turks made some advance. The third day saw the final issue. Almost the entire army of the Turks was driven from the field, but a sudden charge of their cavalry caught the enemy unprepared and swept the whole Christian array into panic-stricken flight. Fifty thousand were slain. This was the last great triumph of Turk over Caucasian, of Mussulman over Christian (1596).

The Sultan took advantage of his tremendous victory to retreat to his capital and resume his life of indolence. Fortunately his generals proved able to maintain themselves against the weakened enemy, and the contest dragged on without much success on either side until in the reign of Mahomet's successor, peace was made by the treaty of Sitavorak (1606). This is worthy of note as the first diplomatic meeting in which the Turks condescended to deal with the Christians on equal terms, sending them high ambassadors, consenting to forego the customary presents, and employing toward the German Emperor titles of dignity equal to those with which the Sultan was addressed.

Why follow further the full list of the feeble rulers who now disgraced the throne of Osman? The irresponsible supremacy and tyranny of the Janizaries had become fully established, and their former masters were obliged to bend to their every whim. Osman II (1618-1622), the grandson of Mahomet III, deserves mention because, though only fourteen when crowned, he had evidently some conception of the disgrace of his position and endeavored to reassert his power.

He was a savage youth who practised archery by shooting at prisoners of war, and when the supply of these ran low, he fastened up one of his own attendants as a



A HAREM TRAGEDY

(Mahomet III Orders the Execution of His Father's Wives)

From a painting by the French artist, Paul Bouchard

THE triumphs of the Turks had been largely the result of the splendid leadership of their rulers, the remarkable men of the vigorous and able race of Osman. Now the power of that race seemed to have exhausted itself with Solyman. His son Selim was, as we have seen, described by his own devoted subjects as "the Sot." Selim was succeeded by his son, Murad III, another weakling, who began his career by ordering the slaughter of his five brothers, lest they become his rivals. Murad, like Selim, spent his life in idle debauchery, taxing his subjects extravagantly and squandering the money in folly, while the people sank into wretchedness.

Murad was followed in 1595 by his son Mahomet III, who signalized his accession by the most wholesale murder of relatives which had yet disgraced the family of the Osmanli. Murad had bred up many children, he had twenty sons. Mahomet dispatched his negro slaves to slay the whole nineteen of his brothers who were unlucky enough to be younger than he. The murderer also extended this savage method of protecting himself from possible rivals, by slaying his father's many wives. These unfortunate women were murdered in the harem, by his orders.

Thus the splendor of the house of Osman sank beneath these successive slaughters by its own members, Solyman, Murad and Mahomet III. The glory of the race was drowned in its own blood.





target. To weaken the Janizaries, he made war on Poland and sent them thither. They preferred however to return and quarrel at home. Osman then announced his intent of making a pilgrimage to Mecca; but the Janizaries learned that his real purpose was to collect an army in Asia and return to crush them for their frequent seditions. In fury they demanded the heads of his advisers, and having secured these, they swept on to the farthest extreme of rebellion. Seizing Osman himself, they dragged him to prison and slew him there with excesses of cruelty equal to his own. They then placed upon the throne his predecessor Mustapha I, who had been deposed for utter imbecility. Even the feeling of personal loyalty and exaggerated reverence for the reigning descendant of Ertoghrul was thus broken down at last. The divinity which in Turkey had actually grown to "hedge a king" now shielded him no more. It was life for life; and the successors of Osman II could no longer slaughter their subjects with the same comfortable and reassuring sense of personal inviolability which had so upheld the successors of Osman I.

Murad IV (1623-1640), son of the poor imbecile Mustapha, was the next Sultan to assert himself. For a time he stayed the fall of the empire, holding the Janizaries in subjection and suppressing extortion and injustice by means of an injustice even more relentless. When Murad ascended the throne the Persians were victorious on the frontiers; all Asia Minor was in successful revolt; fleets of Cossack marauders were plundering even along the Bosphorus itself; the royal treasury was empty; and Murad was a boy of only twelve. In one of their tumults, the blood-thirsty rabble still dignified by the name of troops demanded the heads of seventeen of the young Sultan's closest friends and councillors. These he yielded to them perforce. But the mere fact that he protested against yielding led the Janizaries to talk of his dethronement.

It is evident that Murad studied the situation long and thoughtfully; but he made no movement until he reached the age of twenty. Then slowly and cautiously he gathered round him what little remained of better sentiment within the capital. He employed the antagonism of the Janizaries against the other troops to suppress the latter. Afterward he seized upon the leaders of the Janizaries themselves. A few faithful followers supported him, and the soldiers were bullied into submission. A celebrated gathering was held at which Murad himself and then each one of his officials swore to restore the ancient order, justice and honor of the empire.

Then began a reign of terror, a series of wholesale executions. The Sultan had kept track of every servant who had ever insulted him, every soldier who had rioted in the streets. They were killed by hundreds. Unwarned victims were summoned from their homes night after night by secret messengers and haled before secret executioners. No man knew but his own turn might come next, and no man dared oppose this grim and watchful young avenger.

Having thus established himself in his capital, Murad made a royal progress through his empire, taking note of the state of every district and slaying every unjust official he encountered. His character has often been paralleled with that of Selim the Destroyer. At first Murad struck down only the guilty, but the habit of massacre grew. The value of human life was lost to him, and at the merest suspicion against the officials who came forth from each town and knelt before his charger, he would strike out savagely with his scimeter. Their heads rolled beneath the hoofs of his steed. Worse and worse grew his unrestrained ferocity until it was a madness in itself, and in his later years he seemed scarce human. A party of women were making merry in a field, and he ordered them drowned merely because their laughter disturbed him as he passed. If, as he rode forth, any unfortunate crossed or impeded the road, the offender was shot down, often by the Sultan himself.

Before Murad's severity thus degenerated into atrocity, it had already brought back to the empire something of the ancient military order and prestige. Once more a Sultan led his armies in person, and the Persians felt the weight of his iron hand. They were defeated and reduced to such a degree that it was nearly a century before they again measured themselves against the might of Turkey.

Murad had no sons of his own, hence he had permitted one of his brothers, Ibrahim, to survive, though keeping the unfortunate in confinement and in a constant fear of assassination which reduced him to a pitiful state of mental weakness. Murad in his own last hour resolved to slay this brother also, and commanded his execution. The attendants of the Sultan, horrified at the thought of the utter extinction of the sacred race, strove to dissuade their master from his purpose, and when he persisted, they only pretended to have obeyed him. The fierce despot in the very pangs of death insisted on seeing the corpse, and expired in a desperate effort to rise and be thus assured of the fulfillment of his order. Ibrahim, being hurriedly told of his brother's fate and hailed as Sultan, refused to believe his fortune, barricaded his door and swore to fight for life. Not until Murad's body was in its turn borne before him, did he accept the truth, and realize that his chance had come to rule.

Sultan Ibrahim (1640-1648) promptly proceeded to undo what little good his brother had accomplished. He presents to us the type of Ottoman Sultan at its very lowest, a fool so dull as to know no pleasure but debauchery, a trembling coward who dared not leave his palace walls, who squandered untold wealth upon his harem and thought of his subjects only as the source of all the treasure of which he robbed them to satisfy his immeasurable extravagances.

Fiction is outdone by such tales as that of his "fur tax." An old woman mauling through ancient fairy stories for the amusement of his idle beauties, described a king clothed all in sables and having every drapery about his palace

and even its carpets underfoot of the same rare and costly fur. The impossible vastness of the idea challenged Ibrahim's weak mind. He vowed he could do as much and immediately laid a "fur tax" upon his entire empire, ordering every high official to send him such quantities of sables as in reality did not exist in the entire world. Homes were desolated and officers tortured to compel their compliance with this impossible demand, and Ibrahim long insisted upon enforcing the punishments though he could not get the furs.

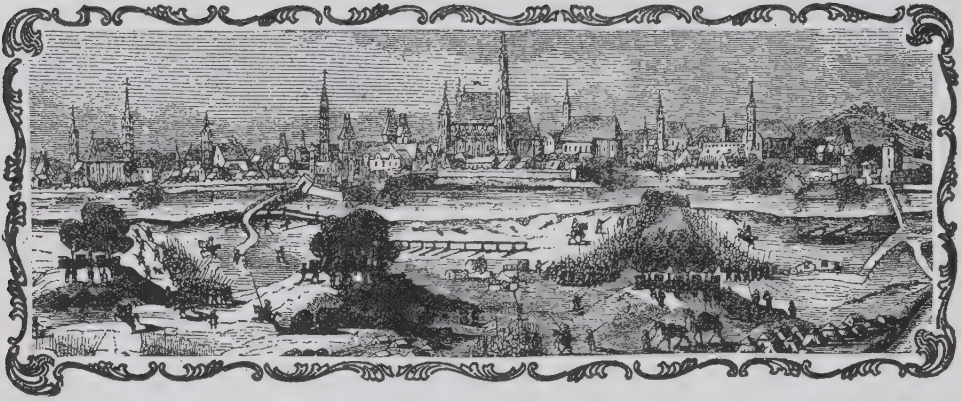
At another time, finding that his ladies delighted in buying all sorts of fineries, but that paying the bills was less pleasant, he commanded that every shopkeeper must allow members of the royal harem to take what they pleased without payment. Then, one of his capricious beauties complaining that shopping by daylight was uncomfortable, he further ordered the unlucky merchants to keep their places open through the night, and well lighted so that no part of their wares might pass unobserved by their expensive customers.

Ibrahim was so fortunate or unfortunate as to secure a Vizier who, caring only for his place, not for his country, humored his master's folly to its fullest bent. Whenever the feeble minded Sultan himself expressed amaze that what he desired was invariably approved as right, the Vizier replied, "My Sultan, thou art Caliph; thou art God's Shadow upon earth. Every idea which thy spirit entertains is a revelation from Heaven. Thy orders, even when they appear unreasonable, have an innate reasonableness, which thy slave ever reveres, though he may not always understand."

This comfortable doctrine Ibrahim eagerly accepted, and he insisted upon using it to justify every whim, every cruelty, every foulest abomination. Surely no ruler, no government, could have sunk to lower depths of self-abandonment than the Osmanli had thus reached.



TURKISH WARRIOR (*From a Contemporary Print*)

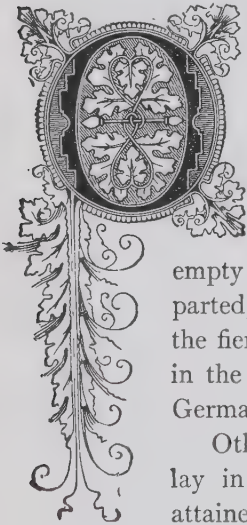


THE TURKS BESIEGING VIENNA

Chapter VII

DOWNFALL OF TURKISH POWER AND EFFORTS OF THE KIUPRILI

[*Authorities:* As before, also Coxe, "History of the House of Austria"; Curtis, "The Turk and his Lost Provinces"; Finlay, "Greece under Ottoman Domirion."]



ONE of the surprising facts of history is that the Ottoman empire, having fallen into such utter decrepitude at home, still continued, and to this day continues, to exist. For more than a hundred years, even after the accession of Selim the Sot (1566), it managed to retain its wide territories practically undiminished, its frontiers on the whole advancing rather than receding. This century of empty bombast, this semblance of strength after the reality had departed, was due largely to the condition of Western Europe. There the fierce religious strife of Catholic and Protestant had culminated in the terrible "Thirty Years' War," which left the Empire of the Germans even more exhausted than was that of the Turks.

Other causes for the apparent vitality of the Ottoman State lay in the enormous and preponderating strength which it had attained during the three centuries from Osman to Solyman, and in the high character of the common Turks for honesty and valor, traits which all these later generations with their indescribably evil government, have not wholly eradicated. Moreover something must be accredited to the good fortune of Mahomet III, who had so unexpectedly seen defeat shift into overwhelming victory at Cerestes (1596), to the fury of Murad IV who fought fire with fire, and finally to the noted family of Kiuprili. Five of the sons of this house held the Grand Vizierate at intervals between 1656 and 1710, and

were the real rulers of the empire, displaying a spirit of wisdom and patriotism scarce inferior to that of the early Osmanli.

Sultan Ibrahim, the foolish, had been at length deposed by the exasperated victims of his tyranny, deposed and slain, protesting to the last that his words were inspired of God and that this assault upon him really could not be. His child son, Mahomet IV (1648-1687), was girded with the sword of Osman, and anarchy ran riot. Sultanas and slaves contested for rule over the child and the empire, until a general council or divan of the chief officials was called in desperation, and all agreed that the only escape from the endless disaster and horror on every hand was to place a strong Vizier in full control.

Mahomet Kiuprili, seventy years old, who had begun life as a kitchen-boy and risen by stern rigor and justness through all the ranks of state, was the chosen man. He made every general, every sultana, swear absolute obedience to him before he would accept the office. Then he held it with a hand of iron. Every offender whom he ever suspected was executed without mercy. He never reprimanded. "His blows outsped his words." Thirty thousand officials are said to have perished during the five brief years of his sway. Then he died, handing down his authority to his son, Achmet Kiuprili, a young man of only twenty-six, but a patriot and statesman yet greater than his sire.

Mahomet Kiuprili had restored order to the state; Achmet sought to restore its ancient military strength. The degeneracy of the Turkish arms had long been suspected in Europe; the German Empire recuperated rapidly from the Thirty Years' War; and, after a peace of seventy years enforced by the weakness of both East and West, hostilities in Hungary were renewed. In 1664, the Vizier, having gathered an army that in numbers and outward appearance resembled one of the old-time levies of valiant and victorious Turks, advanced against Austria, capturing fortress after fortress. He was met by the Imperial general Montecuculi, eminent as a writer and tactician as well as a soldier. Montecuculi points out for us how much the Turkish military organization had degenerated in the previous seventy years, spent only in Asiatic warfare; and he shows also how vastly European arms and tactics had developed by the experience of the Thirty Years' War. Though his troops were much inferior in number, he completely defeated Achmet in the battle of St. Gotthard. The tide of victory had turned at last.

Achmet hastened to make peace. Yet with such art did he take advantage of the internal dissensions of the German Empire, that he exacted his own terms of profit rather than loss. The respite thus secured he devoted to the training of his antiquated army. A war for the conquest of the island of Crete had been dragging on for twenty years; he ended it with vigor and success (1669), and next turned his attention to the north. The Cossacks beyond the Turkish border line,

in what is now southern Russia, admitted some vague allegiance to either Poland or Russia and were domineered over by both governments. In 1672, they appealed to Turkey for protection, and their district, the Ukraine, was enrolled in the list of Turkish dependencies. Both Poland and Russia protested and threatened war.

Kiuprili defied them in a letter worthy of the days of Solyman: "If the inhabitants of an oppressed country, in order to obtain deliverance, implore the aid of a mighty emperor, is it prudent to pursue them in such an asylum? When the most mighty and most glorious of all emperors is seen to deliver and succor from their enemies those who are oppressed, and who ask him for protection, a wise man will know on which side the blame of breaking peace ought to rest. If, in order to quench the fire of discord, negotiation is wished for, so let it be. But if the solution of differences is referred to that keen and decisive judge called 'The Sword,' the issue of the strife must be pronounced by the God who has poised upon nothing Heaven and earth, and by whose aid Islamism has for a thousand years triumphed over its foes."

War with Poland followed. At first the Vizier was so successful that not only the Ukraine but other parts of Poland were surrendered to him. Then however, arose the famous Polish leader, Sobieski, who twice defeated Kiuprili, at Khoczim (1673) and at Lemberg (1675). A general under the Vizier, more fortunate than his master, restored the balance of power by checking Sobieski, and the dissensions of the Poles led them to accept the loss of their territory and conclude peace (1676).

This same year Achmet Kiuprili died. Despite his repulses at the hands of Montecuculi and Sobieski, he had outranked both their governments at the game of diplomacy. He extended the frontier of the Turks to its widest European extent, and he restored among his people their ancient confidence in themselves and in their destiny. Better still, he did all this with justice and without extortionate taxation. Under him the prosperity of the Turkish common people began to revive. Blessings, not curses, were heaped upon him at home, and he was hailed with truth as the "light and splendor of the nation."

His death may well be taken as marking the last expiring glow of Turkish power. The boy Sultan, Mahomet IV, was now grown a man, and he conferred the Vizierate not on one of the Kiuprili, but on a brother-in-law of his own, Kara Mustapha, who in contradistinction to his predecessor, has been poetically called by the Ottomans "the curse of the Empire." His ambitions were as vast as his abilities were weak. Like the common Turks, he seems really to have believed in the invincibility of his race, and he planned to conquer all Germany and hold it as an empire of his own.

He had first, however, to encounter Russia, which now began to assert herself



THE LAST GREAT VICTORY

(The Turks Lose Their Standards and Are Thus Roused to Victory at Cerestes)

From a painting by the Austrian artist, Josef von Brandt

MAHOMET III proved a weakling like his father and his grandfather. And now at last Europe began to realize the increasing degeneracy of this terrible race of its foes. Moreover, the cruel and grasping taxation which supplanted the just and encouraging rule of the earlier Osmanli, drove the subject Christian races to revolts of desperation. On the borders of Poland and Hungary also, the Christians revolted and secured help from the German Empire.

In this extremity Mahomet III was finally persuaded to take the field in person as his mighty ancestors had done. He was most unwilling to leave the safety and pleasure of his palace life; but he did finally place himself at the head of his troops and met the advancing Christian army in a huge three days' battle at Cerestes (1596). On the first day the Turkish advance guard was broken and its standards captured. Not since the days of Hunyadi had a royal Turkish army been thus repelled, and the Christians rejoiced exceedingly. But their triumph was premature; on the second day Mahomet appeared in person on the field and his troops held their own. On the third day, in a sudden access of fanatic fury, they swept the Christians utterly from the field. For the last time the might of the dwindling crescent asserted itself above all the strength of Europe.





against the Porte and started that victorious southward advance by which she has assumed the role of the avenger of Greek Christianity upon the Moslems. Russia had not been a party to the treaty by which Poland transferred to Turkey the land of the Cossacks. She encouraged the Cossacks in rebellion against their new suzerain, and when Kara Mustapha led an immense army into the disputed territory, Cossacks and Russians joined in defeating him at Cehzrym (1677). Astonished at the wholly unexpected overthrow, the Turks recalled their failure at Astrakhan a century before, and acquired toward the Muscovites an instinctive fear never afterward overcome. Mustapha yielded the Ukraine to Russia and sought an easier glory elsewhere.

A revolt of the Hungarians against Austrian tyranny furnished an excuse for the interference of the ambitious Vizier. The greater part of Hungary was already Turkish, and the remainder now asked, as had the Cossacks, for Turkish protection against Christian oppression. Mustapha raised an army of two hundred and seventy-five thousand regular troops, beside vast swarms of irregulars more like brigands, whose numbers probably swelled the total to half a million men. With this enormous force he advanced in 1683 to accomplish the project of his dreams, the conquest of Vienna, that barrier which had broken the first tremendous wave of Ottoman advance under Solyman.

Christendom, divided into its many petty states, could muster no such host as Mustapha's to oppose him; but it had now soldiers better than the Turks, a spirit nobler than theirs, and generals immeasurably superior to the incompetent Vizier. The Emperor fled from Vienna, but its citizens defended it under Count Stahremberg. For two months they held back the Turks; then the end seemed near. The walls were in ruins; the besieged garrison was woefully depleted and a final assault must almost inevitably have been successful. But Mustapha suddenly displayed an avarice as ill-timed as his previous ambition. If Vienna were stormed, his soldiers would plunder it at will; if it surrendered, he could hold them back and exact an enormous payment for himself. So he negotiated, and the Viennese negotiated and thus kept him in check while the Emperor who had fled, strove desperately to persuade some one to lend him an army for the rescue of his capital. Sobieski of Poland, the victor over Kiuprili, finally marched to Vienna's aid. Mustapha refused to believe the news that the Christians were advancing against him. The Poles and Germans combined had managed to raise less than seventy thousand men, and the Vizier was sure they would not dare attack him. Hence he was culpably negligent, and Sobieski's final assault was somewhat in the nature of a surprise. The Viennese joined in the attack and the Turks gave way under it almost immediately. Their vast army dispersed in utter rout. Mustapha, bewildered and furious, blamed the defeat upon everybody but himself, and as he fled southward with his officers he had them slain one

after another, day after day, until finally there came from Constantinople the dread order for his own execution.

As news spread of the great national disaster, the Ottoman Empire was attacked on every side. Her foes had only been held in check by fear; they leaped on her like wolves on a wounded stag. In the north, Russia declared war and advanced with the Cossacks against the Khan of the Crimea. From the north-west came the Poles. The Imperial armies entered Turkish Hungary. The Albanians revolted. Even feeble Venice found an able general in Morosini and reconquered the lower part of Greece, the ancient Peloponessus. The Imperial forces repossessed themselves of Buda, the Hungarian capital; in 1687 they gained a great victory at Mohacs, the very field on which Solyman had crushed the Hungarian power. The Sultan Mahomet IV was compelled to abdicate. Once more there was tumult and unbridled riot in Constantinople.

Yet the proud Turks did not yield readily to their foes. For a brief time a third Kiuprili was made Vizier, a brother of Achmet. He crushed the Albanian revolt; he recaptured Belgrade, which had surrendered; he inaugurated vast internal reforms. Then—if he could not save his country he could at least die for it—he attacked the Imperial armies at Slankamen, rashly we are told, and perished leading on a last desperate, unsuccessful charge of his devoted soldiers (1691).

The next Sultan, Mustapha II (1695-1703), for a moment promised better things. He defeated the Imperialists in several minor battles, but in 1697 he was overthrown at Zenta by the celebrated general Prince Eugene. Thereon Mustapha fled to Constantinople and abandoned himself like his predecessors to the life of the seraglio.

In the extremity to which the staggering empire was thus reduced, it was saved by a fourth Kiuprili, Housein, descended from a brother of the first Vizier of the race. Being invested with the Vizierate (1697), Housein sought for peace; and England and Holland, alarmed at the increasing power of the other European States, aided his efforts. Much against the will of some of the combatants, a general treaty was arranged in 1699. From the town of the Danube where the envoys met, this was known as the Peace of Carlowitz.

Reckoning from the first ill-starred advance of Kara Mustapha against Vienna, this war had lasted sixteen years. It left Turkey shorn indeed, but by no means crushed. Poland, after the first great victory of Sobieski, had taken little part in the contest, the death of her king involving her in difficulties of her own. Yet in recognition of her services to their cause, the victorious Powers insisted that by the treaty she receive again the provinces of which Achmet Kiuprili had deprived her. Russia during the early years of the war had found her best efforts checked by the Khan of the Crimea, who with his wild Tartar riders proved a most



THE DEFEAT AT ST. GOTTHARD

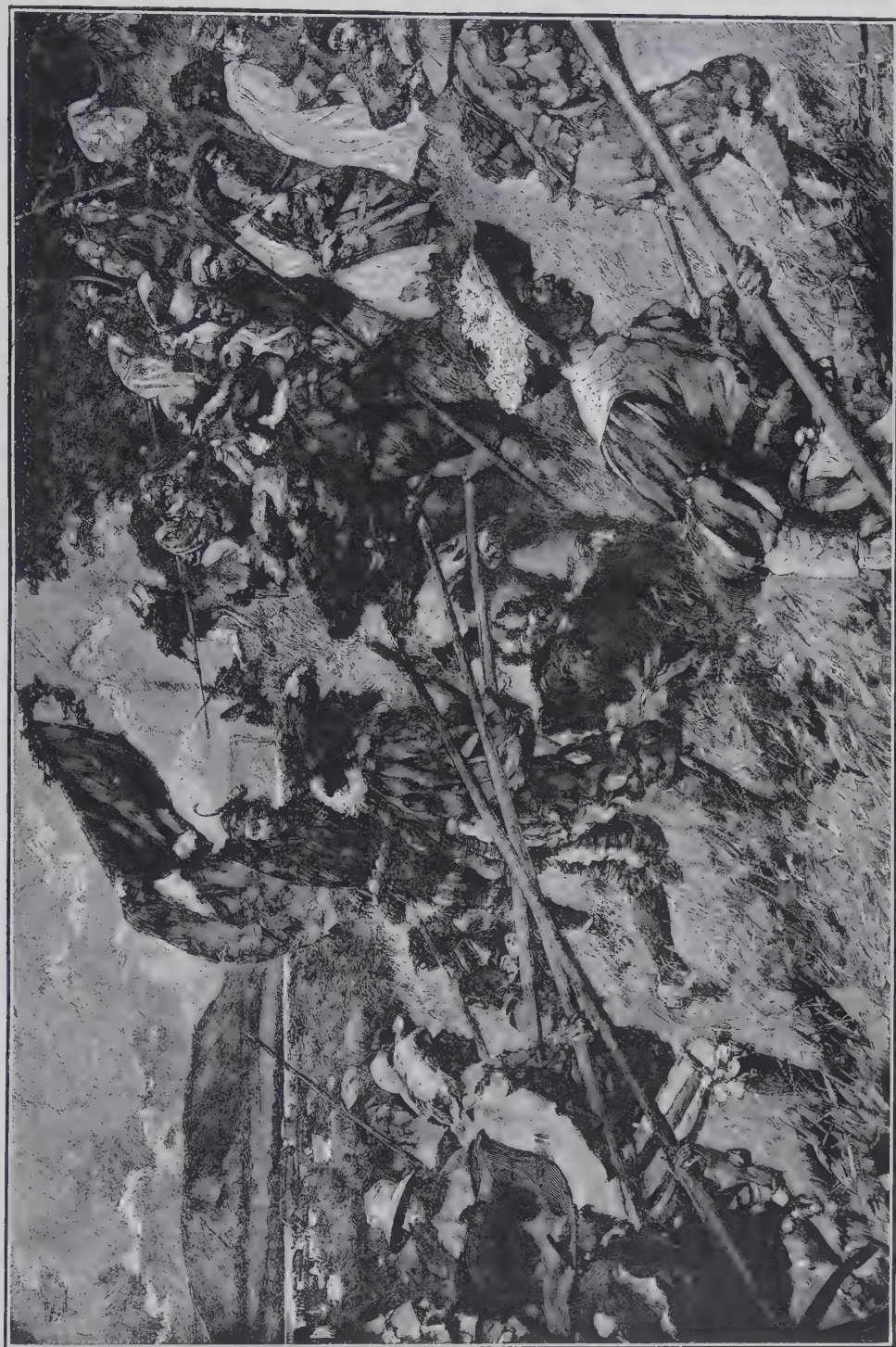
(Europe Learns From Her Bitter Religious Wars a More Effective Way of Fighting, and Austria Easily Defeats the Turks)

From a drawing made in 1899 by W. Gause

WE turn now to watch the retreating tide of Turkish conquest. The battle of Cerestes broke for a moment the advance of the Christians. But immediately after this success Mahomet III returned to his palace life of indolence and selfishness. He had been too near to death and disaster at Cerestes to have any wish for military glory. Yet that last victory had been so overwhelming as to preserve the Turkish domains in Europe from further attack for almost a century. Germany was distracted by the horror of her own great "Thirty Years War," and the Turkish Sultans spent their time in idle pleasure or in war against the feeble Asiatic tribes to the east of them. Meanwhile the military science of Europe advanced with gigantic strides. The German Wallenstein, the Swede Gustavus Adolphus, and the Frenchman Richelieu, taught men a new art of war.

When, in 1664, Germany was once more freed from internal dissension and ready to renew the interminable war between cross and crescent, the armies of the two races met on a wholly different footing. A vigorous Turkish Vizier, Achmet Kiuprili, advanced against Vienna and was met by the Austrian general, Montecuculi, in the battle of St. Gotthard. The Austrian troops were a mere handful as opposed to the Turkish hordes, but the superior weapons of the Europeans and their vastly superior steadiness and training enabled them easily to sweep the Turks from the field.





valuable Turkish ally. Toward the end of the struggle, that mightiest of the Czars, Peter the Great, had come into complete authority, and in a siege noteworthy upon both sides, he had won from the Turks their chief northern defense, the fortress city of Azov at the mouth of the Don. This with its surrounding territory, Russia retained, thus winning the first step of her advance, a foothold on the Sea of Azov. To Venice was given up the whole of the Peloponessus, though the Turks probably intended this concession to be only temporary, knowing that the region could some day be recovered. One of their ambassadors scornfully told the Venetian minister a story of a pickpocket who, creeping up while some mighty wrestlers were engaged in contest, stole the garments of one. He added point to the sarcasm by remarking that later the pickpocket would probably have to yield up the purloined robe and his own skin as well.

The main loss to Turkey was on the Hungarian frontier. There she had met the Imperial forces, and there suffered her principal defeats. Most of Hungary and all Transylvania, her possessions of nearly two centuries, were given over to Austria, and certain rights and privileges were exacted for the Christians of the Balkan regions which remained under Ottoman rule, thus establishing a pretext for further interference. The disintegration of European Turkey was vigorously begun.



KARA MUSTAPHA

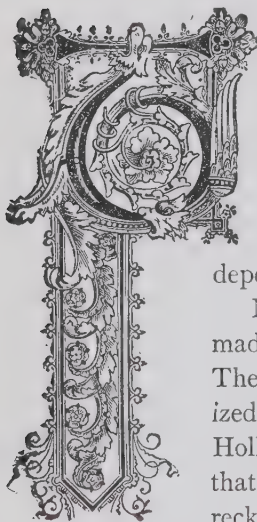


COSSACKS RAIDING THE TURKISH CRIMEA

Chapter VIII

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND THE WARS WITH RUSSIA

[*Authorities:* As before, also Alison, "History of Europe"; Russell, "Russian Wars with Turkey"; Memoirs of Catharine II.]



THE treaty of Carlowitz (1699) may fairly be regarded as marking the entrance of Turkey into Europe's diplomatic circle. Hitherto the Ottomans had stood beyond that circle, indifferent, half contemptuous of its intrigues and disputes. They had been foes to all the Christian States, had defied united Europe, and in their warfare had sought no allies except from their own conquered dependencies.

Now this was changed. The statesmen of the Porte no longer made any pretense of being a match for all Christianity combined. The inefficiency of their brave but untrained troops was fully realized. The Sultan expressed his gratitude to both England and Holland for having intervened between him and the many enemies that had beleaguered him. Short-sighted theorists even began to reckon on the speedy expulsion of the Turks from Europe. But if not a match for all the peoples of the West, the Osmanli still felt themselves the equal of any single power. They began, therefore, to imitate the others in the game of statecraft, to seek alliances and bargains, to stir up strife and division among opponents.

In this new diplomacy, the Vizier Hausein, last of the greater Kiuprili, had no part. Finding it impossible to make head against the corruption which permeated

the entire Empire, he resigned and died (1703).^{*} With him departed Turkey's last chance of regaining her ancient honor abroad and prosperity at home. There was another eruption of the Janizaries, and another Sultan deposed.

Under the new Sultan, Achmet III (1703-1730), the wars of Charles XII against Russia were eagerly encouraged by the Turks. Definite promises of assistance were given him—and not redeemed. When defeated, Charles fled to Turkey and the Sultan became his protector. It was then that the great Russian Czar Peter encountered the most serious failure of his remarkable career. He had consented unwillingly to the peace of Carlowitz. It gave him Azov but he hoped for more, and he believed Turkey to be well-nigh helpless. Hence the shelter given Charles, his enemy, and a dozen other trifling complaints, were magnified into cause for war and Peter marched against the Turks. He was lured far southward, even as Charles had been. Vain promises of help reached him from the little semi-dependent chiefs of the wild borderland between Russia and Turkey. On the banks of the Pruth River, the Czar found himself with an exhausted and enfeebled army, suddenly surrounded by masses of the Ottoman troops. Capture being inevitable, Peter philosophically negotiated a peace with the Vizier who had so cleverly entrapped him (1711).

Though capable as a soldier, this Vizier, Bultadji, once a wood-cutter's son, proved weak as a diplomat and allowed the Czar to depart upon terms so mild as to excite the ridicule of the Russians and the anger of the Sultan, who dismissed Bultadji from office. Peter was compelled to do little more than promise to return Azov and the surrounding region into Turkish hands. Once in safety again, he evaded the fulfillment of even this slight pledge until the Turks threatened another war. Being just then busily engaged in robbing Sweden, the wily Russian consented to be bound by his agreement and surrendered Azov, sooner than fight two foes at the same time.

The Turks next turned their attention to the Peloponessus, reconquered it from Venice, and were pressing forward to attack Italy itself, when the Austrian Emperor once more interposed. Ostensibly in aid of Venice, he declared war and sent the celebrated Prince Eugene to win further glory from the Turks. Eugene defeated them at Peterwardein (1716) and again at Belgrade (1717) and thus enforced another peace. By the treaty the Austrian Emperor abandoned the interests of Venice and consented that the Turks should retain the Peloponessus, he receiving in return another large portion of their Danubian territory.

We next find the Turks in actual alliance with the Russians, the two empires agreeing to aid each other in attacking feeble Persia (1723). A little territorial plunder was secured by the despoilers, but there was no real friendship between

^{*} One other Kiuprili, the last Grand Vizier of the race, held office in 1710, 1711. He was appointed mainly because of his name and was not particularly successful as a ruler.

them, the Russians in truth waiting only till they should feel strong enough to throw themselves again upon their southern neighbor and wipe out the disgrace of Czar Peter's defeat and capitulation.

The time did not seem ripe until 1736, when Constantinople had again passed through the throes of a Janizary revolt and the Turks were suffering severe repulses from the Persians. Then, without a declaration of war, the able Russian general Munnich was sent to attack Azov and ravage the Crimea. He did his work with a thoroughness and cruelty that have kept his name vividly before the world. Azov surrendered; and the slaughter of all classes of helpless non-combatants in the Crimea was widespread and hideous.

Envious of Russia's "glory" and plunder, Austria joined hands with her and began a second war of unprovoked aggression against the Sultan. His envoys, still new to the etiquette of diplomacy, and unwilling to face so many foes at once, urged upon the Austrians the oath of peace sworn to Turkey by the Emperor. When the Austrians tried to evade the responsibility of this oath, the Turkish ambassador called all present to join him in an earnest prayer that the authors of the war might suffer the curses of the war, and that God would distinguish between the guilty and the innocent. The appeal was solemnly offered up by both Mahometans and Christians.

Doubtless it would be going too far to regard this ceremony as the reason for the failure of the Austrians. They had overestimated both the strength of their own arms and the decay of the Turks. Their victories in the previous generation had been mainly due to the military genius of Prince Eugene. Now their leaders were rash and incompetent. They were repulsed again and again and finally defeated in a decisive battle at Krotzka (1738). Belgrade was besieged by the Turks; and Austria terrified and panic-stricken sought peace on any terms, surrendering not only Belgrade but all her other conquests of Eugene's last war. The Austro-Turkish frontier then became practically what it remained until 1876.

The treaty left the Porte free to fight Russia single-handed. So far, Marshal Munnich had been very successful, having won possession of almost all the Turkish territory along the Black Sea and beyond the Danube. It is significant, however, of the high repute in which the Ottoman Empire was still held, that Russia on finding herself alone to face the victorious army which came marching from Belgrade, promptly made terms of peace by which she surrendered all her recent acquisitions in the Crimea. It was agreed by both parties that Azov, the original bone of contention, should be destroyed.

Following upon this vigorous effort of the Turks, their empire was allowed to repose in peace for a generation. The warlike spirit of their race seems largely to have disappeared, and despite several opportunities offered by the increasing weakness of Austria, they were well content to leave matters as they stood abroad,



THE REPULSE FROM VIENNA

(Stahremberg Leads Forth His Men to Assail the Vast Turkish Horde)

From a painting by the Austrian artist, A. Greil

A STONISHED by the defeat of St. Gotthard the Turks hastened to make terms of peace. Then they devoted themselves to the training of their soldiers, and so improved these that for a time they fought Poles and Russians upon equal terms. Soon, however, there arose among the Turks a new Vizier, a man of no practical experience, a mere palace favorite, as foolish as he was ignorant. This man, Kara Mustapha, seems to have believed, as did most of the more ignorant Turks, that the nation was as invincible as ever. He planned to conquer Europe; and gathering all the troops of the empire, he deliberately defied Germany and marched to attack Vienna (1683).

In this last rush of the Turks upon Europe, they were formidable in nothing but their numbers. There seem to have been half a million of them; and Kara Mustapha boasted that he would march through Europe from end to end as he thought his predecessors should have done. Count Stahremberg, the Austrian commander of Vienna, held the city bravely for two months. Then a Polish army under Sobieski came to his aid. The Poles numbered less than eighty thousand and Kara Mustapha laughed at the idea of their attacking his vast army. But Stahremberg led his soldiers boldly forth from Vienna to join Sobieski; the two assailed the Turks suddenly and unexpectedly; and the undisciplined masses proved wholly incapable of resisting them. The Turks fled in utter rout.





while sloth, treachery and extortion held sway at home. To Russia this period was one of preparation. Twice had she defeated the Turks in battle, and yet lost the reward for which she sought, the possession of an outlet to the Black Sea. Her statesmen were fully convinced that destiny pointed their way to Constantinople, and under their great empress, Catharine II, they deliberately prepared for a renewal of the struggle. Their encroachments roused Sultan Mustapha III (1757-1773) to sudden, unreasoning anger, and without taking time for preparation, he unexpectedly declared instant war. The wiser counsellors who besought him to wait at least until armies could be gathered, were dismissed from office, and he attempted with his own untried hands the gigantic task of rousing his lethargic people from their torpor (1768).

The sharp-tongued Frederick the Great of Prussia called this war a victory of the one-eyed over the blind. The Turks had certainly fallen far below Western Europe through lack of discipline among their troops, the uselessness of their antiquated weapons, and the ignorance and folly of their leaders. The Russian generals were subtle and well-trained, though still half savages and utterly indifferent to the lives of their common soldiers. Thousands upon thousands of these were allowed to perish on the march and in the camp. Fever and exhaustion preyed upon them because of the lack of the commonest necessities of life.

The Russians, however, were all in readiness for the war, and they swept their opponents out of the Crimea, drove them back from the Danube, and advanced to the Balkans. The Turkish rabble, miscalled an army, was put to flight again and again. Never had the Ottoman troops been so completely disgraced. At the same time a Russian fleet sailed from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, roused a rebellion in Greece, and destroyed the few hastily gathered ships of the Turks at Tchesme, though the success of the Russians was due, not to their own commander, but to the English officers who accompanied him.

As illustrative of the density of the ignorance into which the once enlightened Osmanli had sunk, it appears that they had been warned of the coming of this northern fleet, but scornfully insisted that no passage existed from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the ocean of the north to that of the south. When the fleet actually appeared among them, they sent a formal and threatening protest to Venice, assuming that their enemies must somehow have come south through the Adriatic Sea.

So crushing were the Turkish disasters, that the Porte itself begged for peace, the first time this confession of weakness, this downward step had been taken in its career. So exacting however, were the terms insisted upon by the Russians, that the peace negotiations were broken off and the war resumed.

This time the Turks attained better results. Incompetent leaders had been weeded out, and genuine patriotism and the desperation of despair nerved the

faltering arms of the remainder. Besides, the Empress Catharine had entered upon the partition of Poland. She needed all her troops to crush resistance there. The "Oriental project" could wait. Hence in 1774 another peace was made, and a new treaty, that of Kanjierdi, was signed, the Russians insisting that it should date from the anniversary of that which Peter the Great had been compelled to accede to at Pruth, sixty-three years before. The triumph, and what they called the moderation of the later peace, would, they felt, outweigh the shame of the other. Azov and a few other fortresses were surrendered to Russia, and the Khanate of the Crimea was declared a wholly independent kingdom, this being a rather obvious prelude to its annexation by its powerful northern neighbor, though the Empress took the most solemn vows not to undertake any such procedure.

Our story now passes over a long period containing little of importance to record, except the continued decay of Turkey and the steady aggression of Russia, enveloping her prey like a giant octopus. Such an advance must be indeed impressive in the strength displayed by the conqueror. But to our modern age the cruelty of the attack, the falsity to each solemnly proffered pledge, the horrible murder of women and children, the slaughter of thousands upon thousands of helpless men driven into battle merely to gorge their leaders' lust for territory—these horrors infinitely outweigh the "glory" that was gained.

The Crimea was taken possession of by Russia in 1783. In 1787, Catharine entered into an alliance with Austria which deliberately planned a division of the Ottoman Empire similar to that previously begun in Poland. The troops of the allies advanced suddenly, Austria, as in her last previous attack, pretending to peace, until her troops were ready and actually on Turkish ground. Nevertheless they were beaten back, and along the Austrian frontier the Turks for two years held their own, until the turmoils consequent on the French Revolution compelled Austria to seek peace.

Against Russia the Turks were less successful. They were repeatedly defeated and became hopelessly disorganized, so that the mighty Empress fancied she saw Constantinople already in her grasp. England and Prussia interfered. The huge Muscovite power began to terrify them, and from this time forward England, at least, assumed the role which she has since maintained, of Turkey's protector. Catharine moderated her demands. She was given some further provinces along the north coast of the Black Sea and in the Caucasus. Affairs both in Poland and in France compelled the attention of Europe; the great French Revolution had begun; and the annihilation of Turkey was again postponed to a more convenient opportunity.



BATTLE OF NAVARINO

Chapter IX

REFORMS OF SELIM III AND MAHMUD II

[*Authorities*: As before, also Paton, "History of the Egyptian Revolution"; Marmont, "State of the Turkish Empire"; Howe, "Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution"; Latimer, "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century"; Diplomatic Papers of Metternich.]



THE disintegration and panic of the Turks before the resistless advance of the armies of Catharine II, marked the lowest ebb to which the Ottoman Empire had yet descended. Even in our own day and despite its recent losses, Turkey is stronger than it then seemed to be.

In 1787 the intervention of England and Prussia appeared useless to preserve the Turkish domain for more than a moment. The death of Catharine when she was planning another and final attack, gave it further respite. Then the Titanic struggles of Napoleon drew all eyes away from the Osmanli and so altered ancient enmities that we find Russia and Turkey for a moment in alliance. France defeats a Turkish army in Egypt, English forces aid the Ottomans in an heroic defense of Acre against the French, and most amazing of all, an English fleet threatens Constantinople and is forced to escape from the Hellespont, suffering some loss from Turkish batteries.

All these kaleidoscopic changes were, however, only temporary. The Napoleonic madness passed; and the disruption of the Ottoman Empire would inevitably have been resumed, had not the Turks themselves undertaken internal reform. Two Sultans, Selim III and Mahmud II, were really awake to the needs of their country, and understood its desperate condition. By their vigorous

efforts they saved it from what seemed the very throes of dissolution. The first of these, Selim III (1789-1808), was girded with the sword of Osman during the Russian war. He saw its hopelessness, and after securing peace began the reorganization of his dominions. Schools were instituted that the dense ignorance of the Turks might be overcome, and with it their disastrous contempt for everything Christian or progressive. At the same time, Selim made an effort to introduce the European system of discipline among his soldiers; but at this the Janizaries rebelled and compelled its abandonment.

Selim saw that he had no real power over his empire. Not only did the Janizaries force him to do their pleasure, but each Pasha of a distant province acted as an independent ruler and treated with contempt the orders of the Porte. The Barbary States had long yielded the Sultan only a nominal allegiance. But now Egypt under its great Pasha, Mehemet Ali, showed equal independence. So did the Syrian governor, and the rulers of Bosnia and the other Balkan States. Except in some districts in the heart of Asia Minor, the Sultan could find nowhere any subjects who offered him real obedience. He began operations in Servia. The Janizaries there had completely cast off their allegiance and were plundering the inhabitants, Mahometan as well as Christian. Selim summoned the people to defend themselves, encouraging to resistance even the despised *rayahs* or Christians. These, under their peasant leader "Black George," overthrew the Janizaries, but naturally refused submission to the Mahometan governors who were then sent to rule them.

The fanatic Moslems cried out against their Sultan; he was deserting them, they said, abandoning their faith and ancient laws and upholding even their *rayahs* against them. The Turkish troops everywhere revolted. Leaders who remained loyal to the Sultan were defeated and slain. In Constantinople the Janizaries once more went through the ceremony of overturning their camp kettles—thereby declaring that they would accept no more food from the reigning Sultan—and marched against the palace. Selim submitted to the inevitable and abdicated. His cousin was proclaimed Sultan as Mustapha IV. Anarchy had again triumphed. The Janizaries were king.

But through it all, one of Selim's lieutenants remained loyal. He was General, or Pasha, Bairactar, who was defending the line of the Danube against Russia. The Russian war with France relieved Bairactar of his opponents, and he promptly marched his troops to Constantinople. Defeating the Janizaries in a pitched battle in the streets, he demanded the surrender of the palace and the restoration of Selim.

Then ensued the last of those too common scenes of turmoil and horror within the walls of the seraglio. Sultan Mustapha bade his servants hold the gates against the invaders, while he hastily ordered the execution of Selim and also of his own



THE LOSS OF BUDA

(The Austrians Enter in Wonder at the Flight of Their Foes)

From a painting by the Austrian artist, G. Benczur

THAT repulse from Vienna was the breaking point of Turkish power. Mustapha in his blind over-confidence had left no rallying point from which he could evade complete disaster. His men fled; he himself was executed by his Sultan's order; and the European domains of Turkey were left helplessly exposed to the advance of her foes. At first these did not realize the completeness of their triumph. Sobieski led his Poles home, glorying at having saved Vienna. The Austrians advanced slowly and cautiously. They re-took Buda almost without resistance. This city, the ancient Hungarian capital, had been in Turkish possession for over a century and a half; and only when they found it undefended did the Europeans realize in full the panic of their foes.

Then they hurled themselves eagerly forward. Albania revolted, so did all Hungary. Russia, Venice, Austria plunged into the war. The Turks rallied and fought for a while, then consented to a peace by which they surrendered all Hungary to Austria, and also yielded substantial slices of territory to their other foes. Turkey in Europe took on somewhat the form which it was to hold for another century or more, until modern Europe consented to the continuance of its dismemberment in 1878.





younger brother Mahmud, the only other surviving member of the royal house. Were these two dead, Mustapha knew he would himself be safe. No Turk would venture on the total extinction of the race of Osman. Selim defended himself desperately, the cries of his rescuers without, ringing in his ears. But he was finally overcome and strangled, and his body was thrust out to Bairactar as proof of the impossibility of restoring him to power. The infuriated general continued for vengeance the assault which he had begun for loyalty.

Mustapha's other victim, Mahmud, escaped the slaves sent to destroy him. He hid in the furnace of a bath and while the murderers were still hunting for him, Bairactar's soldiers burst in the gates and proclaimed him Sultan.

Mahmud II (1808–1839) had been the companion of Selim in the royal *kawah* or cage, where they were held by Mustapha. There the deposed Selim, the ruler who had failed in his reforms, imparted to this untried cousin, this recluse from birth, the story of his own reign, his struggles, and his defeat by the power of the Janizaries. Hence Mahmud II was in a way a reincarnation of Selim, possessed of his views and aims. Mahmud had also the support of his rescuer, Bairactar, and for some months reform progressed rapidly. Then the Janizaries, who had pretended submission to Bairactar, suddenly attacked his troops. He had unwisely dismissed most of them from the city; the remainder proved insufficient for his protection. His fortress home was stormed. Its tower citadel in which he took refuge, was blown up; and Sultan Mahmud was forced in his turn to become the servant of the triumphant Janizaries. He was only saved from deposition and death by the fact that he had slain their former creature, Sultan Mustapha, and was thus the only remaining member of his race.

In this extremity Mahmud showed himself subtle as well as resolute. He affected submission to the old order of things. At the command of his tumultuous masters, he proclaimed the recent innovations and all other Christian customs to be accursed. Each reform was solemnly repudiated.

We must regard Turkey at this period as merely a set of Mahometan provinces, each virtually independent of the others and making little pretense of obedience to any central authority. Servia continued in rebellion and could not be suppressed, though the Turkish Pasha of Bosnia warred against it on his own account, hoping to add Servia to his government. The Pasha of Egypt made war upon the Mamelukes and showed his nominal master at Constantinople an example not afterward forgotten, by coaxing these formidable soldiers into a trap and there massacring them all (1811). The Pasha of Albania had long been accustomed to make treaties with the Europeans quite as an independent monarch, and in 1820 he embarked in open war against Constantinople. Encouraged by his successes, the Greeks also rose and began their war of independence.

The Albanian Pasha, "the old lion of Jannina," was overthrown, as much through

fraud as by force. In Greece, however, the disorderly hordes of Janizaries were repeatedly defeated. That body being thus discredited, Sultan Mahmud at last ventured upon the attack he had been long maturing. Recognizing the value of artillery against such a mob as the Janizaries had become, he carefully strengthened that branch of his army. Then, pointing out to the mufti the failures of the Janizaries and the successes of his own better-ordered troops, he secured from these religious judges a declaration that the discipline of the Janizaries must be restored. The insulted and unsuspecting bullies of the empire promptly overturned their camp kettles and advanced against the palace. Met by Sultan Mahmud at the head of his twelve thousand loyal artillery, they were mowed down in the streets. They defended themselves with a valor worthy a better cause; but the artillery steadily continued its fire until the barrack buildings crumbled into ruins and nothing was left of the Janizaries of Constantinople but their dead bodies and the burning, blood-stained ruins which had been their homes (1826). The grim massacre extended throughout the empire.

Time, however, was not given Mahmud to carry his reforms to their full fruition. To check the successes of the Greeks he had appealed for aid to his powerful Egyptian vassal Mehemet Ali, and Ali so cruelly and completely suppressed the insurgents that Europe interfered. A combined English, French and Russian fleet entered the harbor of Navarino, where the Turkish navy lay. There had been no declaration of war, but the intrusion was threatening if not openly hostile, and the Turkish admiral fired on the advancing ships. A battle ensued in which, after an heroic defense, the Turkish navy was annihilated (1827).

With it disappeared most of Mahmud's hopes. The Western Powers insisted on the freedom of Greece. The Sultan, infuriated though despairing, refused to consent. War with Russia followed, and Mahmud's new troops, few as yet and incompletely organized, failed to hold back their foes. A Russian army, acting for Europe, seized the ancient fortifications of Varna and took possession of Adrianople. Every behest of the Powers was agreed to. Greece was made independent. So were ancient Moldavia and Wallachia under the name of Roumania.

The unhappy Sultan had next to face the revolt of Egypt. Mehemet Ali, seeing the helplessness of his ancient master, extended his authority over Syria as well as Egypt; and when the Turks sought to expel him from his new possession, he asserted a complete independence, defeated their armies, and marched his forces to the walls of Constantinople. Nothing saved the Sultan but the interference of the Western Powers, which had promised to protect him in the weakness to which they had themselves reduced him.





THE SERVIAN UPRISING

(Black George Rouses His Countrymen to Fight For Freedom)

After a painting by the English artist, R. Caton Woodville

DURING the century and a half that followed the loss of Buda, Turkey was slowly falling further and further behind the rest of Europe in the march of civilization. Her Sultans became as feeble in practical affairs as they were revered for their religious sanctity. The Janizaries, that powerful body of troops who had once terrorized Europe, became a mere riotous rabble, so busy plundering for themselves at home that they more than once refused flatly to march against a foreign enemy. The empire almost fell apart; the ruler of each province governed it as an independent state and plundered its people as he chose.

Under this savage and reckless regime, so different from the firm and liberal rule of the earlier Osmanli, the subject peoples, especially the Christians suffered horribly. The first to break into open revolt were the Servians. In 1804 a peasant leader arose among them, "Black George," whose descendants hold the Servian throne to-day. George by repeated fiery appeals roused his countrymen to desperation. They attacked the Janizaries, who were ravaging the province and drove them out. For over twelve years George held Servia independent. Then he was driven to flight by a Turkish army. Other peasants, however, took up his work and the struggle never wholly ceased until Servia was free. The disintegration of the Turkish empire thus began within its own borders.







CORONATION OF ABDUL HAMID

Chapter X

THE RECENT GENERATIONS



HE career of Turkey since western Europe took charge of the "sick man" as her ward, has been a course of slow disintegration. Sultan Mahmud was succeeded by his son Abdul Mejid (1839-1861), a quiet, dreamy Oriental who consented to be "modernized" by his western advisers. He wore Parisian clothes, and talked of government reform, and tried to keep his fanatical subjects from murdering Christians. Really, however, he and his country changed not at all in spirit. He borrowed large sums from Europe, nominally for government improvements, and spent them on the pleasures of a most gorgeous court. Meanwhile the Christians of the Balkan regions continued to be abused, until in 1853 Russia declared her intention of rescuing them by force.

This led to the celebrated "Crimean War." It began by a Russian naval attack which destroyed the Turkish fleet at Sinope. Then the Powers intervened to protect their obedient ward. Since Russia refused to abandon her attack, England, France and several lesser states came to Turkey's aid. Russia was defeated in a giant struggle, in which Turkey herself took little part, leaving all her defense to the French and English, once these had reached her shores.

Abdul Mejid was succeeded by his son Abdul Aziz (1861-1876), a ruler of wholly different type. Abdul Aziz was a Moslem fanatic, who chafed

bitterly at the tutelage to which his father had so cheerfully submitted. He secretly encouraged the massacre of Christians, meaning to make his empire all Mahometan and thus strong in its unity. So terrible grew the oppression that the Christian peoples in European Turkey began revolting, in defiance of the peace commands of the western Powers.

Meanwhile the financial difficulties of the government at Constantinople had reached a climax. Abdul Aziz had acquired a taste for building palaces, on which he squandered enormous sums. He had traveled with Oriental magnificence through Europe, being the first Ottoman Sultan who ever left his own domains except in war. From this venture amid western civilization the Sultan returned unenlightened, and only more ferocious and fanatical than before. He readily seized at an expedient proposed to him for escaping all financial worry, declared his government bankrupt (1875), and repudiated all its debts to Europe.

Even England, which had been Turkey's chief friend throughout, was roused by this blow at her bankers' pockets. Europe moved against Turkey in concert. The alarmed Turks had a "palace rebellion" in which Abdul Aziz was slain and his nephew raised to the throne as Murad V. But the new ruler was found to be an utter imbecile, and so he was promptly superseded by his younger brother, who became Sultan as Abdul Hamid II (1876-1909).

Abdul Hamid sought to regain the friendship of Europe by proclaiming himself, like his grandfather, a friend of reform. He declared that Turkey was to become a "constitutional" kingdom, and he summoned a parliament. This parliament, however, had no real power. It was paraded before the eyes of Europe for a year or two and then abolished. Europe indeed was now aroused and suspicious of everything Turkish. Mere verbal promises of reform were no longer accepted. The Powers demanded that the Christians of the Balkan regions be allowed to govern and protect themselves. To this the Sultan refused to agree, and his obstinacy brought on the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. This resulted in the freeing of the Balkan States.

For over twenty years following the creation of the Balkan states Abdul Hamid followed the policy of his grim uncle Aziz, pretending to approve reforms but secretly encouraging Christian massacre. The people of the little Balkan states, watching the suffering of their compatriots in the lands still under Turkish rule, were driven almost frantic in their desire to aid their fellows. Finally in 1897 Greece did interfere in behalf of the Cretans and Macedonians. In defiance of all Europe, which insisted on peace, the Greeks forced their government to declare war on Turkey. Their enthusiasm had outrun their strength. The Turkish army had by this time been thoroughly disciplined by European officers. It was in good modern condition; and like



TURKEY ESTABLISHES A PARLIAMENT

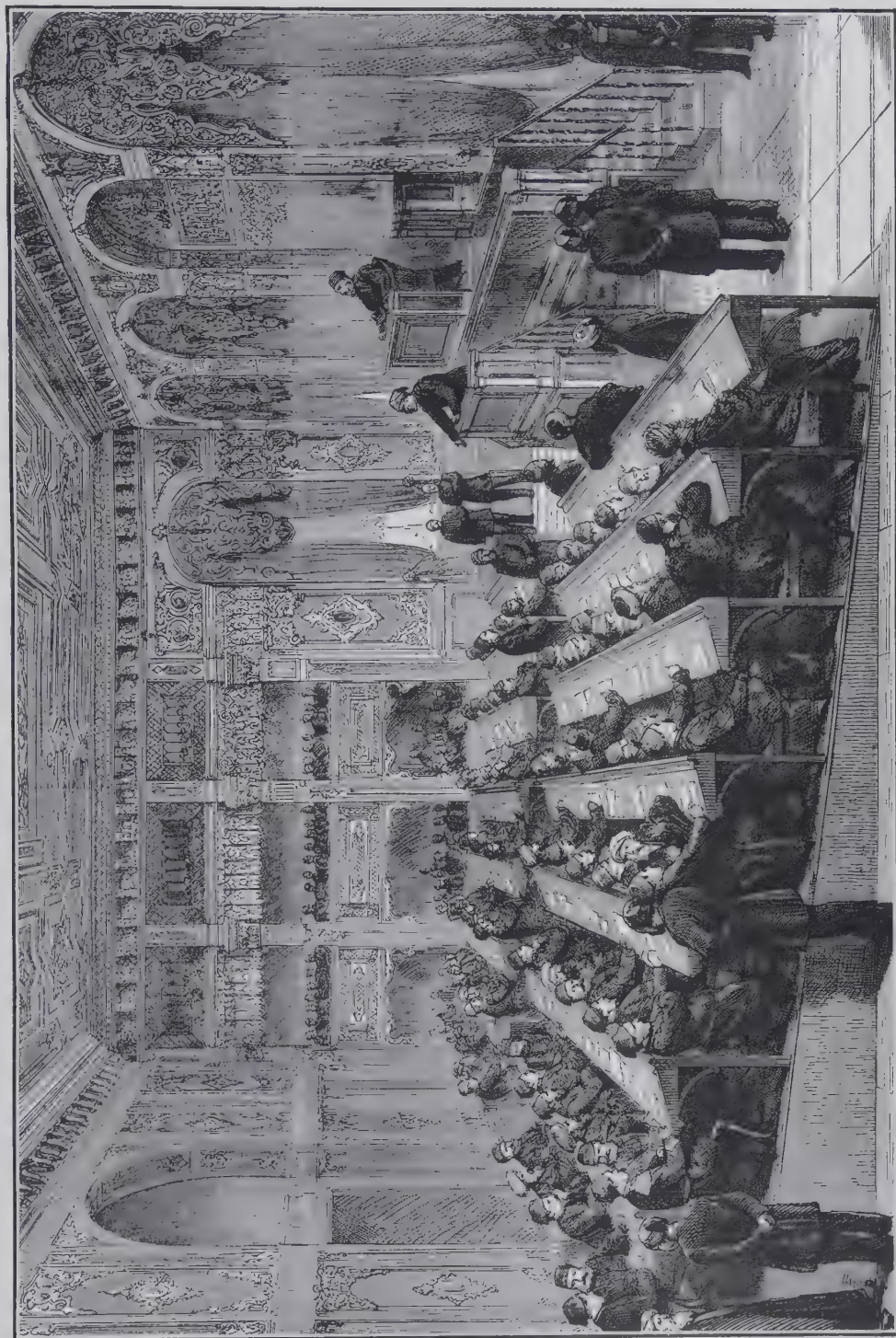
(Sultan Abdul Hamid Seeks to Pacify Europe by Creating a Parliament)

From a sketch made at the time

UNDER the tutelage of the western powers, the Turkish rulers made a pretense of modernizing their government. In reality, the secret purpose of more than one of the Sultans of this time was to get rid of all his Christian subjects, who were becoming more and more rebellious. They were to be exterminated by massacre. Finally in 1876, one Sultan lent his aid so openly to this slaughter that the European powers drove him from the throne and raised another Osmanli to be Sultan as Abdul Hamid II.

Abdul reigned for over thirty years. His first step in the world of Turkish artifice was to proclaim that his people were going to become just like other Europeans, that all his subjects were equal, whether Christians or Mahometans, and were to govern themselves by means of a parliament. So this first Turkish parliament met at Constantinople in 1876. It was an utter farce; and when the Powers still continued to insist on protecting the Christians under Turkish rule, Abdul Hamid promptly dismissed his toy parliament and defied Europe. The war of 1877-8 followed. In this, the other Powers authorized Russia to act for them, and she completely defeated the Turks, just as she had done fifty years before. Then Europe once more saved Turkey from being swallowed by Russia. Representatives of all the Powers gathered in the noted "Berlin Conference" and arranged to make Turkey's Christian provinces practically independent.





some mighty machine it simply rolled over the crushed and humiliated Greeks, until Europe interfered to save them from destruction.

This easy triumph over Greece somewhat restored Turkish prestige abroad. At home it opened the eyes of the Turks themselves to the fact that Europe was right. They must really adopt European ideas and civilization if they were to continue to exist. A genuine party of reform sprang up among them, known as the Young Turks. These, after a decade of preparation, engineered in 1908 an almost bloodless revolution. On July 22 a body of troops under Major Niazi Bey revolted and demanded a parliament. Other troops everywhere joined the movement and the helpless Sultan accepted the situation. On July 24 he issued an “Irade” proclaiming parliamentary government to be his dearest wish. His old pestilent advisers were swept out of office; a few of them were murdered by the delighted populace; and on December 10 the parliament gathered and took actual charge of the government.

Difficulties, however, faced the Young Turks from the start. Both Austria and Bulgaria seized the moment of revolution to snatch territory which was nominally Turkish. Some of the subject races of the empire, both in Asia and Europe, showed symptoms of revolt. The treacherous Sultan thought the opportunity favorable to reassert his power. Suddenly, in 1909, he accomplished a *coup d'état*, declaring the parliamentary government a failure and himself once more supreme. The Young Turks were taken by surprise; for a few days the old régime was re-established. But the progressive leaders gathered their forces, and in a revolutionary spirit even more determined than before, marched against Constantinople. Some of the Sultan's troops withstood them; there was desperate fighting in Constantinople's streets; but the Young Turks were completely victorious. They compelled the treacherous Abdul Hamid to resign the throne, and they proclaimed his son, Mahomet V, as Sultan in his stead (May 10, 1909).

This internal reform of Turkey came too late to save the remnant of her European dominions. In 1910 and again in the two following years there were formidable revolts in Albania, which all the force of the Turkish armies proved scarcely able to suppress. In 1911 there arose also a revolt in Yemen, the extreme southern part of Arabia. These Arabs defied the Turkish power, despite its modern equipment, and held its army at bay for almost a year.

Then in 1911 came the Italian War. Italy had long desired colonial expansion. Now, seeing how utterly helpless were the Turks in the midst of their domestic troubles, Italy suddenly exaggerated a trifling quarrel in north Africa into a cause for war, and seized possession of Turkey's last African possessions in Tripoli and Cyrenaica. The Italians opened the war by sinking three Turkish torpedo boats off Prevesa. This was to prevent the Turkish

fleet from interfering with their plans. They then bombarded and took possession of all the African ports. The Young Turks' party, despairing and desperate, refused to surrender their country's authority over Tripoli. Had they done so they would have caused the downfall of their own movement. Their ignorant and superstitious countrymen would at once have turned against them. Even as it was they faced a parliamentary crisis and had to dismiss from office their prime minister or Vizier and summon to the leadership of the country as Vizier the celebrated Said Pasha, a keen old conservative statesman, over ninety years of age, who had been seven times Vizier during the absolute reign of Abdul Hamid.

At first Italy had assured Europe she would confine her attack to Africa and would not increase Turkey's parliamentary difficulties at home by assailing her other domains. But as the Turks obstinately continued to refuse to admit what had happened and acknowledge Italy's power over Tripoli, the Italian fleet began, in the spring of 1912, to take possession one after another of Turkey's islands in the western Mediterranean and Ægean seas. Then at last Turkey consented to a peace; but while this was yet under discussion, the Balkan War broke out.

For years the little Balkan states had talked of leaguings against Turkey and achieving by their united strength what Greece alone had failed to do and Europe still refused to do, the rescuing of the remainder of their compatriots from Turkey. But so jealous was each Balkan state of all the others that their union seemed impossible. Now, in face of the fading of this best opportunity, Turkey's entanglement with Italy, the Balkan peoples united hurriedly against their common foe and struck suddenly.

They had excellent excuse. The Turks were always furnishing that by their cruelties to Christians. There had been a massacre of Bulgarians at Ishtib in 1911, and now in August of 1912 there was a most treacherous massacre at Kotchana, where some bombs were exploded in the market place apparently by the Turks themselves. At any rate, the Turkish troops were already gathered in readiness around the scene of the bomb throwing, and at its signal they rushed forth crying that it was a Christian plot, and began murdering all the Christian populace in sight. King Nicholas of Montenegro began the war. He declared he would no longer watch idly the murder of his Christian neighbors in Albania and the other surrounding provinces; and on October 8 he summoned his people to a "holy war." Within a week Serbia, Greece and Bulgaria all joined the Montenegrins. The European Powers commanded them to stop, but they defied Europe and persisted in their attack.

Of the four allied states, Montenegro was the weakest, and could do little beyond her own immediate vicinity. Bulgaria was the strongest, and to her



TURKEY'S LAST SUCCESSFUL WAR

(Turkish Troops Marching Into Greece in 1897)

From a drawing on the spot by Otto Gerlach

FOR twenty years after the Berlin Conference had stripped Turkey of half her European territory, the Sultan Abdul Hamid remained a sullen, secretly plotting ruler. He kept peace because he knew he must. He had learned his lesson. But he gradually strengthened his army and prepared for more slaughters of Christians within his remaining provinces. War arose again in 1897. This time little Greece started the turmoil. Her subjects had long been eager to rescue their remaining compatriots who still suffered under Turkish rule. At length they forced their king to declare war. The shrewd Sultan placed himself under the direction of the Powers; and these, having done everything possible to restrain the excited Greeks, felt compelled to permit Turkey to defend herself.

Instantly the Sultan's armies sprang forward with a vigor of action and excellence of discipline that astonished Europe. Here was no despicable force! The soldiers, stirred to their ancient religious enthusiasm, charged bravely forward shouting "Allah! Allah!" They swept back the Greek army like crumpled paper; and then, with rare self-restraint, when the Powers stretched forth interposing hands, the Turks stopped. They surrendered their conquests and peace was made.





was assigned the chief task of the capture of Adrianople, which lay just beyond her borders, and then the advance on Constantinople itself. Greece, which had a navy, was to destroy the remnant of a navy which Italy had left to Turkey, and was thus to make it difficult for the Turks to bring reinforcements from Asia. Meanwhile both Greece and Servia, by attacking the Turkish armies already gathered in Albania and Macedonia, were to prevent these from going to the aid of Constantinople.

All these plans worked out admirably. The Greeks seized possession of the waters, while their soldiers fought their way successfully onward through Macedonia burning to retrieve their defeat of fifteen years before. The Servians pressed southward over what had been Servian territory ages before. They defeated a Turkish army in a severe two days' battle at Kumanovo (October 23) and recaptured their own ancient capital of Uskub. Meanwhile the Bulgarians had also achieved their larger task. Furious with the hatred of centuries they rushed across their border, shut a Turkish army up in Adrianople and drove the relieving forces back in two tremendous battles, that of Kirk Kilisse (October 23), and then that of Lule Burgas, a terrible three days' fight (October 28-30), in which the Bulgarian peasant soldiers sacrificed themselves by thousands in reckless charges of frenzied desperation. The Turks were swept back to their last series of defenses, the Chatalja lines, within sight of Constantinople. Three weeks of rapid and stupendous fighting had changed the fact of the Balkans forever; and on November 13 Turkey begged for peace, ready to yield to the allies all that they had conquered.

The peace negotiations began at once in London; but it was soon made manifest that the allies intended to demand much more than the Turkish government would or indeed could yield without facing a rebellion at home. So the war reopened in February of 1913. Greece indeed had refused to stop fighting with the others and had gone on seizing one by one the unprotected islands still held under Turkish authority. With the renewed outburst of hostilities the Greek troops also resumed their advance and succeeded in capturing Janina, the Turkish stronghold in the west, and compelling the surrender of all the Turkish forces there. Servia, having already mastered the central region, lent her aid to Montenegro in the west to besiege and capture the Albanian capital Scutari, and also joined the Bulgarians to the eastward in the siege of Adrianople. This celebrated city surrendered after a brave defense (March 26, 1913), and only Constantinople itself was left in Turkish hands.

Now again the Turks cried for peace, and this time they left everything in the hands of the European Powers, promising to consent to whatever these decided on. The Turks even yielded on the point which touched them most

seriously. Adrianople, their ancient sacred city, was to be ceded to Bulgaria. But this treaty though signed was never carried out; for the allied Balkan states had already begun quarrelling among themselves. Each wanted the largest share of the Turkish spoils, and so there arose in 1913, the "Second Balkan War." In this Bulgaria fought against Servia and Greece. Presently, Roumania also attacked Bulgaria; and that state, reduced to helplessness, yielded what her former allies demanded. Even Turkey seized the moment to send her troops to retake Adrianople. Thus she saved the sacred city for her declining empire.

The peace treaty between Bulgaria and her many foes was signed on August 6th, 1913; and statesmen hoped that the "Near East" problem was settled for another generation. Unfortunately, events soon showed that Turkey was by no means in a chastened mood, but was eager to reassert her power. The country was under the control of Enver Pasha, leader of the Young Turks. He was made minister-of-war, and he adopted toward Greece an attitude which threatened further fighting. In the Ægean Islands, which had been ceded to Greece, there had been many Turks; these withdrew to Asia Minor and there seized upon the homes of Greeks. These Greeks in turn fled from Asia Minor to the Greek-ruled islands. Between the two flowing tides of migration there was constant strife. Moreover, Turkey began purchasing foreign war-ships as a threat against Greece. The Greek government in its turn purchased some American ships of war. Only determined warnings from Russia and the Balkan states prevented Turkey from reopening the war.

In another direction, the deeds of Enver Pasha were even more startling for Europe. In April, 1914, his government negotiated with France for an extensive loan (\$160,000,000). It was agreed that no part of this should be used in preparation for war; but its use released other funds for military purposes. Enver Pasha had once been a military attaché in Germany, and had a profound admiration for German drill. So now he secured a German general, Von Sanders, and entrusted to him the complete reorganization of the Turkish army. All the old cumbrous organization was swept away; five hundred high Turkish officers were dismissed. Von Sanders was made a Marshal of the Ottoman Empire, and had soon a formidable army at his command. With that force Turkey, on November 5th, entered the Great War as an ally of Germany.



THE OPENING OF THE BALKAN WAR

((The Montenegrin Army Blessed by Its Priests Before Starting For the War))

By the contemporary English artist, R. Caton Woodville

FEW political events have ever taken the Powers of Europe so completely by surprise as did the outbreak of the Balkan states in 1912. Turkish outrages upon the Christian people still subject to them in Europe, had been so long continued without retribution, the little independent Balkan states had seemed so obedient to the Powers' command about maintaining peace, that it seemed as though the Turkish Empire in Europe might still last for generations. Then suddenly in October of 1912 the King of Montenegro declared he would no longer allow the massacre of his countrymen across the Turkish border; and he sent his troops to war. To the Montenegrins it was a holy war. The army included every man who could march forth. Their priests blessed them, and they set out with religious ceremonials, vowing to free their countrymen or perish.

Secretly the Montenegrin king had already arranged his alliances with the neighboring states of Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece. These states now also declared war, and defeated Turkey completely. They seized for themselves practically all her European possessions. The Bulgarians even conquered Adrianople and pressed forward to the siege of Constantinople. Then at last the allies fell to quarreling over the division of the spoil, and Turkey, raising her despairing head, managed to recapture Adrianople. So at least she still holds a fragment of her European territory. Practically, however, she has become once more a merely Asiatic power.





CHRONOLOGY OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE

A.D. 1250(?)—Ertoghrul rescues the Sultan of Iconium. 1260—Ertoghrul made ruler of Sultan-Ceni. 1288—Ertoghrul succeeded by his son Osman. 1301(?)—Osman had the public prayers said in his name. 1307—Osman cast off the last remnant of vassalage to Iconium. 1318—The Turks besieged Brusa. 1326—Surrender of Brusa. 1327(?)—Death of Osman, and generous rivalry of his sons Orchan and Aladdin. 1330—Capture of Nicæa. 1336—Karasi added to the Osmanli domains; which extended over all north-western Asia Minor. 1356—Solyman led the Turks across the Hellespont; earthquakes facilitated the capture of Gallipoli. 1360—Murad I conquered Adrianople and most of the Roman Empire of the East. 1364—Turkish victory over the Servians at the Marizza. 1387—Decisive defeat of the Caramanians at Iconium. 1389—Murad crushed the Servians at Kossova; Bajazet Ilderim annexed Servia. 1396—Crusade and Christian defeat at Nicopolis. 1402—Timur overthrew Bajazet in the huge battle of Angora. 1403-13—Civil war among the sons of Bajazet, ended by the triumph of Mahomet I. 1442—Victories of Hunyadi at Hermanstadt and Vasag. 1443—Revolt of Scanderbeg. 1444—Abdication of Murad II; his return to the throne, and defeat of the Hungarians at Varna. 1451—Murad defeated Hunyadi at Kossova. 1453—Final siege and capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II. 1456—Mahomet repulsed by Hunyadi at Belgrade. 1460—Greece occupied by the Turks. 1475—Kaffa, the Genoese metropolis of the Crimea, captured. 1480—The Turks seize Otranto in Italy. 1481—Civil wars of Bajazet II and his brother Djem. 1512—Bajazet II forced to abdicate in favor of his son, Selim the Destroyer. 1513—Massacre of the Shiites. 1514—Selim overthrows the Persians at Calderan. 1516—He adds Syria to his domains by the victory of Aleppo. 1517—The Mamelukes defeated at Ridania, and Egypt conquered; Selim becomes Caliph of the Mahometans. 1521—Solyman the Magnificent captures Belgrade. 1522—Knights of St. John driven from the Isle of Rhodes. 1526—Destruction of the Hungarians at Mohacs. 1529—Solyman ravages Austria and besieges Vienna. 1533—Truce between Solyman and Europe. 1538—Naval victory of Barbarossa off Prevesa. 1547—Most of Hungary surrendered to Solyman; Ferdinand of Austria pays him tribute. 1566—Solyman dies before the fortress of Szigeth, and Selim the Sot begins the decadence of the royal house. 1569—First encounter of Turks and Russians. 1571—Capture of Cyprus; the sea-fight of Lepanto. 1589—Great revolt of the Janizaries; frightful interval of disorder. 1590—The cession of Georgia by the Persians expands the Turkish Empire to its widest extent. 1594—Uprising of the

Christian tributary states, "the Wallachian Vespers." 1596—Mahomet III overthrows the Christian armies at Cerestes; the last great Turkish victory. 1622—Osman II murdered by the Janizaries. 1636—Murad IV recaptures Baghdad. 1664—Defeat at St. Gotthard. 1673—Victories of Sobieski at Khoczim and (1675) Lemberg. 1683—Kara Mustapha driven back from Vienna; European coalition against the Turks. 1687—Turkish defeat at Mohacs. 1699—Peace of Carlowitz, by which Turkey loses Hungary, etc. 1711—Victory over Peter the Great. 1717—Second defeat at Belgrade. 1787—England and Prussia rescue Turkey from the Russians. 1808—Selim III attempts reform and is overthrown by the Janizaries. 1820—The Albanians and then the Greeks revolt. 1826—Mahmud II exterminates the Janizaries. 1827—Battle of Navarino. 1828—Russian war establishes the independence of Greece. 1839—War with Egypt; Turkey rescued by the Western Powers submits to their tutelage. 1853—Russian aggression leads to the Crimean War. 1861—Turkish reaction under Abdul Aziz. 1875—National bankruptcy; the Balkan rebellion. 1877—Russia chastises the Turks again; freedom of the Balkan States. 1897—Græco-Turkish War. 1908—Rebellion of the Young Turks; establishment of constitutional government (July 24); Austria and Bulgaria seize Turkish provinces. 1909—Abdul Hamid again snatches the government; brief war of revolution; deposition of Abdul, and coronation of Mahomet V. 1910—Revolt in Albania. 1911—Revolt in Yemen; war with Italy begun (Sept. 29); Italy proclaims the annexation of Tripoli (Nov. 5). 1912—Italy seizes Turkish islands; peace treaty signed (Oct. 15); Montenegro declares war (Oct. 8); the Balkan allies declare war (Oct. 17); Turks defeated at Kumanovo and Kirk Kilisse (Oct. 23); at Lule Burgas (Oct. 28-30); Salonica captured (Nov. 8); peace negotiations begun. 1913—War with the Balkan allies renewed; Turks surrender Janina (March 5) and Adrianople (March 26); peace treaty signed (May 31); Balkan states fight among themselves and Turkey regains Adrianople 1914—(Nov. 5) Turkey enters the Great War as an ally of Germany.

RULERS OF THE OSMANLI

A. D. EMIRS

1288—Osman.
1328—Orkhan.
1359—Murad I.

SULTANS

1389—Bajazet I.
1403—*Interregnum*.
1413—Mahomet I.
1421—Murad II.
1451—Mahomet II.
1481—Bajazet II.
1512—Selim I.

SULTANS

1520—Solyman I.
1566—Selim II.
1574—Murad III.
1594—Mahomet III.
1603—Achmet I.
1617—Mustapha I.
1617—Osman II.
1623—Murad IV.
1640—Ibrahim I.
1648—Mahomet IV.
1687—Solyman II.
1691—Achmet II.
1695—Mustapha II.

SULTANS

1703—Achmet III.
1730—Mahmud I.
1754—Osman III.
1757—Mustapha III.
1773—Abdul-Hamid.
1789—Selim III.
1807—Mustapha IV.
1808—Mahmud II.
1839—Abdul-Mejid.
1861—Abdul-Aziz.
1876—Murad V.
1876—Abdul-Hamid II.
1909—Mahomet V.



PREHISTORIC RELICS IN SWEDEN

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

MODERN NATIONS—SCANDINAVIA

Chapter I

THE LEGENDARY DAYS OF ODIN

[*Authorities—General:* Geijer, "History of the Swedes"; Sinding, "History of Scandinavia"; Pufendorf, "Complete History of Sweden"; Boyesen, "History of Norway"; Dunham, "Denmark, Sweden and Norway"; Cronholm, "A History of Sweden"; Crichton and Wheaton, "Scandinavia"; Mallet, "History of Denmark"; Otte, "Scandinavian History." *Special:* Snorre Sturleson, "Heimskringla," "The Elder Edda"; "The Younger Edda"; Wheaton, "History of the Northmen"; Anderson, "Norse Mythology"; Mallet, "Northern Antiquities"; Nilsson, "Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia"; Montelius, "Civilization of Sweden in Ancient Times"; Worsaae, "Pre-history of the North."]



SCANDINAVIA is a name employed to-day to include all the peninsulas and islands of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Politically these regions are now divided into three separate countries, but they are occupied by a people of the same race; and as all Scandinavia has gone through much the same history and been frequently under the reign of the same sovereign, its story is often told as that of a single land.

The Scandinavians first became known to the more civilized south-world between the fourth and tenth centuries of the Christian era, when they grew to be the masters of the ocean, daring sea-robbers, pirates, who suddenly appeared and disappeared along the southern seacoasts like flashes of the destroying angel's wrath, leaving death and desolation behind. Huge fair-haired vikings they were, with winged helmets,

round shields, and coats of linked mail; giants of unequalled strength and unmeasured daring, about whom romance loves to cling.

Writers of the Southland called them vaguely and rather indiscriminately Northmen, though sometimes catching their more local names, as Danes or Jutes or Angeln. In their own books the Northmen speak of themselves as all one race though scattered over many districts, occupying in fact what they regarded as one of the three great divisions of the earth. They separated the world into Asia, the vague, far-off, populous mother-land; Europe, the warm and wealthy Southland; and "Greater Sweden," the world of snow and ice, in which they included not only Scandinavia, but northern Russia, and sometimes Great Britain with all its surrounding islands extending even to Iceland and the faint half-mythical region beyond.

So it is the story of the Northland we have here to tell. This in its way is perhaps older than any other European tale. In Scandinavia we find no sudden, sharp break of a new-coming race driving out the old. The inhabitants to-day are apparently the descendants of those who dwelt there in the very earliest epoch that we can trace. The evidence of Scandinavian grave-mounds and other prehistoric relics seems to be that, without change of race, the land has seen a steady development extending back through the iron age and the bronze age to that far-off age of stone when men were of closest kin to the beasts and met them in not unequal warfare. The many Northern legends that deal with dragons are probably not inventions, but vague recollections of those monstrous crawling lizards which science now assures us once dwelt on earth.

Indeed, scientific students are to-day discussing a new theory which points to the dismal shores of the Baltic Sea as being the original home of the whole mighty Aryan race, from which some of their tribes wandered off to Asia at an epoch too distant to be dated. The travellers retained always a vague recollection of, perhaps even a communication with, their earlier home, and after many centuries began back toward it that clearer movement of the Aryans, in which coming from the East they peopled Greece and Italy, Gaul and Germany.

Both philology and archæology offer arguments in favor of this theory, but its strongest evidence to the unscientific mind lies rather in the character of the ancient Northmen themselves. It is from such men and from long ages in such a land, that we would expect the Aryan characteristics to develop. Fairness of color, huge size and strength of limb, slowness in maturing, combined with length of life, steady endurance and calm, shrewd alertness in the face of danger, the joy of strife yet with a touch of kindness toward all feebler life, these are the traits of the Aryan as balanced against the Semite or Turanian, and these were in their fullest measure the traits of the Scandinavian. They are the qualities of the semi-arctic North with its long, hard winters and the brief, sweet respite of its summer months.



THE STONE AGE IN SWEDEN

(Scandinavians of Many Ages Ago and the Monsters of Their Time)

From a painting by the German artist, Fritz P. Schmidt

QUITE recently men of science have dug up among the highlands of Sweden relics which show us not only that men existed there many ages ago, but also that there has been a continuous development through all the ages. That is, the Swedes and Norwegians of to-day are directly descended from those of the Stone Age. In other European countries we know that one set of wandering invaders after another have superseded the earlier inhabitants. In general these invaders have come from the east, from the direction of Asia. None of them, however, ever penetrated the icy north or crossed the savage waters of the Baltic to invade Sweden. There the original inhabitants developed undisturbed. The man of the Stone Age is the man of to-day. Indeed many scientists now incline to believe that it was these Scandinavians who first ventured forth from their cheerless homes and wandered southward, perhaps over part of Asia, and then turned westward to become the ancestors of most of the races of southern Europe.

In the wild days of the earliest Scandinavians, man was still a savage. He may have faced and fought against the animal monsters of an earlier geological epoch. We find in Sweden relics of huge and terrible extinct animals, great lizards such as our picture shows, cold-blooded, sluggish beasts whom northern legend has remembered as dragons, supposing that they must have fire within to keep them alive amid the awful cold.





From the legends of Scandinavia we can, however, gather no clear trace of any such southward movement and return. Their earliest tale is of Odin and the Asa-folk. So confused a figure is Odin, treated sometimes as a god, sometimes as a man, that it is not easy to draw any definite historic outline of him—unless we accept the suggestion that there were two Odins, the early god and a later man who assumed the name. The man Odin, says the Yngling saga, came from the south, perhaps Asia, with his people the Asa-folk, and settled in central Sweden. Here he met an already existing race of Gotas or Goths and after many a trial of strength and wisdom with their king Gytha, Odin and his followers settled amicably in the land. The two races united and they, or Odin's more immediate followers, became known as Svea-folk or Swedes.

Another race was also encountered by Odin. These were the ancestors of the Lapps and Finns, and are represented in the sagas as being physically feeble but dealers in treachery and magic. Elsewhere however, they are called Jotuns or giants and declared to be the original owners of the land. Against them Odin warred successfully and drove them into the farthest north. He became not only a conqueror but an all-wise teacher, the inventor of *runes* or written words, and the founder of a priesthood with its chief temple at Upsala (the high halls), which is still the centre of Swedish learning. Hence our very earliest record of the North is of Sweden and of its division into three districts which exist there to-day, Gothland, Svealand, and Nordland, the region of the wandering Lapps.

Odin died and his body was doubtless placed in his favorite war-boat, which was set afire and with sail full spread to the blast, bore him off alone across the stormy waters of the Baltic. Such were the obsequies of many a later chief, and the legend soon grew up among the followers of Odin that he was not dead, but had only left them for a time to visit his kindred in the Asa-land. He was deified by his people, or perhaps there had been a previous deity of the name whom the adventurer had dared impersonate. Odin is the same as Woden, the one-eyed, the chief god of all the Teutonic races. Friga, the goddess of peace, is his wife, and possibly represents a northern princess, by marrying whom King Odin secured peace and lands for himself and followers.

Yet more dimly ancient in the Scandinavian mythology, perhaps supplanted by the newer gods, was Thor, the war-spirit, the thunderer. There was also Ægir, god of the sea, with his dread wife Ran, the storm-goddess. She and her servants, the waves, hate and seek to destroy all men who dare invade their realm; but Ægir, the friend of man, guides him across the fiercest waters to wealth and glory. To these early Scandinavians all nature was alive around them, and it is probable that the mass of Teutonic legends about Woden, Baldur the sun-god, and the others, originated in the far North. The more famous of these myths have been already told in our story of the Germans.

After the death of Odin or his return to Asa-land, his descendants, known as the Ynglings from his grandson Yngve, ruled over the Swedes. Gradually their power decreased, or their people grew too numerous and too widely scattered over the almost impassable wilds to submit to a single local ruler. Scandinavia became the seat of dozens of little settlements, each with its own *sma-king* or small king whose rule amounted to no more than that of a leader voluntarily followed in time of trouble.

Against the raids of these *sma-kings* the Yngling rulers or high priests had often to defend themselves by strength of arm. Any divinity that may have hedged them in the early days, disappeared with the centuries; and the last of the Ynglings, Ingiald Illrada (ill-ruler), was finally destroyed and his family driven from Upsala by a coalition of these petty chiefs. The high halls of the Yngling settlement continued to be distinguished above others only by a vague religious rank.

The tale of Ingiald's expulsion lies on the vague borderland betwixt myth and legend. On his father's death Ingiald invited to a feast all the chiefs of the nearer districts. According to custom, he sat humbly at their feet, not assuming the royal seat and rank until his father's funeral should be ended. Then rising among his guests to make the customary "funeral vow," Ingiald vowed to do away with all "*sma-kings*" whatsoever and to rule alone over the Swedes as his ancestors had done. In fulfillment of this pious oath, he immediately burned the house above the heads of his assembled victims. Then with fire and sword he marched against such other lords as he could reach.

Among the slain was the king of Scania, or Scandinavia, a name then restricted to the extreme southern part of modern Sweden. This king's son, Ivar Widfadme, gathered a small but infuriated army of his subjects, and with grim purpose started on the long march northward. His force increased like a snowball as it swept onward over the desolate and devastated lands; and when at last the avengers reached the high halls of Upsala, their strength had grown to be irresistible. Ingiald saw that his doom had come. The hall which he had burned above his rivals, had been replaced by a new and more gorgeous dwelling. With his own hand he now set fire to this; and surrounded by his faithful followers, holding in his arms the daughter who had aided him in all his plots, he perished in his turn amid the flames (A. D. 623).

Young Ivar was thus the first to supplant the Ynglings and drive them wholly from their vague remnant of overlordship in the north. He was the chief ruler in Scania and perhaps the island and peninsula beyond it, the land now known as Denmark; so that the tale seems to preserve some first vague triumph of the southern regions over the northern. Ivar is reckoned the first great king of Denmark, and is said to have ruled not only over all Scandinavia, but over the Saxons and Northumbrians.

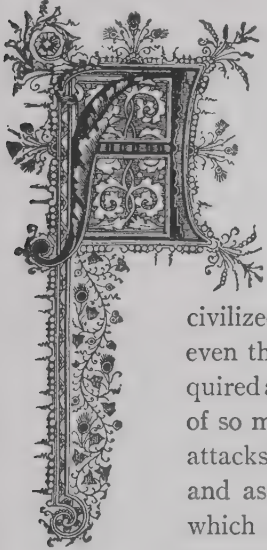


SWEYN FORKBEARD

Chapter II

THE VIKING AGE AND CANUTE THE GREAT

[*Special Authorities*: Carlyle, "Early Kings of Norway"; Adam of Bremen, "Historia Ecclesiastica"; Du Chaillu, "The Viking Age"; Keary, "The Vikings in Western Christendom"; "Saxon Chronicle"; Sidgwick, "Story of Norway"; Storm, "Pages of Early Danish History."]



AFTER Ivar Widfadme, we enter on the second period of Scandinavian story. The purely mythical age gives place to one dimly historic, of which several sagas and other records exist, though their chronology is confused and contradictory, each tale, as is natural, magnifying its local hero.

Of the home life of the Northmen of this time we know but little, though they were probably quite as civilized in their way as any of the kindred tribes to the south of them, even the half-Romanized Franks. In seamanship the Northmen acquired a skill and daring truly remarkable. Odin, inventor or introducer of so many customs, was perhaps the first to teach his people that attacks by sea were far more easy and effective than toilsome marches and assaults by land. The myths ascribe to him a magic boat in which he and his men could be carried anywhere. Doubtless this means that they appeared suddenly and unheralded along the little fjords, to the consternation of their enemies.

The generations that followed Odin became shipbuilders, and, after harrying one another's homesteads and learning all the seamanship they might along the Baltic shores, they sailed through the channels to the great ocean without, and dared its wrath. Their settlements spread up the Norwegian coast; their ships

ventured over to Scotland and even to Ireland beyond. They also began the conquest of England and plundered the shores of France.

A century or so after Ivar's time, the Northmen had become so numerous at home that they seemed like a flood pouring out to overflow the earth. Most of what we know of their exploits comes from the monkish chroniclers of the lands they ravaged; and it is but natural that to their terrified victims these fierce pagan marauders should have appeared everything that was savage, merciless and fiendish in the form of men. In truth, however, they seem to have compared most favorably with other conquerors. Each land that submitted to their sway quickly became prosperous and progressive, and assumed for a time the intellectual leadership of the European world. Their chief conquests were of England, Normandy, and southern Italy. But we hear also of their dominion over Russia and their assaults upon Paris and Orleans. Their ships ravaged the Mediterranean, and even Constantinople yielded to their arms.

This remarkable outpouring of warriors from the North continued through more than six hundred years, from the beginning of the fifth century or even earlier, down to about 1100 A. D. Moreover during all this period there were repeated bloody wars between rival kings at home. Such prodigal expenditure of life could not continue forever, and there came a time when the Northland collapsed with weakness and exhaustion. Its sons had been given to the world, and the once populous coasts of Scandinavia sank back into an almost deserted wilderness.

The various expeditions of this period belong to the history of the lands in which the conquerors settled. The strife between the kings at home presents only a wearisome sameness of bloodshed, over which we need not linger. Ivar was succeeded in all his dominions by his grandson Harald Hildetand, who is a positive and impressive historical figure, and who, coming to the throne a mere lad, ruled for the almost incredible period of four-score and eight years (647-735). He extended the vague empire he had received, by further conquests in the East and South, and he put down his turbulent vassals or *sma-kings* with an iron hand.

Harald's death is the theme of the great epic war-song of the North, the Scandinavian "Siege of Troy." In his extreme old age the celebrated chieftain was possessed of the true Norse desire to die in battle; for only those thus slain were borne at once to Odin's banquet-hall in Valhalla. To die peaceably in bed was well-nigh a disgrace. Yet looking forth over the Northern world, Harald could see no king remaining who might oppose him in war. He therefore deliberately raised a quarrel with his nephew, Sigurd Ring, his regent over Norway.

Sigurd, driven to defiance, gathered his fleets and advanced southward against Denmark. With him came every *sma-king* who in all the long years of Harald's reign had formed a grievance, every earl whom the monarch's savagery had ever offended. Their ships covered the ocean; the saga sings of their twenty-five



ODIN'S DEATH VOYAGE

(The Body of Odin, Scandinavia's First Hero, Given to Fire and Sea)

From an old anonymous print

GRADUALLY in this far dim northland there grew up a whole series of legends, myths telling of deeds ascribed to the gods. Probably these gods were originally kings in the land and the stories had a basis on fact. But what was real and what imaginary, who the kings were, or who the gods, we can no longer tell. We can only accept the legends as we find them.

They make as their chief god and hero, Odin or Woden, whom we have already met as the chief German god. But in German story he is wholly a god, a creator of men. In Scandinavian story he is still chiefly a man, a king ruling only his own people and dying among them. According to this legend, Odin, king of the Asa folk, led his followers from the mainland into central Sweden, fought the sturdy Goths of Gotland in southern Sweden, and the treacherous cunning Lapps of Nordland, and united all three under his rule, making a threefold kingdom such as exists in Sweden to-day. Then Odin taught his people all wisdom, and built for them the "high halls" or Up-sala which became their chief shrine of faith and learning. When he died his body was seated in his favorite war-ship, surrounded by his chief treasures, and was launched upon the waters of the Baltic. Fire was set to the ship and it sailed flaming out of sight across the stormy waves bearing its glorious burden. Some day, says legend, Odin is to come back and once more lead his people.





hundred sail. The invaders landed in Scania, mooring their fleet at the mouth of the River Braa. Harald hearing this, eagerly marshalled his army, and met the enemy in the battle of Bravalla, the most terrific combat of the North.

Here the god Odin appeared for the last time among men. Mounting into Harald's chariot, he urged the horses of the aged king into the midst of the foe. Harald, recognizing his charioteer, besought him for this one more glorious victory; but Odin pointed out that young Sigurd had too well learned the art of war and had ranged his men in that irresistible wedge shape by which Harald had himself won all his battles. At this the aged king grew desperate. Dashing madly amidst the foe, he slew all who opposed him, dealing his great blows with resistless power. No man could stand against him, until at length Odin, to stay the interminable slaughter, raised his own weapon and smote Harald down. Then Sigurd, lamenting that such a hero must die, built a vast burial-mound, burned his uncle's body with high honors, and succeeded him in his domains. The lordship of all Scandinavia thus passed from Denmark to the Norwegians (735).

The next ruler over the North—dates remain vague and events uncertain—was Sigurd's son, Ragnar Lodbrok (leather-breeches), of whom also the sagas have many deeds to tell. His odd surname was earned in youth, in the days of wooing. There was a maiden so famed for beauty that her father, to protect her and guard his home, filled its fore-court with hissing poison-snakes. No man dared approach, and the maiden languished. But Ragnar, seeing her fair face, wrapped leather thongs around his legs, and so day after day strode unharmed amid the adders, winning for himself a bride and a name.

Like his father, and indeed all his race, Ragnar thought far less of welding and governing the turbulent world of which he was called the ruler, than he did of proving his own individual prowess. He wandered forth on many a wild viking cruise. Finally, sailing away with only two ships, he was wrecked on the English or perhaps the Irish coast, and his forces were overpowered by those of Ælla, the king who reigned there. Ragnar, refusing to reveal himself, was cast into a pit of snakes and died of their bites, chanting a wild Norse death-song which is still preserved.

"There will be grim doings here," said Ragnar, "when the young cubs learn what has happened to the old bear."

When his sons feasting in Norway heard the tale, they sped at once to Ælla's land and took fierce vengeance upon him and all his people. They made a "spread-eagle" of him, as the cruel torture was called, hewing his ribs from the backbone one by one. Then these sons divided the domains of Ragnar among themselves, and thus the North was once more headless, its forces scattered among many petty rulers.

Another period of confusion follows. There was a king in Denmark, perhaps

a grandson of Ragnar, who quarrelled with Charlemagne. This appears to have been the first time that it dawned upon the Northmen that there was, somewhere in the Southland, a power so organized and concentrated as to be mightier than their own. Even then it was the distance and the wilderness that restrained them from assault rather than the troops of Charlemagne. Gottrik, a Danish or Jutish king, attempted to surprise and capture the Emperor in his capital at Aachen. The effort failed, but the Frankish ruler made peace with the Danes as equals. No demand was made of them, as of the nearer tribes, that they should adopt Christianity, the symbol of alliance and submission to the Franks. Important as it must have seemed to all the Southland that these wild, pagan ravagers should learn the softer faith, Charlemagne lacked the power to compel them to accept it.

Christianity first penetrated into Scandinavia during the time of Charlemagne's successor, Louis the Pious. In the monkish chronicles, under the year 826, the entry is made with much detail and elaboration, how Harald Klak, a king in Jutland, having been expelled from his possessions, came with his wife and all his followers sailing in a hundred ships to the court of Louis at Ingelheim. Doubtless his purpose was to seek aid, for he adopted Christianity and was baptized with gorgeous ceremony. Then he returned to Jutland accompanied by many Franks, and temporarily reconquered some portion of his kingdom.

In Harald's train a number of Christian priests entered Jutland, headed by Anskar or Anscarius, "the Apostle of the North." A year or two later Harald was again driven from his throne and sank into permanent exile as duke of a Frankish province conferred on him by the pious Emperor. At this second expulsion of their protector, the priests fled also; but Anskar, their chief, soon accepted an invitation to return to Scandinavia under humbler auspices.

Some Swedish merchant sailors who had adopted the new faith, offered to convey him to their own distant capital. On the voyage they were attacked by pirates and lost most of their possessions. They were shipwrecked also, and only after sore experience of the dangers of the sea did the devoted teacher reach his destination. There the Swedish king, Bjorn, consented to the expounding of the new doctrines, and finally became himself a convert. But on Bjorn's death the old animosity against Christianity blazed up again, and once more Anskar had to flee for his life. On the whole he spent nigh forty years in the Northland with little permanent result. A rougher hand than his was needed for the mastering of this rugged race.

Meanwhile, the hundred little Scandinavian kingdoms were assuming more definite outlines, becoming reduced in number, and fixed into the three established States which we know to-day. Sweden had continued as a single united kingdom from the days of Ragnar Lodbrok, and she still traces back her succession



THE LAST OF THE YNGLINGS

(King Ingiald and His Daughter Slain by the Vengeance of Ivar)

From a painting by Alexander Liezen-Mayers

ODIN'S descendants ruled as kings in Sweden down to the days of the seventh century after Christ. At that time there ruled in Upsala, Ingiald Illrada, or ill-ruler, known as the last of the "Ynglings," which was the name given to the kings descended from Odin. Ingiald's ancestors had lost most of their authority over Sweden. Ingiald won it all back by a savage massacre of all the lesser rulers. He invited them to a feast and then burned them to death in his hall at Upsala. After that he ravaged their territory.

Among the chieftains thus treacherously slain was the king of Scania or Scandinavia, a name then applied only to the province in the extreme south of Sweden. This king had a son, Ivar Widfadme, who vowed to avenge him. Ivar gathered about him all the infuriated folk whom Ingiald's murders and ravages had roused to desperation. With this terrible army, young Ivar attacked Upsala and again burned the great hall there. But this time the occupants who were burned within it were King Ingiald and his wicked daughter who had inspired and guided her father in his bloodthirsty career. Then Ivar became king in place of the slaughtered tyrant.

With Ivar begins the genuine history of Scandinavia, as opposed to the merely legendary remembrance of the Yngling kings.





of sovereigns to that wild viking in unbroken if not wholly reliable records of descent. In Norway, apparently grown by this time the most populous and powerful region of the North, there appeared another conqueror. This was Harald Haarfagr, or Harald the Fair-haired, said to be sprung from the stock of the ancient Yngling rulers of Upsala. Harald was sma-king over a little Norwegian district when in early youth he sent to ask the hand of Gyda, a neighboring princess. She returned word that she would wed him when he was a real king, like Eric of Sweden or Gorm of the Danes. Harald's counsellors regarded this as an insult and urged him to seize the maid by force; but the youthful warrior accepted the answer in another light, declared that Gyda was right and vowed never to cut nor comb his hair until he had reasserted his ancient birthright and become lord over all of Norway.

Then followed battles and surprises and innumerable stratagems of statecraft through all of which Harald fought and plotted onward toward his goal. Finally in 875 there was a last, celebrated sea-fight in Hafurs (now Stavanger) Fjord, in which all the little kings and earls who still dared oppose Harald were completely overthrown. Having accomplished his vow, the victor cut the long, matted yellow hair which had given him his title "Fair-hair," and wedded the beautiful Gyda who had waited for him so long. The romance of the tale is a little injured, however, by the fact that the hero had in the interval married another woman, and Gyda was only his second or lesser wife.

This union of Norway under Harald caused great changes in the land. He did away completely with the old system of sma-kings, and established his own adherents as earls or *jarls* over the various districts. He enforced the laws, some old, some of his own proclamation, against duelling and robbery. He even—and this was felt by his people as the most unreasonable and unjust of his oppressions—forbade the viking raids upon other districts. If these time-honored enjoyments were to be given up, most Norwegians of noble birth felt that existence would be no longer a pleasure. They disobeyed the king openly, and when he proceeded to punish them, they left the land in great numbers.

This, the most noted exodus of all those by which the North was depleted of its strength, took place about the years 874 and 885. At the later date the gigantic Rollo or Rolf the Ganger (goer or walker) was exiled, and going "a-viking" into France, conquered Normandy and became its duke. In 874, Iceland was settled by other exiles, who preferred the harshness of its climate to the severities of King Harald. Ireland also was colonized. Norway, half depopulated, became a land almost without an hereditary nobility, a land of peasants who ruled their king perhaps as much as he ruled them.

When Harald had grown old, he divided his kingdom among his sons (933), and there was more civil war extending over generations. At last one of the few

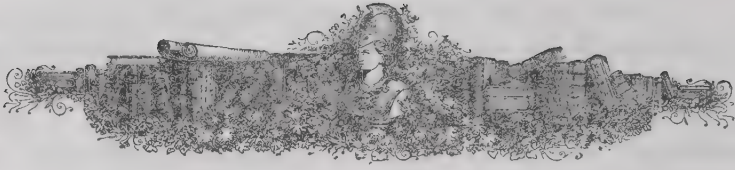
remaining nobles, Earl Hakon or Hakon Jarl, drove all the surviving descendants of Harald from the country, and assumed the throne himself. After many years his tyranny roused the peasants to revolt, and he had just hidden himself with a single servant in a secret den beneath a pigstye, when Olaf Trygvesson, the last of the house of Harald, appeared unexpectedly upon the scene.

Olaf was another of Norway's noted kings. He had already gained fame as a viking, had been in Italy, ravaged England, joined the Danish prince, Sweyn, in taking toll of London, and even, according to legend, had wedded an English princess. Olaf, having determined to reassert his right to his ancestors' domain and coming so opportunely upon the assembled peasants, received by acclamation the crown for which he had meant to fight.

Through all the ceremony Jarl Hakon listened from the pigstye, not daring to make the slightest sound lest he be discovered, afraid even to sleep lest his companion betray him. It is one of the grim pictures of Norwegian history, those two men crouching there through all the long day and longer night, each suspicious, neither daring to attack the other, because of the noise and discovery and death that would follow. The servant repeatedly assured his master of his loyalty, and at last Hakon was exhausted and slept. Then the thrall killed him and came out to Olaf with the severed head for his reward. Olaf slew the wretch for his faithlessness.

Olaf Trygvesson, through his descent from Harald Haarfagr, came from the ancient stock of the Ynglings, the priest kings of Upsala. He was the last of his race, and, like Odin its originator, Olaf also became the founder of a new religion in the North. Somewhere in his wild viking life he had become a Christian—though the conversion does not seem to have produced much of the expected softening effect. He was sincere, however, at least to the extent of being determined to Christianize Norway at whatever cost. Another king had made such an attempt, and perished. Olaf was more successful. For five years he and his followers traversed the land attending the assemblies or *things* of the peasants, smiting down their images of Thor with his great battle-axe, and convincing them in this rough fashion of the helplessness of their gods. More than once he and his men had to do battle for their lives. But in the end Norway was Christianized and Olaf stood forth a shining conqueror, the mightiest monarch of the North, holding his people firmly as no other could.

His arrogance, rising with his fortunes, brought him to disaster. He proposed marriage to the dowager queen of Sweden but stipulated that she should turn Christian. When she refused, he struck her in the face and repudiated her with scorning. So Sweden was roused against him. Then he insisted on marrying the sister of his old comrade Sweyn, the Danish king, though the union was against Sweyn's wishes. Worse still according to the Norse view, Olaf quarrelled with



THYRA, "THE ORNAMENT OF DENMARK"

(Queen Thyra Rouses Her People to Build a Huge Wall of Defense)

Drawn from an ancient Danish print

AS the power of these men of the north spread southward, they came naturally into conflict with the Germans and Frenchmen. These had been joined in one great empire by Charlemagne. But even the mighty Charlemagne could not stop the ravages of the northmen, who appeared suddenly on his coasts with their tiny ships, plundering, and were gone long before he could march an army against them. The successors of Charlemagne began to take up the conflict seriously and sought to follow the northmen back to their frozen homes in the land of cold. The main figure in this struggle of the north to hold back the south was Gorm the Old, a king of Denmark. Gorm fought the advancing Germans in many battles; but slowly they pressed him back, and for the first time the northmen found themselves engaged in defensive warfare.

Gorm's queen was Thyra, a brave and most able woman. While her husband and all his warriors were away, Thyra encouraged the old men and the women who were left at home to build an enormous defensive wall. This remarkable structure, known as the "Danework," was erected about the year 900. It stretched from sea to sea across the base of the Danish peninsula shutting it off from Germany. Some traces of this huge Danework still remain.





the Jomsburg vikings, a terrible horde who had banded together in a stronghold on the south shore of the Baltic, and were become strong as a kingdom. All these forces allied themselves with certain discontented earls of Olaf's who clung secretly to their heathen faith. Olaf, betrayed and caught unexpectedly among the fleets of his foemen, fought at the head of a few faithful ships, the last great sea-fight of Norse history. With his own "long dragon" he attacked the Swedes and Danes and put them to flight. But his exhausted forces were then set upon by their own countrymen and by the Jomsbergers. In the end Olaf, seeing all his followers stricken down and finding that his dulled sword could no longer bite, raised his glistening shield above him and leaped overboard. He was seen no more of men, but his countrymen long cherished a belief that he would some day return and lead them again to victory.

The supremacy of the North, thus lost to Norway, was again assumed by Denmark. Here, about a century before Olaf's time, Gorm the Old had suppressed the last of the scattered sma-kings and built up a strong and wealthy kingdom. Gorm was one of the leaders of the immense viking horde that besieged Paris in 884. He had wedded Thyra, "the ornament of Denmark," daughter or perhaps other relative of that Harald Klak who had vainly attempted to introduce Christianity into Jutland. Gorm proved a bitter foe to his wife's faith, harried it out of Denmark and made many a viking raid against its home-lands to the southward.

The Saxons had been compelled by Charlemagne to accept the new faith. Gorm, marching his wild warriors into their land, attempted to force its return to the ancient pagan worship. This ill-advised bit of proselyting brought him into conflict with another great Emperor, Henry the Fowler, who defeated the Danish monarch and compelled him to permit the preaching of Christianity even in Denmark itself.

Meanwhile the wiser and kindlier Thyra was attempting to make life happier and milder among the Danes at home. While Gorm thought of attack, she thought of defense. During one of Gorm's viking absences, Thyra finding the land left almost defenseless, gathered her counsellors and proposed the building of a huge protective wall, extending across the base of the Danish peninsula. The people set to work with enthusiasm and erected the "Dane-work," seventy feet high, the remains of which may still be seen traversing Schleswig from sea to sea. Even the stubborn Gorm approved her efforts and became lenient to her faith. Thyra's seems to have been the first truly softening influence upon the North.

Massive as was the Dane-work, it could not long hold back the tide of the fast-rising German power. In the reign of Gorm's son Harald Bluetooth, the Emperor Otto II defeated the Danes, demolished their wall and, marching his forces the whole length of their peninsula, hurled his spear into the straits beyond, as an emblem of sovereignty over the farthest seas. He compelled Bluetooth to accept

Christianity, thus rousing against that unfortunate king a rebellion headed by his own son Sweyn Forkbeard.

Bluetooth was slain (985), and Sweyn ascending to the throne became in his turn a noted conqueror. Of his victory over Olaf Trygvesson, we have already heard, and it would seem he must have played a better part in the great sea-fight than the Norse sagas will allow, for he was thereafter the acknowledged overlord of Norway as well as Denmark. England too was added to his domain. There had been some vague English conquest under Gorm, probably little more than a harrying followed by the usual payment of ransom money and a possible agreement to continue a regular tribute, which however was never collected. Sweyn in his early days found this sufficient pretext for a raid upon the "rebellious province," and had joined Olaf Trygvesson, in their oft-told attack on London.

Afterward, Sweyn being overbusy with his quarrels at home, the English king, unhappy Æthelred the Unready, by a sudden plot had all the Danes in England slain (1002). This brought Sweyn back to the land bent on vengeance and more lasting conquest. A man of rather modern type was this Sweyn, politic and seeking power rather than mere personal renown as fighter and killer. For twelve years he remained in England, fully accepted as its king, and on his death in 1014, he was succeeded there as well as in Denmark and Norway by his son Canute, or Knut, the Great.

Canute was but a lad, and he had to prove himself in many battles before he made good his claim to all his father's lands. English history speaks largely of him, for England was his favorite habitation, and he sent Englishmen to teach their arts and learning to the Danes. His people boasted that he was lord of six kingdoms, for in addition to Denmark and England he was overlord of both Norway and Sweden, and ruled Scotland, and also Cumberland, the home of the ancient Britons or Welsh. Canute unquestionably was a very remarkable man, not only as a warrior but as a lawgiver and lover of the kindlier side of life. Most important of all, he became converted to Christianity; and under his vigorous direction and command the faith was at last permanently established throughout Denmark and southern Norway.

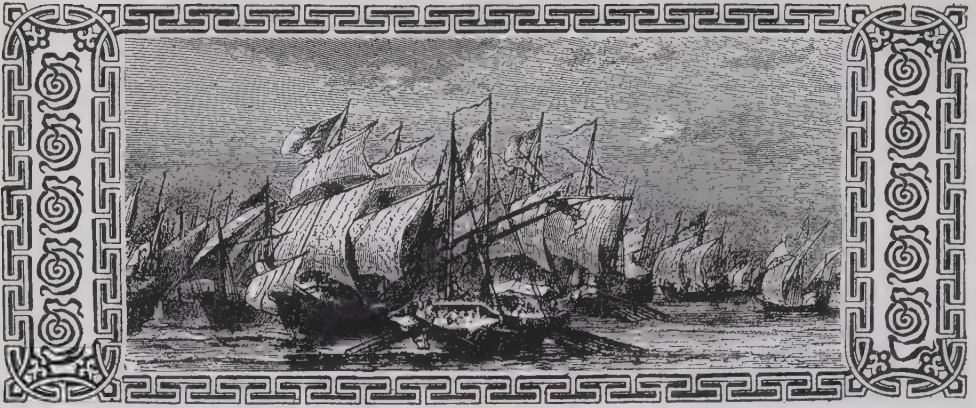
In the remoter regions of the North the ancient Odin-worship still struggled to reassert itself against the milder faith of the "white Christ." Men swore devotion to one or the other God, as they would have sworn to follow an earthly sovereign. Norse legend abounds with tales similar to that of the outlaw Grettir, who in 1015 appeared suddenly at Trondheim and slew the Christian priests and worshippers before their altar.

When Canute died (1035), the power of Denmark faded. Two of his sons ruled England, but they failed to uphold their position as lords of Scandinavia. The entire region began to feel the effects of the interminable bloodshed. The

civil wars were still intermingled with wild viking raids, but these were the final and exhaustive efforts of the North. Harald of Norway sought to reconquer England, and was slain by the Saxon king Harold at Stamford Bridge (1066). In the same year the Norman descendants of Rolf the Ganger did what the other Norwegians had failed in—they conquered Saxon England at Hastings. Robert Guiscard made himself lord of Sicily. Sigurd, a later king of Norway, headed a crusade. Each of these expeditions left the Northland emptier than before. In 1069, Sweyn of Denmark, a nephew of Canute the Great, sent a fleet of two hundred and forty sail against England, to compel the homage and submission which its new ruler, William of Normandy, seems to have half promised him. The fleet was ignominiously defeated, and only a fragment of it escaped to Denmark. The survivors found Scandinavia almost a desert; the teeming population had expatriated itself at last. Moreover the feeble remnant who still clung to their ancient hearths were learning a milder creed, and began of their own accord to prefer a milder life. The viking days were over.



THE LAST CRUISE OF RAGNAR LODBROK



SETTING OUT OF THE ESTHONIAN CRUSADE

Chapter III

POWER OF DENMARK UNDER THE THREE WALDEMAR

[*Special Authorities:* Allen, "History of Denmark"; Chronicle of Arnold of Lubeck; Schaefer "The Hanseatic League and King Waldemar"; Munch, "History of the Norsemen"; Saxo Grammaticus, "Danish History" (translated by O. Elton, London).]



THE decadence of the power of Scandinavia may be reckoned from the death of Canute the Great, founder of Christianity in the North. Within a generation after came the two unsuccessful attempts of the Norse Harald and Danish Sweyn to reconquer England; and then for more than a century there is no Northland triumph to record, no great effort even, but only darkness, suffering, and decay.

Sweden, the most remote and least civilized of the three countries, drifted back almost if not wholly into paganism. Norway was swept by repeated civil wars. It was only in Denmark that events occurred of sufficient note to enter into our narrative. Denmark, so recently the most powerful state of the North, became for a time the weakest and the most desolate of all. The primal cause of this downfall was, of course, the depopulation of the land. But a second and none the less notable cause lay, not in Christianity itself, but in the evils which followed in its train.

As the communication between the North, especially Denmark, and the rest of Europe became closer, the whole social system of the more southern lands began to impress itself upon Scandinavia. European society was founded upon feudalism; and feudalism maintained the power of the noble, the helplessness

of the peasant. Now the Northland peasants were not helpless, they were the strength of the land; and when the Danish kings began taxing them, the Danish lords insulting them, and foreign-born bishops, strangers to the land, began exacting a heavy church tithe, whether a man wished to offer it or no—when these evils fell upon the peasants, they revolted. There was constant tumult. Kings were elected and deposed, imprisoned and murdered along with lesser men; provinces separated from the central state; there were years when the soil and its crops were utterly neglected. Famine became so widespread that one of the Danish kings was known as Olaf "Hunger." Hunger was king.

The reign of that grim monarch undermined the resistance of the peasantry as no other could. Moreover, when the Northmen themselves abandoned pirating as a livelihood, it was taken up by those who had been their pupils, the still uncivilized heathen races to the east of the Baltic, especially the Wends. These pagan freebooters ravaged Scandinavia even as the Scandinavians had ravaged France and England. The Northmen in their period of weakness suffered all that they had once inflicted upon others. Especially was this true of Denmark, the most southern and most civilized of the regions. Its long stretches of marshy coast lay waste and uninhabited. No man dared dwell there, within reach of the plunderers. All fled to the heart of the country or entrenched themselves in the fortified seacoast towns.

So grew up the cities, the havens. Denmark, be it remembered, still included at this time not only its present peninsula of Jutland and the surrounding islands, but also Scania, or what is now the southern point of Sweden. Indeed, the Danish capital itself had been at Lund in Scania. But Lund now began to decay and the coast havens to become populous in its place, especially Copenhagen (*køpjes havn*), the merchants' haven, afterward the capital.

The first gleam of light across the darkness came in the times of Waldemar I, the Great, one of the three noteworthy Waldemars who held the Danish throne. Under this monarch's reign (1157-1182) opened the third and final period of Denmark's greatness. The first had been under Ivar Widfadme and his descendants through Ragnar Lodbrok. The second extended from the reign of Gorm the Old to that of Sweyn Forkbeard and Canute the Great, ruler of six kingdoms. The third began with Waldemar the Great.

Before coming to the throne, Waldemar had established himself as the favorite of the nation. Although a member of the royal house at a period when each of its descendants was fighting to seize the crown, Waldemar made no effort to gain the prize for himself, but strove only to end the civil war and ameliorate the miserable condition of the exhausted people. By so doing he became while still a youth the most trusted and best loved man in Denmark. One of the contestants for the throne sought the aid of the great German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa,

and accepted Denmark from him as a fief of the Empire. Another, carrying subservience still further, assumed the German costume and German manners. At length it was agreed, with Barbarossa's consent, that Denmark should be divided into three parts and shared among those two unworthy rivals and Waldemar.

The people consented joyously to this arrangement. It might mean the downfall of Denmark, but it promised at least peace. Evil ambition however, was not yet content. Even at the feast held in celebration of the agreement of peace, the king whose castle had been chosen for the festivities, attempted the assassination of his two rivals. One fell, but the other, Waldemar, defended himself valiantly, and holding his assailants in check, escaped from the castle in heroic style.

The civil war recommenced. But now Waldemar claimed for himself the sovereignty of the entire nation, and soon drew all the people to his side. His murderous foe was defeated and slain. Waldemar, to escape an exhaustive foreign war, acknowledged himself and his kingdom subject to the German Emperor. Then he set to work to restore prosperity to his desolate and almost deserted land.

Waldemar is noted as a lawmaker. The body of laws authorized if not actually composed by him, long remained the basis of Danish government. The provisions are simple and direct, such laws as every man could understand, and all honest men would wish to follow.

In his own day, however, Waldemar was most noted as the conqueror of the pagan Wends. Determined to rescue his country from their piracy, he built strongholds along all the island channels, and in each fortress placed a band of seamen with ships ready to sally out against any suspicious boat that passed. Most important of these forts, with the town that sprang up around it, was Copenhagen, then called Axelborg from Axel Hvide, the fosterbrother and most trusted servant of the king. Axel, better known to later generations as Bishop Absalon, made his burgh famous throughout the North by the ever-increasing line of pirate heads which rotted on the summit of its walls.

Waldemar and his warlike bishop brother led in all more than twenty expeditions against the Wends, several of the attacks rising to the length and importance of regular campaigns. Finally the pirates were besieged in their huge and apparently impregnable citadel, Arkona, on the island of Rugen. Raised high on a precipitous hill and defended by strong walls, this pirate city had long resisted all assault; but Waldemar captured it by stratagem. His soldiers secretly stuffed the hollows of the rocky bank with dry wood and brush, to which they set fire, and soon the roaring flames covered the whole face of the cliff, and rushing upward consumed the wooden walls upon the summit. Following the flames came the soldiers of Waldemar, who easily rushed over the defenses from which the Wends had already been driven by the terrific heat of the fire.

The defeated pirates submitted; and for two whole days Axel and Waldemar



HEATHEN AND CHRISTIAN

(Grettir, the Outlaw, Slays the Priests of Trondheim)

From a painting by the Scandinavian artist, M. Zeno Diemer

CHRISTIANITY made its way only very slowly among these wild warriors of the north. Its acceptance was really a long warfare of savage Heathens against sometimes equally savage Christians. Queen Thyra had been a Christian, but had found few followers among her people. The man who chiefly Christianized the north was the great king, Olaf Trygvesson. Olaf was a chief descended from the ancient stock of Odin. He had been exiled from Norway in his youth and had engaged in viking raids against England. There he had learned of Christianity and accepted it. Later he became king of Norway, then the most powerful of the Scandinavian kingdoms; and he resolved to compel his subjects to adopt his religious faith. He did this by force, marching over his kingdom, knocking down the idols in its sacred places and setting up Christian churches instead. Those who opposed him were slain or outlawed. Naturally after Olaf's death many of the outlaws sought to return and there was a revival of the old pagan worship.

A noted case of this was the one here pictured. The most celebrated of all the outlaws, Grettir, the hero of a Norse saga, or hero song, suddenly appeared at Trondheim, the chief religious center of the far north. Here he slew with his own hand all the Christian priests and restored for a moment the pagan worship of the past. Grettir, however, was soon slain. Christianity had grown too deeply rooted, and the idols of Odin and Thor disappeared before it.





maintained their weary place upon the judgment altar, the bishop baptizing or the king condemning, until all the pirates had accepted Christianity. Then the great four-headed idol of the city was solemnly burned in the public square. As no avenging bolt fell upon the destroyers, the Wends concluded that their god was indeed powerless—and they remained Christians.

In similar fashion Waldemar extended his power over many other Wendish tribes, and won for Denmark a security of peace under which the land prospered greatly. Dying when fifty-one, Waldemar left a kingdom as strong and united as his accession had found it feeble and divided. Never was monarch so mourned by his people. Even the stern bishop Absalon was overcome, and could not for tears pronounce the burial service at the hero's grave.

When the German Emperor Barbarossa sent to King Canute VI, Waldemar's son and successor, calling on him to acknowledge himself in his turn a vassal of the empire, and to do homage for his kingdom as a fief, Canute returned defiant word that if Denmark belonged to the Emperor he had better send some one there strong enough to take it. This was an open denial of vassalage; but so powerful had Denmark grown that the Emperor let the haughty message pass unchallenged.

Canute extended the Wendish conquests of his father, capturing Pomerania and Mecklenburg, and in his triumph, he assumed the title "King of the Wends." Canute's sister Ingeborg married Philip Augustus, the great king of France; and Denmark assumed in many ways the position of a leading European state. Danish students were numerous in Paris. Old chronicles speak of the rapid improvement of the land, its wealth, its commerce, its devotion to the arts, the military renown of its leaders, especially the aged bishop Absalon. Two of the greatest German cities, Lubeck and Hamburg, did homage to the King of Denmark; and Canute ruled over wider territories than any of his predecessors since the time of his namesake, Canute the Great.

Following Canute VI upon the throne, came his brother and chief supporter, Waldemar II, called the Victorious (1202-1241). It is illustrative of the encroachment of feudalism upon Danish life and of the decay of the stalwart Danish peasantry, that Waldemar received his nomination to the crown not from the peasants but from the nobles of the duchies and provinces in northern Germany, of which he had become master during his brother's reign. These nobles, having already accepted Waldemar as their overlord, now eagerly evaded his too close supervision, by raising him to the Danish throne. The choice was natural and fitting, and the Danes readily acquiesced in it.

Waldemar's victories were obtained mainly over the Esthonians, the heathen races occupying the east shores of the Baltic where Narva and St. Petersburg now stand. He led against them what statisticians have reckoned the largest fleet and

army ever sent out from Denmark, probably sixty thousand men. The Esthonianians were overwhelmed, and baptized by wholesale (1219).

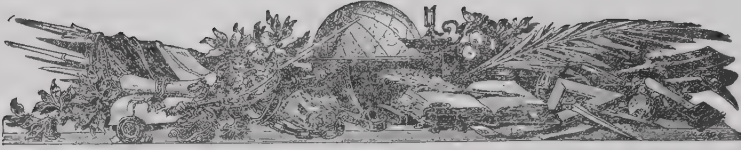
This conquest marks the height of Denmark's power, the widest spread of her dominion. To one of the Esthonian battles is ascribed the origin of the Danish flag of to-day, the white cross on a red ground. As the white cross was the emblem of the Crusaders, it seems probable that this flag was sent to King Waldemar by the Pope in token of approval of his religious war or crusade against the powerful pagans of the North. Danish legend, however, represents the flag as falling from heaven in the midst of a great battle, when the Christian forces had been surprised by the heathen, their royal standard captured, and flight already begun. Suddenly the miraculous emblem appeared before the troops; and, reanimated by its presence, they gained an overwhelming victory.

Waldemar also attempted the conquest of Sweden, but met with a severe defeat. Against Germany he had the satisfaction of seeing an emperor—or half an emperor, for Otto of Bavaria was never very firmly fixed upon the imperial throne—in flight before him, Otto not daring to give battle to the Danes. For the services thus done Otto's rival, Frederick II, the latter rewarded Waldemar by surrendering to him all the coast lands of Germany "north of the Elbe and the Eider." So proud were the Danes of the triumphs of their king that the path of his glory was marked out among the stars. The "Milky Way" is still known in Denmark as "Waldemar's Way."

In the very midst of his glorious victories Waldemar's downfall came like a bolt from a clear sky. Count Henry of Schwerin, one of the German lords who had been made his vassal, laid a trap for him, and suddenly in the night, while the king and his son were hunting, they were seized and bound. The victims were flung like sacks across a couple of horses and driven madly over the country through the night, until a strong castle was reached, where they were held prisoners.

A Danish army was hurriedly raised; but all the German lords who had cause of complaint against Waldemar united in its defeat. The fortress in which Count Henry held his victims proved impregnable. The Pope commanded him to surrender them, but he refused. The Emperor also commanded it, but in such half-hearted fashion as suggested that he would not be sorry to see the ruin of this too-powerful northern king. Waldemar remained for three years a prisoner, exposed to the cruellest severities; and when at last he regained his freedom, it was only by consenting to such terms as stripped him of his power, and his kingdom of its added territories.

This celebrated though unfortunate sovereign was twice, perhaps thrice, married. The wife of his youth was Dagmar, a Bohemian princess, who was so tender to the poor that they treasure her in memory as a saint; and so devoted was she to her husband that legend represents her body as coming back to momentary life



ESTABLISHMENT OF THE DANISH FLAG

(Waldemar the Victorious is Guided by the Sacred Flag in a Crusade)

Drawn from an ancient Danish print

DENMARK, being the most southern of the Scandinavian kingdoms, was naturally the earliest to be drawn into the larger circle of European affairs. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries she was recognized as one of the chief states of the day. Under her celebrated king, Waldemar the Victorious, she rose to such power that the German emperor granted to Waldemar all the north German seacoast.

Waldemar led against the Esthonians, the heathen peoples east of the Baltic, an army which was probably the largest Denmark ever put into the field. The war was regarded as a holy one and the defeated Esthonians were compelled to accept Christianity. It was on this occasion that the Danes adopted their national flag, the "Danebrog," a white cross on a red background. As this was the commonly used crusading banner, they probably received it from the Pope. But Danish legend says the flag fell from the skies just as the Esthonians first attacked them; and that the standard led King Waldemar onward. The heathen fell away from it on every side and the king rode on to easy victory. At any rate, the Danes adopted the banner of the cross as their national flag; and the Esthonians surrendered to Waldemar, who thus became lord of all the southern shores of the Baltic.





even in her coffin in answer to his prayers. The last of Waldemar's wives was Berengaria, a Portuguese princess, who in the Danish tales stands as an antithesis to Dagmar, and is represented as the source of every evil that afterward befell the land.

The death of Waldemar left Denmark to another century of decline and civil war. The king, perhaps at Queen Berengaria's supplication, had given his younger sons such vast estates as practically to divide the kingdom among them; and they and their sons after them were engaged in constant quarrelling. Few members of the royal race died in their beds, most were murdered. At last, in 1340, the third of the great Waldemars, known as Attertag (other day), came to the throne, and for a time bade fair to restore the strength and prosperity of the land.

His accession marked the close of a period in which the Danish monarchy sank to the lowest depths it has ever reached. For eight years previous there had been no king in Denmark. Christopher II, the last nominal holder of the title, had died in exile so powerless, that once when a poor count, thinking to curry favor with Denmark's enemies, captured Christopher, the prisoner was freed again because no one cared enough about him to keep him in duress. Denmark itself was wholly under the dominion of German nobles, chiefly the Counts of Holstein, one of whom, called Geert the Great, administered the government and finances of the country as he pleased. All the various provinces had been pawned for enormous sums of money, which were loaned to meet the extravagances of poor Christopher and his predecessors, or rather were exacted from their weakness. Scania was held by the last of the ancient kings of Sweden, Magnus Smek, in pledge for such a sum as seemed impossible to raise. The mainland of Jutland was pawned to Count Geert himself, and the large island of Zealand to his brother, neither of whom had any idea of ever surrendering his possessions.

Suddenly however, in 1340, the downtrodden Danes flared into desperate rebellion, and Count Geert was murdered. A message was sent by roundabout and secret ways to a son of the aged Christopher, an exile in Germany. The young man was invited to assume his father's abandoned crown. He instantly accepted and hurried to Denmark. He was Waldemar Attertag, eminently the man for the moment, cold and strong, restrained, persistent, and when the need arose, false. His character won him his surname, Other day; for, finding himself foiled in many a project by utter lack of means, he did not despair but quietly laid each scheme aside saying, "There will come another day."

For a time it seemed as if that other day always did arrive. To secure his accession the new king had to pledge himself not to protect the murderers of Count Geert; but to give them up for execution would have enraged all Denmark. Somehow they managed to escape to Sweden, and the astute monarch was relieved from his dilemma. A dangerous rival threatened the throne. Instead of losing

a kingdom in precarious fight, Waldemar wedded the rival's sister and received a comfortable dowry. All his life he was engaged in gathering money, until his people bitterly spoke of him as a miser. Yet surely never had man greater need of enormous sums, never did one put them to better use. He sold the distant and unprofitable province of Esthonia, and with the proceeds, added to the whole of his wedding dowry, he redeemed Jutland from the heirs of Count Geert. Partly by purchase, partly by treachery and by much fighting, he drove the Holsteiners out of Zealand as well as from the other islands. He promised the feeble Swedish king aid against a rebellion, exacted some rights over Scania as a recompense, and then seized the province by force. Once more the Danish lands were free of foreign tax-collectors, and their people could raise their heads among the nations. Some authorities have derived Waldemar's surname from this. He caused another and a better day to dawn upon his people.

Waldemar, the Restorer as he is sometimes called, next came into conflict with the Hansa, the great league of the North German commercial cities. Their chief port on the Baltic was Wisby on the island of Gothland off the Swedish coast. In direct defiance of a treaty he had made, the Danish king suddenly attacked Wisby with all his naval power. The inhabitants, he said, had sung satirical songs against him; and he battered down their wall, rode in over the breach and carried off so enormous a booty that the town was ruined, and never again do we see its name in the list of the rich trading cities of the North (1360).

Proud of his exploit, Waldemar called himself King of the Goths. He had made, it seemed, a real step toward the conquest of Sweden. But now all his enemies united against him. The Swedes forced their king, Magnus Smek, to abandon his alliance with Denmark. Magnus' son Hakon, already King of Norway, repudiated his betrothal to Waldemar's daughter and was betrothed instead to a German princess of Holstein. Sweden, Norway, the German lords, the Hanse league, all at once and together bore down on Denmark.

The Hanse towns, the most powerful of his foes, seem always to have been underrated by Waldemar. It was the one weakness in his well-played game, the feudal arrogance which could not conceive of prowess or power as connected with common tradesfolk. He had deliberately defied the Hanse league by his attack on Wisby. Now when the cities declared war, he answered their deputation with jeering, scurrilous verses, beginning,

"If seventy-seven geese
"Come cackling, come cackling at me."*

For a time he made head against all his enemies. The mighty Hanse fleet had dominated the Baltic for almost a century, forbidding the Danes to fish in their

* There were seventy-seven towns in the league, and Hansa might be interpreted, a goose.



DOWNFALL OF WALDEMAR

(His Subjects Attempt to Rescue Him From a German Dungeon)

After a painting by the German artist, F. Grotenmeyer

WALDEMAR THE VICTORIOUS suffered not only in his family life, but also in his national career. Seldom has a reign which opened so splendidly as his, closed in so much of misfortune. His power had become so great that no man dared oppose him openly; but a clever plot was formed against him by some of the German nobles who had become his subjects. With a small but resolute force of men-at-arms they kidnapped the king and his eldest son, and carried them off as prisoners to a strong castle. Here they were held in close and cruel confinement.

At first no one knew what had become of the royal victims. A long and patient search at length disclosed what had happened, and King Waldemar's Danish subjects, who loved him dearly, gathered an army for his rescue. The subjugated German nobles, however, took part with his captors. A formal demand for his release was made by the Danes and refused by the Germans. Battle followed; but though the Danes were victors in the field, they could not storm the strong castle where the king was held. Ultimately an agreement was patched up by which Waldemar surrendered almost all his German territory in exchange for his liberty. Denmark never again reached to so much power.





own waters, allowing the Danish King himself but a single day each year in which to gather herring for the use of his private household. This fleet was so completely defeated by Waldemar that its admiral was executed by his own townsfolk of Lubeck. The unlucky Holstein princess, setting sail to Norway for her wedding, was shipwrecked on the Danish coast. Waldemar, with many protestations of respect, refused to allow her to proceed upon her dangerous voyage until a calmer season of the year. Meanwhile, he sent hurriedly for the Swedish Magnus and his son Hakon of Norway; and these two, still at heart preferring alliance with Waldemar rather than with their rebellious subjects, came at the call. Hakon resumed his earlier pledge and wedded Waldemar's daughter Margaret, still only eleven years old. The poor Holstein princess found herself led to a cloister instead of a palace, and was forced to become a nun.

These successes enabled Waldemar to patch up a "perpetual peace" with his enemies (1363). He retained all that he had seized and stood for a time at the summit of his power. Unfortunately he failed to preserve the affections of his own people. The enormous expenses entailed by his wars and his negotiations, had led to the imposing of very heavy taxes throughout Denmark. At first the people, recognizing the necessity for this, eagerly upheld their king in everything. But after a quarter of a century or so, they forgot the far worse conditions they had suffered under the German domination of Count Geert, they became more and more rebellious, and accused their ruler of hoarding the vast wealth he took from them. His earlier title of the Restorer was lost in a later one; he was called Waldemar the Bad. Neither had the Hanse league forgotten its defeat and the insults heaped upon its deputies. It was slowly gathering a fleet intended to be so enormous as to make resistance impossible.

In 1367 there was a sudden uprising of the Jutland nobles against the king. The powerful Hanse fleet took part with the rebels; and Waldemar, seeing himself outmatched, justified his name. "There will come another day," he said, and departed with his family into exile. His subjects declared that he carried with him all the enormous treasure which he had been collecting for so many years.

From this time Denmark lay in the power of the Hansa. It was even agreed that the approval of the League must be secured in electing all future Danish kings. In 1372, the League consented to restore Waldemar to his throne, but on such harsh terms as made him little more than a vassal of the traders. A few years later he died, before finding time to put in operation any of the schemes, which his resolute brain must surely have been planning, to regain his power.

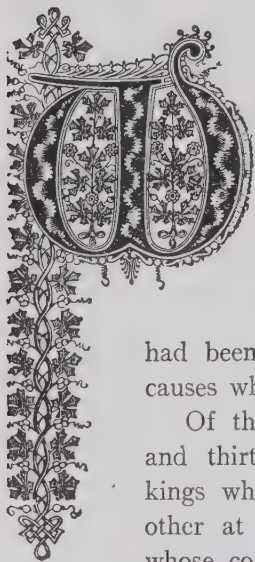


ERIC OF POMERANIA REPELLING THE POLES

Chapter IV

QUEEN MARGARET AND THE UNION OF KALMAR

[*Special Authorities:* Fryxell, "History of Sweden"; Barfod, "History of Denmark from 1319"; Erslev, "Queen Margaret"; Suhm, "History of Denmark to 1400"; Dahlman, "History of Denmark."]



ALDEMAR ATTERTAG set on foot one train of events whose consequences even his far-seeing brain could scarcely have expected. His daughter Margaret, the pawn of his political schemes, wedded at the age of eleven to Hakon of Norway, became Margaret the Great, the "Semiramis of the North," the reuniter of the three Scandinavian kingdoms in the Union of Kalmar. This union, which lasted in some shape for almost two entire centuries, was formally proclaimed in 1397, but events had been shaping toward it long before. Let us review briefly the causes which led to this sudden union.

Of the happenings in Norway and Sweden during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it is scarcely necessary to speak. The kings who descended from Ragnar Lodbrok had all slain one another at last. The best of them in Sweden was Eric the Saint, whose coat of arms is still seen upon the Swedish flag, and who on his father's side was a son of the common peasantry. He ruled in 1155, and then came a century of his successors, the "Bondar" or peasant kings, chosen alternately from the Svea or Swedes and the Gota or Goths. Well-nigh a century followed of the "Folkingar" kings chosen from one family of nobles remotely allied to the royal line, until in 1319 there was but one remaining male

descendant even faintly connected with the ancient royal house. This was a child three years old, and him the Swedes crowned as king. The common people of Norway, rebelling against the tyranny of their nobles, sent an embassy to request that this last feeble branch of the ancient royal tree be allowed to rule them also. It was this king, the weak-minded Magnus Smek, who was in alliance with Waldemar Attertag.

The people of Sweden and Norway had small cause to be proud of having chosen Magnus; for as he grew up he proved contemptible in many ways, abandoned himself to gross pleasures and was wholly under the dictation of his worthless queen and debased favorites. In Sweden the people deposed him and crowned his son Eric in his stead. The Norwegians also demanded his abdication, conferring their crown upon his second son, Hakon, the youth who wedded Waldemar's daughter Margaret after once jilting her for a German princess. So Hakon became King in Norway, but in Sweden young Eric died, and Magnus temporarily regained his throne. The Swedes however, could never forgive Magnus for surrendering Scania to Waldemar. In 1363 they again rose in rebellion and, deposing their feeble king, offered the throne to a powerful German prince, Albert of Mecklenburg, in the hope that he might prove able to defend it against Magnus, against his son, Hakon of Norway, and even against their ally, Waldemar.

Waldemar, as we have seen, had disasters to encounter at home. Hakon, after one brief and not over-successful campaign, made no further effort to aid his father against Sweden; but only provided the aged incompetent with a home in Norway. Over this latter kingdom, Hakon and his wife Margaret ruled wisely for several years, and had a little son, Olaf, destined to be king of both Norway and Denmark.

In Denmark the sons of Waldemar Attertag died before their father, leaving him the last male descendant of his race. So on his death (1375) the Danes, who had always been devoted to his daughter Margaret, elected little four-year-old Olaf as his grandfather's successor, and invited his mother to become regent. Her pacific government won her the friendship of the Hanse towns, which upheld her every measure. So successful was her rule that when Hakon of Norway died (1380), Margaret was at once proclaimed regent over that kingdom also, to govern it for her son.

Olaf was a bold and intellectual lad and bade fair to become an energetic ruler in his own right; but he died when only seventeen (1387). Margaret's enemies accused her of poisoning him in order to retain the power in her own hands, but there seems little in her character to justify the suspicion. She mourned her son long, and though both Norway and Denmark immediately besought her to continue to rule over them, she was slow and seemingly hesitant to assume the actual title and dignity of a reigning sovereign.

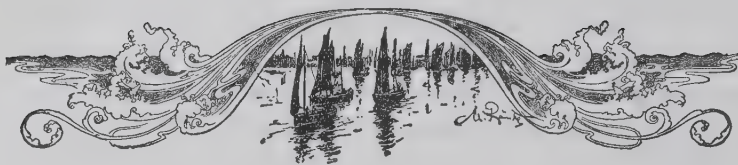
Sweden did not fall so peacefully into her hands. The German prince who had been invited to defend it from the follies of King Magnus, became a tyrant in his turn; and the Swedish peasants, contrasting their evil plight with the happy state of Denmark and Norway under Margaret, declared him deposed and entreated Margaret to assume the throne. The Swedish nobles, however, were by no means united in her favor. Many of them preferred rapine to peace, license to restraint; and it was not until 1389 that Margaret finally accepted the repeated call of the Swedes and marched an army against their German king. He was defeated and made prisoner; but Stockholm held out in his favor and endured a three years' siege. It was not until 1398 that this last stronghold of the Germans in the north finally passed into Queen Margaret's hands.

Meanwhile, being practically assured of victory, Margaret had planned and consummated the union, meant to be perpetual, of her three kingdoms. Her only son being dead, she sent for her sister's grandson, Duke Eric of Pomerania, and announced him her heir. As soon as she could persuade the council of each kingdom to accept him, she resigned the throne, and at Kalmar in 1397, Eric was proclaimed King of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

It was agreed that in future the three kingdoms should have but one ruler, though each should retain its own laws and its own council of government. If one became involved in war, the others must aid it, and a treaty made by the common sovereign was to be binding upon all.

Though Margaret had thus hastened to relinquish her nominal title as a sovereign, she continued to direct the government with rare strength and tact until her death (1412). Probably in her later years the power of her united realms was more than equal to that of the great Hanse league, which had crushed her father. But she was far too wise to put the question to the test, and always maintained the most amicable relations with the German merchants, a matter not difficult for any monarch who would simply flatter their vanity by treating them as equals.

Young King Eric remained a mere figurehead in his own empire. He managed to stir up a quarrel with Denmark's old enemies, the Counts of Holstein; and Margaret seems to have been quite willing that he should continue fighting there, and thus engross himself and the other young hot-heads of her domains, whose energies must needs find outlet somewhere. After Margaret's death, however, Eric's irresponsible character became another matter. So set was he on his Holstein war and its vengeance, that he wholly neglected his own realms. The Holsteiners could not meet him in open battle, but they manfully defended their strong castles, and Eric laid siege to one after another with very little success. He was always calling on Sweden and Norway for more troops and more money. Of these kingdoms themselves he knew nothing, and kept sending Danish and Ger-



THE SACK OF WISBY

(The Chief German City of the North is Plundered and Ruined by the Danes
From a painting at Munich in 1882 by C. G. Hellquist, the Swedish artist

THE power of Denmark, which had so shrunk in the last days of Waldemar the Victorious, was once more upraised by another Waldemar, called the Restorer, or Waldemar Attertag. This king came to the throne in 1340 when his country was utterly trodden underfoot by the surrounding German nobles and also by the German townfolk. The latter had established a great commercial league known as the Hansa; and the seventy-seven cities of the Hansa had by their mighty fleet established complete dominion over the northern seas. They only allowed the King of Denmark himself to fish in the waters of the Baltic one day out of the year.

Most powerful of all these Hansa cities was Wisby, situated far up the Swedish coast on an island in the Baltic. Waldemar Attertag steadily increased the strength of his kingdom and quietly built up a fleet of ships until he felt strong enough to defy the Hansa. Then he suddenly attacked and captured Wisby. He made the townfolk pay him such an enormous ransom that Wisby was completely ruined and disappears from the list of the Hansa cities. The rest of the league attacked Waldemar; but he held his own against them, and they made peace on equal terms. Later Waldemar's own people rebelled against his severity, and the Hansa took advantage of the civil war to drive Waldemar into exile. Once more the German cities controlled all the north.





man officials to hector them and extort taxes, until he was as hated as his foster-mother had been loved.

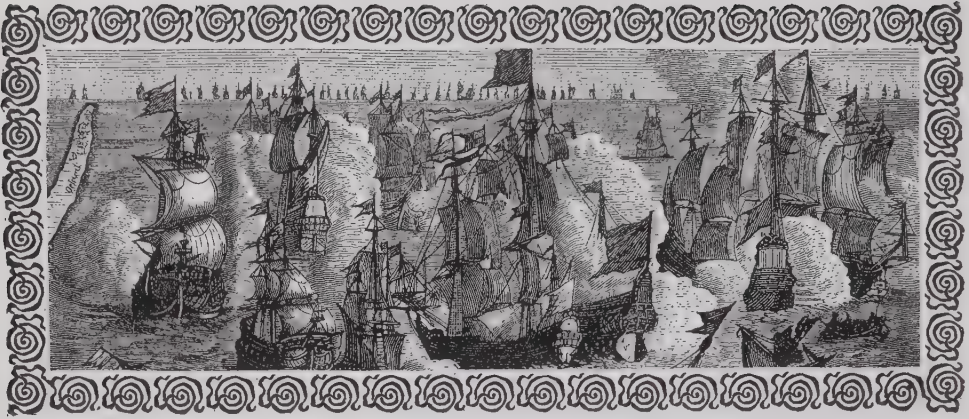
For her sake the Swedes and Norwegians bore with the consequences of her ill-starred union as long as might be. In 1427 the Hanse League declared war against Eric and twice its fleets attacked Copenhagen. On the second occasion the fall of the capital seemed inevitable, but it was heroically defended by Eric's queen, Philippa, daughter of Henry IV of England.

At length (1433) the peasants of Dalecarlia, the mountainland of Sweden, rebelled and established their leader as governor of the country. A year or so later Eric managed to patch up a peace with them, but they revolted again, and one of the great nobles of Sweden, Karl Knutsson, or Canutesson, became practically sovereign of the land.

In Denmark also, the peasants revolted against Eric; and while he was vowing furious vengeance, the councils of both Sweden and Denmark met and declared him deposed (1439). He took refuge in the island of Gothland and sent out pirate ships to ravage his domains. But ultimately he was driven from Gothland also and fled to his native land of Pomerania, whence he continued his piratical plundering until his death. Once when the people appealed to his successor on the Danish throne to suppress Eric's raids, the new king responded that since the people had taken three kingdoms from Eric, they could well afford him a stray dinner or so.

This new king was Duke Christopher of Bavaria, who was a German nephew of Eric, and had been elected to succeed him on his three thrones. In Sweden the governor, Karl Knutsson, might probably have seized the throne for himself. The peasants and even some of the nobles, heartily disgusted with everything Danish, urged him to do so. But the clergy insisted on the maintenance of the union; and Karl after welcoming King Christopher, went into a sort of voluntary banishment as Duke of Finland.

Norway was even slower to accept Christopher. The ancient loyalty to Queen Margaret led the people to cling to Eric and insist on calling him king even when he was a distant pirate, displaying no desire to reach or dwell in their poor and barren land. Finally, however, Christopher was proclaimed in Norway also. He was a good-natured though somewhat thoughtless and lazy king, his idle comment on Eric's piracies being characteristic of his usual attitude of indifference. Hence he roused no dangerous enmities and his reign proved a period of peace. Under him the union of Kalmar seemed at length permanently established. Its initial difficulties had been overcome, and all Scandinavia seemed united in a common destiny.

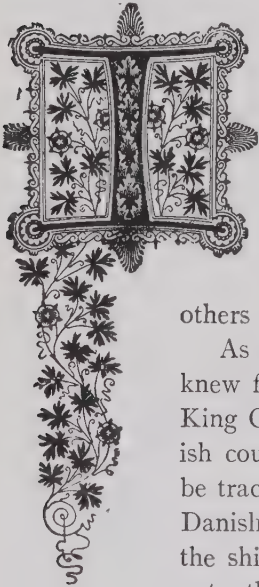


ESCAPE OF CHRISTIAN FROM STOCKHOLM

Chapter V

BREAKING OF THE UNION UNDER CHRISTIAN II

[*Special Authorities:* Allen, "History of the Northern Kingdoms from 1397"; Hvitfeldt, "Chronicle of Denmark"; Dalin, "History of the Swedish Kingdom."]



T seems unfortunate that at this time so many of the Scandinavian monarchs should have left no direct successors. The result was that strangers were constantly being called to rule, foreigners who knew little of the people and could scarce be expected to care deeply for their welfare. Moreover, the ill-arranged union of Kalmar exercised always its baneful influence. The moment a king was elected to one throne, he began to claim the others also, and to scheme and fight for them.

As the monarchs resided almost wholly in Denmark, that land knew first of their death and was usually first to elect a successor. King Christopher, dying in 1448, left no heir whatever, so the Danish council turned to another German duke, whose descent could be traced back through a couple of centuries of intermarriages to a Danish princess. This new King, Christian of Oldenburg, ended the shifting of families for Denmark at least. His direct descendants, the Oldenburg line, still constitute, after four and a half centuries, the Danish royal house.

Sweden, however, refused to submit to the rule of another German stranger. The former leader of revolt, Karl Knutsson, was placed upon the throne. Both he and Christian of Denmark sought to secure the Norwegian crown, and first one then the other of them was recognized by the Norwegians. In truth the desire

of Norway at the time appears to have been only for peace. She had no native kings to uphold, and aimed only to avoid conflict with either of her more powerful neighbors. As King Karl proved unable to maintain himself even in Sweden, Norway ultimately accepted Christian.

The Swedish nobles and bishops, on the other hand, felt themselves strong, and acted quite independently. They quarrelled with King Karl, exiled him, and called Christian to the throne. Then they deserted Christian in turn, and restored Karl. There was continual plotting, continual civil war, always a Danish force quartered in some part of the country, laying it waste, plundering the peasants. Four separate times in his eventful life was Karl Knutsson driven into exile, yet he was seated on the Swedish throne when he died (1470). His power, that is the power of the party of the nobility, descended to his chief supporters, the family of Sture; and its representative, Karl's nephew Sten Sture, became governor of the kingdom.

Karl's last advice to his young relative was never to assume the title of king, as it would only bring upon him the jealousy and treachery of his fellow nobles. So the new governor made vague acknowledgments of Christian's overlordship, while excluding him from any real share in the Swedish government. Sometimes Christian fought for what he considered his rights; but he could never gain any permanent authority over the Swedes, nor could his son Hans, who succeeded him in Denmark and Norway, and nominally in Sweden (1481).

It should be remembered that all three of these thrones had continued elective ever since the ancient viking days. That is to say, a general assembly of each nation selected from the royal family the member whom they thought best fitted to bear rule over them. This was in direct opposition to the feudal custom prevalent throughout most of Europe, by which the eldest son was heir to everything. It was a survival of the days of the old Northmen, when all the warriors met on an equal footing to choose their leader. Gradually, with the growth of feudal ideas, the poorer classes had been deprived of their rights, crowded out of the general assembly, until it was really only the nobles and bishops who voted for the king. There were always several candidates eager for the office; and the nobles bargained when they could, demanding from each new king fresh privileges, until in Sweden the king had become a mere figurehead.

In Denmark, King Hans now found himself little better off. He had a younger brother, Frederick, who intrigued for the crown; and Hans had to buy the sovereignty from each of the three kingdoms by enormous concessions.

The most noteworthy event of his reign was his disastrous defeat by the Dithmarschers (1500). These were the peasants of the German marshes along the North Sea. Their poverty and their valor had kept them practically independent for centuries. A German emperor had once made gift of the whole worthless

region as a fief to a Danish king; and now Hans, urged on by his brother Frederick, resolved to convert this nominal lordship into an actual and profitable one. He penetrated the marshes with a large army, its members so assured of victory that many came in their hunting clothes, as if to a new sport of hunting marsh-men. Meldorf, the chief town of the region, was sacked with the most savage cruelty, "to terrify the rest." But a few hundred Ditmarshers waited on a narrow causeway. When attacked they fought desperately, and in the midst of the tumult opened their sluice-gates and let the ocean flood the neighborhood. Aided by long stilts and accustomed to rapid movement over the marshes, the Ditmarshers escaped to safety; but the invaders perished by thousands. The king and his brother fled through the mad confusion, not knowing how they escaped. The royal standard of Denmark was captured and displayed by the Ditmarshers in a parish church.

A few years preceding this crushing defeat, King Hans had succeeded in forcing the Swedes to grant him a real sovereignty; he had been crowned in Stockholm, and, after scolding Sten Sture furiously for his alleged misgovernment, had deprived him of much of his authority. Now the Swedes rose again. "If the Almighty," said they, "has rescued seven parishes of Ditmarshers from the Danish thieves, surely He will not suffer them to devour an entire kingdom." Hans had no longer a sufficient army to bring against the rebels, and on one occasion he was obliged to flee from Stockholm, leaving his queen a prisoner in Sten Sture's hands.

Even the Norwegian nobles thought the time opportune for revolt and the demanding of fresh privileges. The sorely badgered Hans entreated his brother's help to subdue them; but the ambitious Frederick demanded the regency of all Norway in return for his services. Sooner than grant this, King Hans raised a force of foreigners, German and Scottish mercenaries, and dispatched them to Norway under command of his son Christian (1506).

Thus comes into the story one of the most remarkable and contradictory figures in Scandinavian history. This prince, afterward King Christian II, was the last holder of the three united northern kingdoms. Viewed from one standpoint, he has been represented as an able and earnest reformer with the good of his people ever at heart. Other writers have described him as an utter madman, insane in his savagery and lust of blood. Perhaps the true interpretation lies midway. He saw how the nobles by their exactions and quarrels were ruining all the North, he saw how they had destroyed his father's power; he hated them and, realizing the rising strength of the middle classes, sought to duplicate what had been done by other kings in other lands,—to rule through the favor of the common people, to be their king, and to crush the power of the nobility.

Christian was undoubtedly a man of rare intelligence, one of the most learned and accomplished of his time. In boyhood, during the long military absences of



KING ERIC DESERTS HIS KINGDOM

(The King Flees and Becomes a Pirate to Ravage His Own Lands)

After an old Danish drawing

THE one unwise act of the great Queen Margaret seems to have been her selection of a successor. She named as her heir her nearest relative, a grand-nephew, Duke Eric of Pomerania. Doubtless she thus hoped to draw Pomerania into her strong "union of the north." But Eric proved a most narrow-minded and obstinate king. His whole mind was set on war. He never visited Sweden or Norway at all, but from his Danish capital kept calling on the other lands for more soldiers and more money wherewith to fight his private quarrels in Germany.

Finally his exactions grew so severe that all three of his kingdoms united in deposing him. He attempted to resist, but found the opposition so unanimous that he took to sudden flight instead.

Escaping with a few ships, he established himself on the island where Whitby had once been, and making that his stronghold, he began a pirate career. Furious against his former subjects, he ravaged their coasts and plundered their towns when he could. The Danes and Swedes entreated the king whom they had elected in his place to lead an expedition against Eric; but the new sovereign refused, saying that, having deprived Eric of a kingdom, they ought not to begrudge him an occasional dinner.





King Hans, Christian was not left alone in his palace home, but was entrusted to the care of a Copenhagen burgomaster, probably a bookbinder. It was here that the lad gained his familiarity and liking for the tradesfolk of his kingdom. He even became a chorister and sang with other lads in the church services. Such extreme democracy seemed too shocking to his royal father, and the prince was snatched from his burgher friends and placed under the charge of a learned scholar, who made him a proficient in all the knowledge of the age. His free youth had, however, given him a taste for wild life and adventure; and there is a tale that his father once caught him slipping secretly out of the palace on some roistering expedition and flogged him mercilessly with a horsewhip.

This was the young man to whom, at the age of twenty, was entrusted his first kingly office, the pacification of Norway. An aged bishop was sent with him as his companion and adviser. But Christian had no wish for advice. To be rid of the bishop he imprisoned him, and then proceeded to crush Norway with an iron hand. The leader of the revolt was invited to a conference, and slain. Another great noble was defeated and captured by Christian, and tortured, until in his agony he accused almost every important man in Norway of plotting against Denmark. Tortures and executions followed without number, until we are told that the ancient Norwegian nobility was practically exterminated. Christian and his successors found no further trouble in keeping Norway subject to the Danish crown.

The grim young prince next marched his army into Sweden; and though he had not force enough to reduce the country, he compelled the Swedes to surrender his captive mother, and restored something of his father's authority in the land. King Hans however, refused to sanction further violence. On his deathbed (1513) he solemnly warned his son against low company, and urged him to resign all great projects of conquest and reign in peace and moderation. Hans himself, despite his moments of passion, had really endeavored to do this. But it may be judged how little likely Christian was to follow in his footsteps.

King Christian's choice for his chief adviser was an old Dutch woman, known as Mother Sigbrit. She had been a tavernkeeper, and Christian seems to have been honestly in love with her daughter, a beautiful maiden called Dyveke (the dove) who died young. She was said to have been poisoned by a noble, and Christian hounded this man to his death. Mother Sigbrit hated the nobility, and seized every occasion to express toward them her contempt and defiance. What wonder that the great lords dreaded her influence with the King!

The nobles were still further antagonized by a vast system of reforms, which Christian began for the benefit of the common people. He made education compulsory. The religious Reformation was sweeping over Germany, and he invited the reformers to preach in his country—though as they spoke only in German,

the effect upon the Danes was not noteworthy. He prohibited the selling of serfs as slaves, and authorized them to flee from their masters and settle elsewhere when ill-used. He even dared to forbid the ancient custom of plundering all wrecks that came ashore. This had been so profitable an industry that it had been seized upon as a right by various lords along the coast. Even the great bishops shared in it, and some of them protested vehemently against this invasion of their long established right to rob and murder the unfortunate mariners. Christian also sought to teach his people the best methods of agriculture; he compelled the building of good roads; he established public inns for travellers, and started the first postal service in Denmark.

All these reforms were inaugurated within the brief space of ten years. Only that long did Christian manage to retain his throne against the growing fear and suspicion of the all-powerful nobles. It was not his tyrannies that destroyed him, but his reforms.

His tyrannies were, nevertheless, terrible enough. Sweden looks back on him as the most hideous of monsters. On his father's death he was acknowledged King of Sweden without demur, and with this simple acknowledgment he remained content until 1516, when the party which upheld his authority in the rebellious country found itself driven to extremity. Sten Sture the younger, a grand-nephew of the previous governor of that name, was hailed by the Swedes as their chosen governor and by his energy and valor swept the Danes completely out of Sweden, Christian himself being defeated in the celebrated battle of Brennkirk (1518). Indeed the king only escaped capture with his entire fleet by a sudden change of wind. This enabled him to flee from the harbor of Stockholm, where he had been practically a prisoner. In 1520 a Danish general reversed matters by defeating the Swedes. Sten Sture, fleeing alone across the broad, ice-bound lakes in the cold of winter, died of his wounds; and the Swedes, left helpless and without a leader, surrendered themselves to Christian's mercy.

Of that he had already shown a sample in Norway. He entered Stockholm with many protestations of forgiveness; but six months later, at the close of the ceremonies attending his formal coronation, he suddenly accused as heretics all the Swedish nobles who had opposed him. The ground of this remarkable charge was that they had disobeyed a bishop who upheld the king; the consequence was that all the leading Swedes within reach were made prisoners. The next day they were beheaded in the public square of the city. The common people were summoned to attend the execution and any who, on viewing the slaughter, dared express pity or regret were seized and given into the headsman's hands.

On the day following, the king issued a proclamation to the astounded and terrified citizens assuring them that they might now freely show themselves, as he intended to punish no more. Many who had hidden, ventured out; and Chris-



SWEDEN DEFEATS CHRISTIAN II

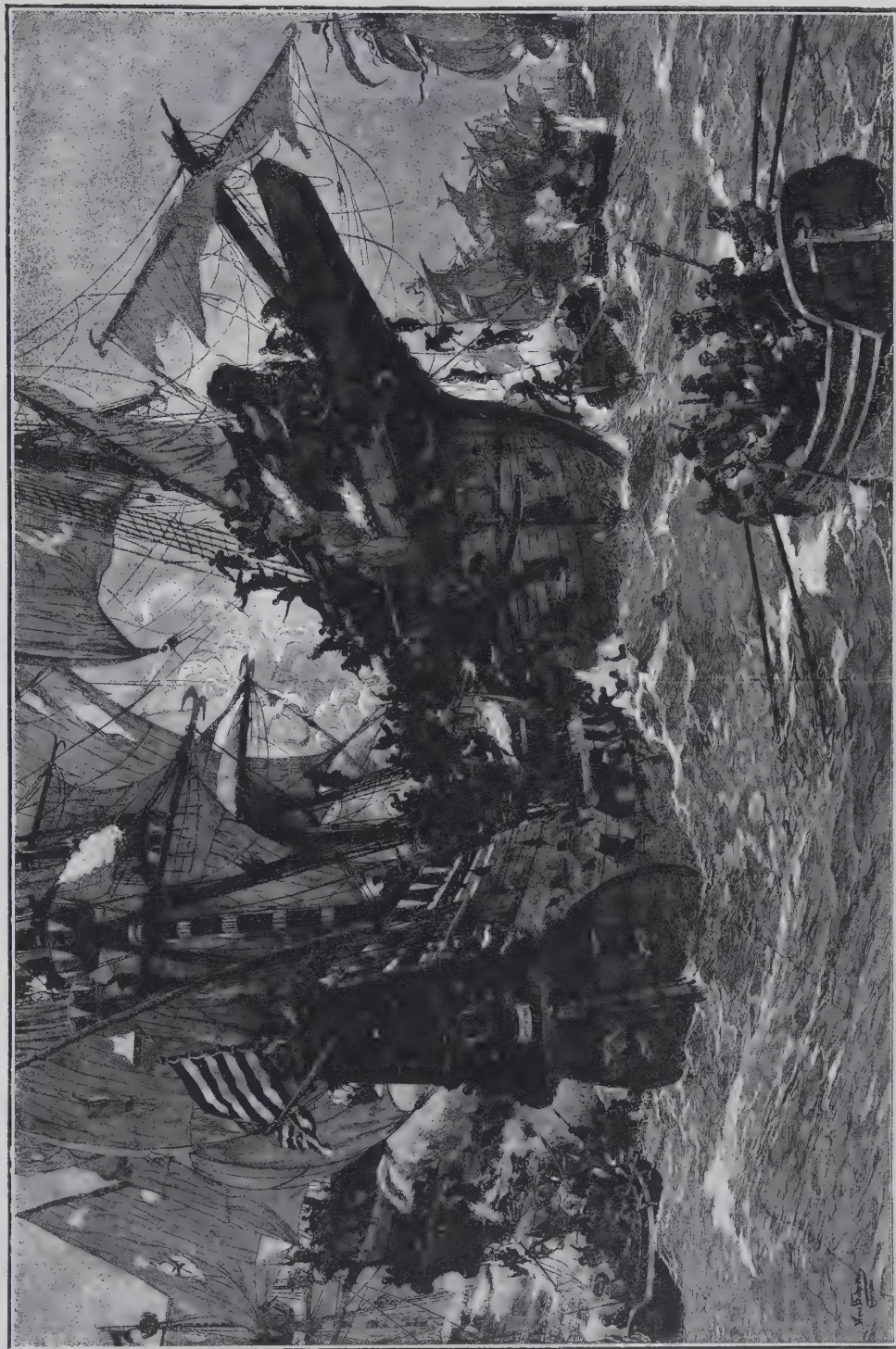
(The Danish King and His Fleet Escape from Sweden, Fighting Their Way Out of Stockholm Harbor)

After a painting by the Dutch artist, Hans Bohrdt

THE "Union of the North" was broken during the reign of Christian II, Denmark's great reforming king. Denmark itself remembers Christian with love and sorrow, but Norway and Sweden think of him as a most hideous monster. In truth he had learned to distrust and hate the nobility of his three kingdoms, whom he found ever selfishly plotting for their own power; and he resolved to rule as the friend of the peasantry. For this purpose he instituted many reforms, all looking to the uplifting and protection of the people. He thus antagonized the nobles. At the same time, by welcoming the preachers of Luther's reformation which was then sweeping over Germany, he antagonized the clergy.

The nobles of Norway revolted against Denmark; and Christian went among them, executed their leaders under torture, and continued the slaughter until he practically exterminated all the Norwegian nobility and left the land a nation of peasants. Then the Swedish nobles revolted, and Christian led an army and a fleet against them. Here, however, the rebels were prepared for him. They met force with force; the army of Christian was defeated and his fleet was beleaguered in the Stockholm harbor, surrounded by the Swedish forces and threatened with starvation. A sudden change of wind enabled Christian to turn unexpectedly upon the Swedish ships, break his way through their unprepared line, and so escape back to Denmark.





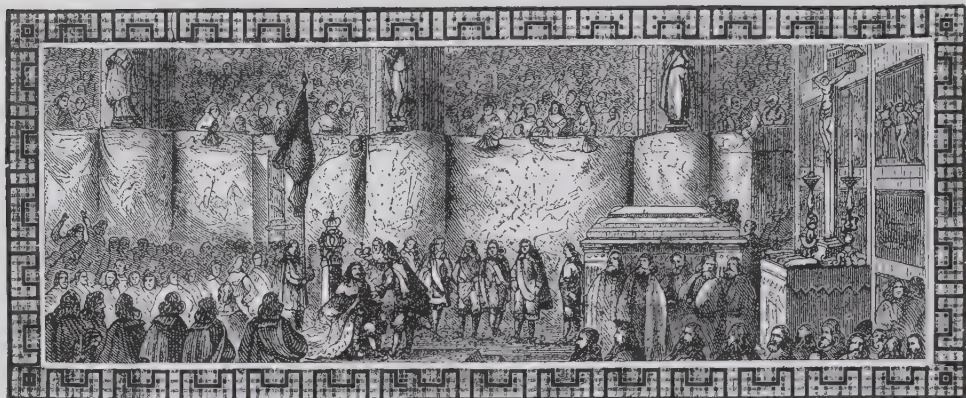
Christian gave orders that they also should be slain. The Danish soldiers went wild, and broke into houses as if in a captured city, plundering and killing. The third day all the corpses were burned in one huge hecatomb. This was the "blood-bath" of Stockholm (1520).

Similar executions were ordered all over Sweden; and the noble ladies, wives and daughters of the murdered leaders, were carried away by Christian into captivity in Denmark, where several of them died of the severities to which they were subjected. The grim king then commanded that no one, not even the peasants, in Sweden, should bear arms, and his soldiers went through the land disarming everyone. It was even rumored that Christian had declared that in case of another rebellion he would cut a hand and a foot from every man in Sweden, and so stop their fighting forever.

All this savagery, however, instead of crushing rebellion, roused it afresh, and it had already assumed formidable proportions when Christian met his overthrow from another source. His own Danish nobles conspired against him. Their chief, if not their instigator, was his uncle Frederick, the same who had been so often a thorn in his father's side. The rebels declared Christian deposed and gathered their forces against him. The common people seemed everywhere in his favor and he threw himself into Copenhagen, apparently intent on a resolute defense. But suddenly he changed his mind and sailed away with his fleet, his friends and his treasure.

Fortune deserted him. A tempest wrecked his ships on the coast of Norway and he himself escaped with difficulty to Flanders. The intriguing Frederick reached the goal of his ambition, and was declared king in Denmark and Norway. Sweden, now in open rebellion, proclaimed a monarch of its own (1523). The next year Frederick recognized the independence of the defiant land, and the Union of Kalmar, though sometimes afterward made a subject of contest, was never again enforced. It had perished in the blood bath of Stockholm.

In Denmark, all the reforms of Christian were immediately abolished. The nobles resumed absolute power; the peasants were helpless. The deposed king was not yet, however, wholly resourceless. He was a brother-in-law of the great German Emperor, Charles V. Charles lent him aid, negotiations were opened and battles fought. The common folk were always on Christian's side; his cause was theirs. At one time he regained possession of almost the whole of Norway. But disaster had marked him for its own. Another of his fleets was destroyed by storm. Then he was defeated, and besieged in Christiania. There he was persuaded to entrust himself to a conference with King Frederick, who seized and imprisoned him (1532). The remaining twenty-seven years of Christian's long life were passed in durance, and the greater part of the time he was kept in a horrible, dark and doorless dungeon. If he inflicted evils, he also suffered them.

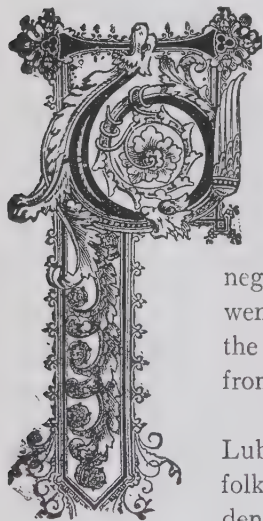


CORONATION OF CHARLES IX

Chapter VI

GUSTAVUS VASA AND THE RISE OF SWEDEN

[*Special Authorities:* Celsius, "History of Gustavus I"; Watson, "The Swedish Revolution under Gustavus Vasa"; Butler, "The Reformation in Sweden"; De Flaux, "History of Sweden under the House of Vasa"; Ahlquist, "King Eric XIV"; Celsius, "History of Eric XIV."]



THE story of Sweden's escape from the Danish thralldom is the story of Gustavus Vasa. He was a young Swedish nobleman so strong and resolute that, though only just of age, he was entrusted with the bearing of his country's royal standard in the battle of Brennkirk, in which Christian II was defeated (1518). Then, when Christian with his fleet was trapped in Stockholm and compelled to negotiate with the rebels, young Vasa was one of the hostages who went voluntarily on the king's ships to guarantee him safety during the debate. A sudden change of wind enabling Christian to escape from the harbor, he bore off the hostages with him as prisoners.

Gustavus escaped from captivity in daring fashion, and fled to Lubeck. The king demanded that he be given up; but the town-folk after much debate, sheltered him and helped him back to Sweden. They were anxious to keep King Christian busy elsewhere, so he should leave them in peace, and they foresaw that this vigorous and angry young man was likely to make trouble enough in Sweden.

The moment of Gustavus' return saw his country's cause at its lowest ebb. This was just before the "bloodbath" of Stockholm. The regent, Sten Sture, had been completely defeated and was dead. Christian was in absolute power. The returning exile heard of one fortress which still held out against the Danes, and he hurried thither. Instead of welcoming him, the garrison re-

refused him admission, fearing his presence would further enrage the king against them.

So Gustavus became a hunted fugitive in his own land. His adventures read like the wildest romance. Moving secretly through the country districts, he strove to rouse the peasants to one more revolt, one last effort for freedom. But everywhere they refused to follow him. They dared not, so great was their terror of King Christian. "We have still bread and salt left," said they, "if we rebel, we shall lose even these." A price was set upon Gustavus' head, and Danish soldiers rode everywhere through the land seeking him.

Some of his own countrymen tried to betray him, others to save him. At one time he was borne past the Danish soldiers in a load of hay. They even thrust their spears into the hay to be sure it contained nothing. Gustavus was wounded and blood trickled down from the wagon; but the ready-witted peasant who drove, slashed one of the horses with his own knife and pointed to that as the source of the stains upon the road. Other escapes of the outlaw were equally wonderful. Swedish romance has delighted to dwell on them.

Then came the Stockholm massacre, in which Gustavus' own father was one of the chief men among the slain. His mother and sisters were with the captives carried to Denmark, where afterward they died. At last Gustavus turned his back upon the land in despair, and began climbing the mountain-passes which should lead him into solitude and safety in upper Norway. But the news of the "bloodbath" had done its work for him. The sturdy mountain peasants of Dalecarlia, ever the wildest and freest of the land, saw at last that submission to King Christian would only involve worse evils. They heard rumor of his threat to cut a hand and foot from each of them. Nothing seemed too hideous to believe of this monster, and they determined to resist to the death. They remembered Gustavus' stirring words, his power and his energy. They wanted him for a leader, and sent messengers, who caught him on the very summit of the mountain-passes. Gustavus returned with them, returned to become King of Sweden and founder of a great dynasty of kings.

At first he had scarcely two hundred followers, but he trained them in warlike arts, and seized outlying fortresses. At length he captured a Danish treasure convoy. His forces increased; the nation heard of him in Stockholm; an army of several thousand Danes was sent against him, and was defeated. The bishop who commanded the Danes expressed his astonishment. "How can this bare region support so many people!" He was told that they lived on water and a bread made from the birch bark. "Then they are indeed unconquerable," he exclaimed, "nor have we aught to gain from them."

Gustavus won another victory, and soon he was besieging Stockholm. At this time occurred the Danish rebellion against Christian. The Danes in Sweden

were left without succor from home. The few Swedes who had supported them, now turned against them. The Union of Kalmar was declared dissolved, and Gustavus was elected king (1523).

The young hero demurred and urged that the throne should be given to some older and wiser man; but the peasantry insisted that he who had freed them should rule them; and they would hear of no other. So Gustavus said if all classes would promise to obey him, he would do his simple best to rule and guide them. As Frederick, the newly elected Danish king, refused to acknowledge the independence of the Swedes, Gustavus began warring against him, and soon gained possession of all Scania, the Danish portion of the Scandinavian peninsula. This was the second time that Sweden had come into possession of Scania, which is hers to-day. Once before, you will remember, it had been purchased by King Magnus Smek, and snatched back by Waldemar Attertag.

Scania's loss now brought the Danish king to terms. He dared not leave Denmark for fear of his brother Christian, so he made a treaty with Gustavus. Scania was again returned to Denmark, but the independence of Sweden was fully acknowledged. Norway remained for some time in dispute between Gustavus, Frederick, and Christian; but was finally attached to the Danish crown as a free elective monarchy. Denmark and Norway remained united until the era of upheaval caused by Napoleon.

At home Gustavus found his kingship a thankless task. The nobles and clergy jealously guarded every one of their excessive privileges. One of these was immunity from all taxation. This threw the whole burden of supporting the government upon the common people. So accustomed were these to regard tax-collectors as their deadly enemies, that they revolted at every hint of a new impost.

Gustavus was in despair, and calling a national convention, laid the state of affairs before the members (1527). Both lords and clergy agreed that the position was unfortunate, but declared they could see no way to better it. At that Gustavus flew into a rage. "The worst man in the world," he cried, "would not wish to be king for such as you!" and he resigned his office on the spot.

This summary act brought them to terms. They knew well that no other man could control the peasants and keep the Danes at bay. In the end they went humbly to Gustavus, entreating him to resume his kingship, and agreeing to surrender whatever of their privileges he thought needful.

With everything thus placed in his own hands, Gustavus proved himself a great and beneficent sovereign. He completely remade Sweden, transforming it from a wild and semi-barbarous land of fighters, into a powerful, civilized and well-organized state. He built roads and opened mines; he founded cities and constructed fleets. His resources of government he took chiefly from the clergy.



DEATH OF STEN STURE

(The Leader of the Swedish Revolt Dies in Flight)

From a painting by the Swedish artist, C. G. Hellquist

THE struggle between Sweden and Denmark, thus begun against Christian II, was carried to the point of a final and complete break between these two chief countries of the north. The leader on the Swedish side was the head of the chief family of Sweden's nobility, the Stures. Sten Sture "the younger," as he was called to distinguish him from a noted ancestor of the same name, was the commander who had driven Christian to flight. For a time Sten remained practically king of Sweden. The Danes, however, dispatched another army against him. He was defeated and fled wounded across the frozen lakes of Sweden, bearing with him his regal sword and crown in a rough sledge drawn by a single horse. He perished from the cold and the exhaustion, and was found dead in his sledge by some loyal Swedish peasants.

After that King Christian came again to Stockholm and treated the Swedish nobility as he had the Norwegians, slaying all he could reach. But before he had completely crushed Sweden, his own Danish nobles rebelled against him in their turn, and these succeeded in driving him from his throne and making his uncle king. The common folk of Denmark loved Christian and stood by him, and he spent years struggling to regain his power. Finally his foes captured him, and he was held prisoner in a dungeon for the remainder of his life.





C. G. Hellqvist.

N. 133

As early as 1523 there was a great "disputation" held at Upsala between Catholic and Protestant divines over which Gustavus presided; and he declared the Protestants the winners. In his wanderings and during his stay in Denmark, he had grown to favor the doctrines of the Reformation. Moreover he found in his bishops little loyalty to Sweden and much to Rome, hence, partly perhaps from belief, partly from policy, he deprived the Catholic clergy bit by bit of their privileges and possessions. Rebels against Rome were given high office in the King's Church, until before his death Sweden had become a thoroughly Protestant domain.

The struggle did not lack its martyrs. Two of the foremost of the Catholic clergy, Chancellor Peder and Martin Knut, withdrew into Norway sooner than yield to Gustavus. He insisted on their being surrendered to him; they were driven in scorn through the streets of Stockholm, mounted upon sorry nags, and finally executed after a mockery of a trial (1527).

One wise step taken by Gustavus was the abolishment of the old elective form of the kingship, which had caused its weakness. He made the throne hereditary in his own family. He could not, however, control the character of his descendants. Three of his five sons ultimately succeeded him on the throne; and of these only one, the youngest, inherited in any degree the ability or vigor of the father.

Eric, the eldest son, succeeded his father in 1560 as Eric XIV. He was in some respects intellectually brilliant, but so erratic, extravagant and even silly, that many people believed him insane. Perhaps that was why he could get no queen to share his throne. His matrimonial efforts were certainly strenuous and deserving of better success. He wooed half a dozen princesses at once. Mary Queen of Scots, was one of those thus honored. So was Queen Elizabeth of England, to visit whom he prepared a fleet and splendid retinue, assuring her by letter that all his other matrimonial advances were only to veil his political designs, while she was the real object of his affections and goal of his desires. Before his expedition could sail, he had changed his mind, and addressed a German princess of Hesse, and then a French one of Lorraine. In the end he took for his mistress a peasant girl whom he saw standing in the marketplace of Stockholm, and in the last year of his reign he married her.

It was not to be expected that a king of such type would long escape war abroad or revolt at home. His war with Denmark deserves remembrance only as one of the most causeless and culpable ever waged. The ancient ill-feeling between the two lands had almost died out during Gustavus' long and peaceful reign. But now, in the very year of Eric's accession, a new and youthful prince came also to the Danish throne. This was Frederick II, who distinguished himself by raking up the old Danish grudge against the Ditmarshers. He was determined to extinguish the disgrace of a defeat two generations old; and taking advantage of a dry

season when the waters and dykes of the Ditmarshers could be of little avail, he led a powerful army through the land of these poor peasants, and almost exterminated them.

Returning to his capital with such glory as he had gained, Frederick declared the Union of Kalmar to be still in force and assumed on his royal standard the arms of all three of the Scandinavian kingdoms. Eric of Sweden promptly responded to this arrogance by assuming the same arms himself. Next, Frederick intercepted some of Eric's matrimonial correspondence, and by forwarding it to the wrong princess, broke off another match. Such bickerings in a quarrel between two schoolboys might have been amusing; passing between two powerful monarchs, the ill-feeling plunged their countries into the "Seven Years' War of the North" (1563-1570).

There were a great many battles both by sea and land; rivers of blood were shed. Then in the end a treaty of peace left the two contestants where they had begun, only that both states were impoverished, their lands laid waste, their people slain. It was carefully inserted in the treaty as matter of grave importance that both sovereigns thereafter should have the right to bear the arms of the three kingdoms, but that neither should deduce from that a claim upon the other's lands.

This treaty was not concluded until Eric had lost his throne, a calamity which he brought upon himself. His actions had grown more and more irrational. Gustavus Vasa before his death, had made John, his second son, Duke of Finland, the vast region then owned by Sweden, east of the Baltic. Apparently Gustavus had feared to trust his entire domains to Eric; but while Eric was flighty, John was treacherous. Eric accused this brother—probably not unjustly—of many kinds of treason, and imprisoned both him and his wife for four years. Several times, we are told, Eric in his fits of rage rushed to his brother's cell determined to slay him with his own hands; but each time the brotherly resemblance checked him, and finally he set John free. Suspicion, however, having been implanted in his mind, became a madness with him. He suspected everybody. He accused the entire family of the Stures, descendants of the former heroic regents, of conspiring to seize the crown. In truth they had given repeated evidences of their devotion to Gustavus. Yet Eric had them all thrown into prison and in a sudden frenzy slew with his own hands Nils Sture, the son and hope of the race. The sight of blood changing the king's mood as usual, he threw down the dagger (Nils' own dagger proffered to the king in proof of loyalty), and rushing into the cell of Nils' father besought pardon for having arrested the family, promising every amend if only the old man would forgive.

"I will forgive everything to myself and the others," the old father responded steadily, "if only you will spare my son."



PROTESTANTISM ENTERS SWEDEN

(Gustavus Vasa Presides Over the Disputation at Upsala)

From a painting by the Swedish artist, C. G. Hellquist, done at Paris in 1883

WHEN Gustavus Vasa had after an heroic struggle driven the Danes from Sweden, his people insisted on making him king. He was a mere youth and modestly urged that another and older man be chosen in his stead. But few of the older nobles had been left alive by Christian's grim tyranny; and the peasantry whom Gustavus had marshalled against the Danes swore in a body that they would trust no other leader. So Gustavus accepted the kingship, and he held it worthily.

The young king had already spent some time in Denmark and Germany as a prisoner under Christian and a fugitive from him; and in these lands the unhappy exile had heard much of Luther's vast movement for the reforming of religion. So scarcely had Gustavus accepted his throne when he arranged for a formal disputation to be held before him in the great church halls of Upsala, between the Catholic or established Swedish clergy and the Protestants. After listening well, Gustavus declared that the Protestants should be free to preach in his land.

In the years that followed the young king threw his influence more and more upon the Protestant side. His reign was long, and by the time of his death in 1560 Sweden had become completely Protestant.





But the son was dead. "Then you must all die," cried Eric in a frenzy, and fled wildly out of the tower and out of the city. He despatched servants to complete the slaughter of the Stures; and afterward he wandered through the woods for days wringing his hands and lamenting his hard fate. His counsellors could not persuade him to return; but finally his peasant mistress drew him back, and he rode into the city garbed as a penitent, mumbling prayers, and raising his arms to heaven for forgiveness.

It was not difficult for John, the schemer, to have Eric declared insane and to depose him from the throne. "I was only insane once," said Eric looking John in the face, "and that was when I released you and your false wife from prison."

The defiance, if true, was hardly wise. John hated Eric and haled him from one fortress to another, encouraging his jailers in the cruelties inflicted on their helpless victim. Eric, upheld by the devotion of his peasant wife, bore everything with dignity and fortitude. He cultivated music in his solitude, and wrote a very readable book of meditations. John seemed always in a panic of terror lest the deposed monarch should escape, forced him to sign repeated renunciations of the throne, and finally had him poisoned.

King John (1568-1592) brought two new elements into his country's history: first, a religious reaction with its natural result of deeper religious intensity, and second, the long antagonism against Russia, the strife with her for possession of the east coast of the Baltic. The Poles were already at war with Russia; and John, devoted and admiring husband of a Polish princess, must needs take part with them. Even during the reign of Gustavus, John as Duke of Finland had begun intriguing against Russia. Now he engaged in open war, in which upon the whole he had the advantage, though the barbaric Russians desolated most of Finland, burning their prisoners alive.

It was under the influence of his Polish wife that John attempted to lead his subjects slowly back to Catholicism, adopting a middle course which pleased nobody. He invented a ritual of his own, and punished both Catholics and Protestants for refusing to employ it. John's eldest son, Sigismund, was educated as a Catholic and was elected King of Poland; so that it became clear to Swedish Protestants that on John's death they would be in even worse plight, subject to a king fully Catholic, obstinate as his father, and master of foreign troops with which to coerce them at his will.

In this extremity, they turned to Charles, the youngest son of Gustavus. Some writers have seen in Charles a most ambitious and far-sighted hypocrite, determined from childhood to grasp the throne, and working toward it through many subtle ways. Others have found him the echo of his father, resolute only to do his duty as he saw it, as honest as he was strong and wise. He had been but a boy at his father's death, and had followed John in opposing Eric's extravagances.

John had then refused Charles his promised share in the government, but the lad remained loyal. From the first however, Charles had announced his firm devotion to the religious forms established by his father; and, as John carried his changes further and further, the ducal court of Charles grew to be regarded as the stronghold of Protestantism in Scandinavia. Foreign rulers became his correspondents, including Elizabeth of England, Henry IV of France, and the German princes. He was repeatedly urged to seize the throne from John, as John had snatched it from Eric.

Charles, however, went no farther than to refuse to allow the religious changes to take effect in his duchy of southern Sweden. When John died (1592), Charles as regent summoned a council, but made no effort to seize the throne, and Sigismund was declared king. Before the new monarch arrived from his Polish domains a famous resolution was passed at Upsala in 1593, declaring that Sweden was to remain unchangeably Protestant. Charles required each member present to swear to maintain this resolution with his life, and the date of its adoption is celebrated by the Swedish church to-day as the most important of its centenaries.

The Upsala resolution did not meet Sigismund's views at all, and his brief reign was almost wholly occupied with a struggle against it. In truth he was seldom in Sweden. He preferred Poland, where his subjects were in harmony with him, and left Charles to act as regent and practical king among the Swedes. More than once the Swedish council warned the king that if he did not spend part of his time in Sweden, he would be deposed. In 1598, he brought a Polish army into Sweden, but Charles defeated it and was hailed as a worthy successor to his father, a second savior of his country from a foreign yoke.

At length in 1600, the threat of deposition was actually carried out against Sigismund, without eliciting even a remonstrance from that easy-going sovereign. Charles was obviously next in line for the kingship, and though he was not actually crowned as Charles IX until 1604, his reign is usually reckoned from Sigismund's deposition in 1600, if not from the even earlier date of the Upsala Resolution. As regent he had driven the Russians out of Finland and compelled them to acknowledge his sovereignty over Esthonia. Livonia had already been won during John's reign, so the victories of Charles made the whole upper part of the Baltic a Swedish lake.

Charles IX completed the task Gustavus had begun. He raised his country to the rank of a great power. He was recognized as one of the leading monarchs of Europe, a bulwark of the Protestant cause. His only son, Gustavus Adolphus, was trained by him from early childhood to uphold that cause. It is scarcely too much to say that upon the course chosen by these two depended the religious future of Europe.

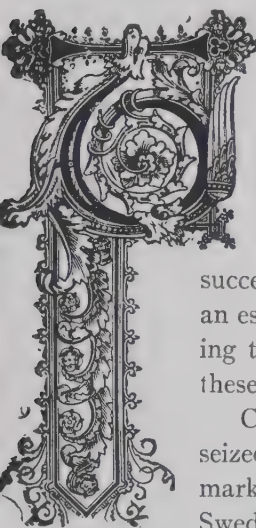


GUSTAVUS WELCOMED* BY THE GERMAN CITIES (*From a contemporary print*)

Chapter VII

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR

[*Special Authorities*: Chapman, "Gustavus Adolphus"; Bourne, "Life of Gustavus Adolphus"; Stevens, "History of Gustavus Adolphus"; Trench, "Gustavus Adolphus in Germany"; Le Royer de Prade, "History of Gustavus Adolphus"; De Flaux, "History of Sweden under the House of Vasa"; Slange, "King Christian IV."]



THE vast religious contest of 1618-1648, the Thirty Years' War, which so devastated and altered Germany, had a profound effect upon the two Scandinavian monarchies. Both of them were sooner or later dragged into the terrific struggle. Denmark, while it had not advanced so rapidly as Sweden during the sixteenth century, had not been without progress of its own. Its kings were a succession of Christians and Fredericks, these two names becoming an established formula, so that even to-day each monarch on ascending the throne discards his own proper name and adopts either of these alternately.

Christian III, the son and successor of the usurper who had seized the crown in 1523, made several important changes in Denmark. In 1536, he followed the example set by Gustavus Vasa in Sweden, and established Protestantism as the religion of the state.

Christian, after imprisoning all the bishops who protested, took possession of the vast properties of the Church. He purchased the support of his powerful nobility by granting them one-third of the confiscated revenues; one-third he retained for uses of state, and the remainder was allowed for the support of the Protestant churches and ministers. At the same time Christian endeavored to have the monarchy made hereditary, and thus save future kings from the suicidal grants by which his ancestors had been compelled to pur-

chase the throne from the nobility. In this he was only partly successful, but he secured at least a promise that his own son should succeed him. In Norway he carried out his wishes by force, overthrew entirely the elective right of the council there and caused a law to be passed declaring Norway an inalienable part of the Danish monarchy, "the same as Jutland, Funen, Zealand or Scania."

Christian III died in 1559, the year before Gustavus Vasa, and these two vigorous rulers were followed by their young and heedless sons, who squandered the power and the wealth the fathers had accumulated. Of Eric's extravagances in Sweden we have already heard, and the Danish king was that Frederick II who fought against him the inexcusable Seven Years' War of the North.

Frederick was succeeded in turn by his son Christian IV, who is accounted by the Danes the most able and honorable of all their Oldenburg monarchs, though his evil fortune brought the land almost to ruin.

Christian IV was only a child of eleven when he came to the throne (1588), and his long reign saw five different monarchs on the Swedish throne. With every one of these he had disputes, though actual war did not develop until 1611, the closing year of the reign of Charles IX. Christian was an adventurer and explorer, who loved to do things for himself. He could fence and fight and ride and swim, and talk in many languages. He learned to build ships with his own hand, and modelled the chief vessel of his navy. He explored the Arctic coast of Scandinavia, that he might personally settle the northern boundary line between Norway and Sweden, which was much disputed, valueless as were the icy wastes through which it extended. He planned bridges and fortifications, founded military and naval colleges, created a standing army, and built palaces and public buildings to adorn his capital. He encouraged trade, founded the Danish East India Company, and made Danish settlements in India. He extended his sovereignty over the vast American continent-island of Greenland, so that in the days of his prosperity the flag of Denmark was seen in all waters, and the land bade fair to take its place among the great commercial nations of the earth.

Two things united to bring all Christian's plans and efforts to failure in the end. He lacked the wisdom to abstain from war; and he had not the strength to crush the ever-increasing power and selfishness of the Danish nobles. The latter were roused against him by his attempts to better the condition of the peasantry. The gulf between lord and serf was gradually lessened by the king's liberal laws and benefactions. The nobles, seeing this, grew more and more determined in their opposition to all his wishes.

Then his wars! In 1611, Charles IX of Sweden being old and his son Gustavus still a boy, Christian deemed the opportunity favorable for acquiring that military success so strangely miscalled "glory." By reasserting the ancient Danish claim to sovereignty over the whole Baltic Sea, he forced Sweden into the war of





MADNESS OF KING ERIC

(The King Imprisons the Loyal Noble, Nils Sture, and Slays Him)

From a painting by the Swedish artist, G. von Cederstrom, in the State Museum at Upsala

THE great Gustavus Vasa made the kingship of Sweden hereditary in his own family, and was succeeded on the throne by three of his sons in succession. First came the eldest son Eric, who ruled for only eight years. King Eric during the early years of his reign was rather light and frivolous; but gradually he became suspicious of everybody around him and his ill humor grew until it became a positive mania. What had been extravagance became insanity. He especially suspected his nobles, and so had all the members of the great Sture family arrested together. The Stures were the chief house of the Swedish nobility, descendants of the celebrated Sten Sture, who had been the people's patriotic leader before Gustavus. In truth the Stures had been most loyal to Gustavus, his chief aids, and now the active head of the house, Nils Sture, had served King Eric faithfully.

Eric in one of his mad fits burst into the cell of Nils Sture to accuse him. Nils protested his patriotism and offered the king his own dagger to slay him if there was any proof of his treachery. Eric, snatching the weapon, did indeed slay his prisoner. Then he repented, but too late; and fearing the vengeance of the Stures, he had the entire family slain.





Kalmar. King Charles, seeing the approaching storm-clouds that hung above all Protestant Europe, unwilling that the two Protestant powers of Scandinavia should weaken each other by reviving their ancient enmity, sought every means to secure peace through skillful negotiations. When Christian insisted upon war, Charles, old as he was, challenged his adversary to decide their dispute by the ancient fashion of personal combat, which would leave their kingdoms unharmed. Christian laughed at the "dotard" as he called him, and the struggle dragged on for two years. It is mainly memorable because in it the youthful Gustavus, Sweden's most celebrated king, first learned the art of war. Despite his youth, he maintained himself successfully against his renowned adversary. The heroic and romantic incidents of the strife recall the earlier days of viking battle. Once Christian's life was saved by a follower, who gave up his own horse to the king, and then held back an advancing band of Swedes while his sovereign escaped. At another time Gustavus was rescued by a Swedish knight from the advancing Danes, when he had fallen through the ice over which he tried to escape. In 1613 the war was ended by a truce which made little change in the situation of either land.

In 1618 began the Thirty Years' War of Germany, in which both of these Northern kings took part, and which was to be the ruin of Christian though he survived the struggle, and the glory of Gustavus though he perished in its battles. The war began in southern Germany, and not until 1623 did its tumult cross the Scandinavian border. Then the Protestant princes of North Germany, unable longer to maintain themselves against the Catholic forces of the Emperor, called on Christian for help. The Danish king must have suspected the hollowness of his own apparent power. He had a strong army and a splendid fleet, but he knew of the disaffection of his nobles. Their disloyalty had hampered him seriously in the Kalmar war, yet now, relying on their cooperation, he plunged into this far greater contest.

His nobles betrayed him; his German allies left him to bear the brunt of battle. Yet by his own heroic exertions he for three years maintained the unequal strife against the celebrated German generals Wallenstein and Tilly. His fleet retained control of the Baltic, but gradually all his dominions on the mainland fell into the hands of Wallenstein. With his land ravaged and his forces exhausted, Christian yielded in despair and accepted such terms of peace as the foe would grant. Pledging himself never again to interfere in the affairs of Germany, he set himself to recuperate as best he could his desolate and exhausted land.

Let us follow Christian's career to the end. For fourteen years he labored to restore prosperity to Denmark. As Sweden rose to greater and greater heights through her victories in Germany, he became fearful of her power. He endeavored by diplomatic negotiations to thwart and lessen her advance. At length

so angered did the Swedes become against him that in 1643, without waiting for a declaration of war, they invaded his territories. Christian had long foreseen the falling of this blow. He had repeatedly entreated his royal council and his nobles to prepare against it, but they had refused.

Once more the main peninsula of Denmark fell into the possession of a cruelly ravaging foe. And this time the northern province of Scania was invaded also. Nothing was left to Christian but his fleet, with which he conducted an heroic defense. The navies of Sweden and Holland were combined against him. With inferior forces he attacked them in the great sea-fight of Colberg (1644). In this celebrated battle the aged king was repeatedly wounded, but he fought on, directing the battle from his mighty flagship the "Trinity," which he had built himself. At length he fell unconscious to the deck; a cannon-shot had hurled a mass of splinters into his face, tearing it terribly and destroying an eye. His crew cried out that he was dead, but the brave king staggered to his feet and rallied them. "No," he said, "God has still spared me life and strength to defend our country, if only you will do the same."

He won the victory; and the tale of this great fight is still sung to-day as the national anthem of Denmark. It begins,

" King Christian by the high mast stood."

It was impossible, however, for the few faithful Danes to continue to defend their land against her many enemies; and in 1645 the King concluded another ruinous peace, which brought Denmark to a low level indeed. Three years later Christian died. No monarch has ever led his country through more varied fortunes, been more loved by his common people or more foolishly antagonized by an arrogant and contemptible nobility.

Turn now to Gustavus of Sweden, who succeeded where Christian had failed, and changed the fortunes of the Thirty Years' War in favor of the Protestants. Gustavus, from childhood, had been trained by his father to look upon himself as the destined savior of Protestantism. For this express purpose had Sweden been prepared and made strong by the far-seeing Charles. She had become a military monarchy. A century of the rule of the vigorous Vasa kings had changed the selfish arrogance of her wild nobles into an enthusiasm for warlike glory in the service of their chief.

Gustavus conducted four wars in all. The first, that of Kalmar, was forced upon him by Denmark when, as a mere lad of sixteen, he came into his inheritance (1611). The second was with Russia, which had been for some years in a state of anarchy, with a dozen pretenders striving for its throne. One of these was a Swedish prince, upheld by the Swedish government. Ultimately the founder of the present Romanoff dynasty succeeded in establishing himself as Czar. Mean-



ERIC FORCED TO ABDICATE

(Eric's Treacherous Brother John Extorts From Him the Repeated Signing of His Abdication)

From a painting by the Swedish artist, G. von Rosen

THROUGH all King Eric's suspicious moods, the man he dreaded most was his own younger brother, John. He kept John in confinement for some years, and having proof of his treachery, planned to execute him, but was always turned from this purpose by family affection. At length the weak king allowed John to go free. John promptly gathered a party who declared the king to be insane, seized him and forced him to abdicate. Then John achieved the goal for which he had long secretly schemed and was made king.

King John kept his deposed brother in close confinement. Fearing the vengeance of the people, he hesitated to kill the unhappy madman, but continued in a frenzied sort of way to compel him to sign repeated oaths of abdication, each one more stringent and more vehement than the preceding. The only person who stayed by Eric in his downfall was his peasant wife, a young girl from Stockholm, whom he had married just before his deposition. During the early years of his reign Eric had talked of marrying one foreign princess after another, including the great Queen Elizabeth of England; but all had feared him because of his reputed insanity. So ultimately he married the peasant lass, who proved his only consolation in his fall. King John finally had him poisoned.





Engraving by C.C. Hildner

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while, King Gustavus fought two campaigns in Russia in support of his countryman and secured the surrender to Sweden of the district around the present site of St. Petersburg, the provinces of Ingermanland and Karelia (1617). In reporting the result of his efforts to the Swedish diet, Gustavus showed a deep realization of the growing strength of Russia and the need of keeping her from the Baltic Sea. His acquisition had temporarily accomplished this, had pushed back her frontier to a distance of many leagues from its coast, "and this," he said, "we will hope may by God's help prove too wide a jump even for a Russian."

More serious and more desperately contested was his war with Poland, whose ruler was his cousin Sigismund, the deposed King of Sweden. Sigismund, easy-going as he was, had never wholly given up his pretensions to Gustavus' crown, and continued with nagging persistence to send manifestoes to the people of Sweden, seeking to sow discontent among them, and commanding them to obey him as their rightful sovereign. The district of Courland, southeast of the Baltic, had long been in special dispute between the two kingdoms, and Gustavus resolved to punish Sigismund by pushing the contest there vigorously. He soon drove out the Poles; and, as their claim upon all Sweden was still maintained, he advanced his victorious arms into Poland itself and into Polish Prussia. So striking was the personal contrast between the two monarchs, that the Poles openly preferred Gustavus. A party of their nobles even declared him elected to their throne; and as he rode through Polish Russia, the peasants crowded around him crying, "Here is *our* King!"

Four successful campaigns did Gustavus lead against the Poles. He almost won possession of their capital. But imperial Germany was awake to the rising power of this "Lion of the North." The Thirty Years' War was in full progress, and the Catholic Emperor had well-nigh crushed the Protestant princes. Christian of Denmark had gone to their aid. To prevent Gustavus from doing the same, Imperial troops were despatched to aid the Poles against him, and thus keep him occupied. Even with this addition to his forces, Sigismund could not match his rival, and in 1629 consented to a peace by which he not only formally resigned all claim to the Swedish throne, but also yielded Courland and a considerable part of Polish Prussia to Gustavus. If the position of these territories be noted on the map, it will be seen how Sweden under the Vasas was gradually extending its sovereignty around the Baltic, enclosing in its grip the northeast coast, then the east, and now reaching toward the south.

Gustavus dreamed of a great Scandinavian empire. So amiably and with such generosity did he manage his negotiations with Poland, that it was very generally agreed that he should be elected king there upon the death of the aged Sigismund. Still another reason why he was lenient and eager to hurry forward this peace, was that the momentous hour of decision had come for him, the hour in

which, if ever, he must take up that lifework which his father had prepared for him, and which vague prophecies had foretold. He must assume the high position of leader and protector of Protestantism in Europe. As such he must defy almost the entire force of the German Empire.

It was not a moment which most men would have chosen, to intrude upon the German quarrel. The gallant Christian of Denmark had been overwhelmed, so completely defeated that he sued for a most humiliating peace. The Protestants of the Empire were driven to despair. The Imperial power stood stronger than it had for centuries, and in Wallenstein and Tilly the Emperor possessed two generals whose illustrious military fame has not been dimmed by the passage of three centuries.

Yet Gustavus had confidence in himself, in his cause, and in his people. He was statesman as well as general—and a hero also. He took up the cause of which all others had despaired. First, however, he made careful and successful alliances. The German Protestant princes eagerly promised him aid. England sent him a few thousand troops, though in a roundabout way, so that she could appear to have been neutral if matters should go badly. Most valuable of all to a poor and barren land like Sweden, France, Catholic France, guaranteed him money, so long as he maintained the war. The far-sighted French minister, Richelieu, dreaded the rapidly increasing power of the Emperor, and meant to keep alive the desolating war in Germany, even at the guilt of upholding Protestants.

At home, Gustavus had the support of his entire kingdom. With rare wisdom he had selected the ablest men as his assistants. Never was monarch better served. Sweden stood as one man behind its hero. In the fall of 1629, he devoted himself solemnly to his great cause, and entrusted the government of the kingdom to his chancellor and friend, Axel Oxenstjerna, who shares with him the glory of his reign. The King's only child, his daughter Christina, was declared his heir if he should never return, and with fifteen thousand of his picked Swedish troops he departed for Germany.

The Emperor's courtiers laughed when they heard of his approach. "Another of these snow-kings has come against us," they said, meaning that his forces would dwindle in the southward advance and dissolve and disappear as other armies had done before. The German princes who had promised Gustavus alliance, left him as they had left Christian, to fight alone. The Imperial troops under Tilly sacked the great Protestant city of Magdeburg almost before his face, while he was powerless to interfere.

Then Gustavus took a resolute course. Marching his troops to the capital of the nearest Protestant prince, he compelled him to declare himself for or against the cause. Seeing no escape, the timid ruler bade his troops join Gustavus, and



REPULSE OF THE POLISH INVADERS

(A Swedish King Leads the Poles to Invade His Own Country)

After a painting by Herman Prell, of Danzig

THERE was yet a third son of the great Gustavus Vasa who came ultimately to the throne. This was the noted sovereign Charles IX, the only son who seems to have inherited his father's greatness. Charles made no effort to snatch the throne from either of his elder brothers. He did, however, strive to restrain the excesses of them both. King John after killing King Eric became morbidly repentant; he talked of entering the church as a monk. He sought to restore the Catholic religion in Sweden, and thus antagonized almost all his people, who were now firmly Protestant. Moreover John brought up his son Sigismund as a Catholic and got the youth elected King of Poland; so that when John died, Sigismund became the lord of both countries, with a Catholic army of Poles to compel Sweden to obey his religious commands.

Then and then only did his Uncle Charles take action. Charles headed his countrymen in a declaration that they would remain Protestant. King Sigismund responded by leading a Polish army to invade Sweden; and thus the first clash between these two peoples was ordered by the king of both. Charles gathered the Swedes against the half Asiatic invaders and defeated them. His people then elected him king in Sigismund's stead. As King Charles IX, he became one of the leaders of Europe.





at Leipzig the Swedish king attacked Tilly in the first of the great battles of the war. In numbers the two armies were about equal, but as Gustavus' German allies fled before the first assault of Tilly's veterans, the Swedes were really outnumbered almost two to one. But their valor and their leader's generalship won them a decisive victory.

Gustavus had proved himself. The Swedes were at once acclaimed as the finest soldiers in Europe. All Protestant Germany, seeing at last some promise of success, flocked to the standard of this new champion. He attacked Tilly again at the passage of the river Lech. The dreaded Imperial general was slain, and his army scattered to the winds.

All central Germany now lay open to Gustavus. For the moment there was no one to oppose him, and his passage was a triumphal progress. City after city handed him its keys, the Catholics with prayers for mercy, the Protestants with prayers of joy. As this huge, blond-bearded giant of a king passed along the roads, the country folk knelt before him in thanksgiving. "These people," said he deeply touched, "worship me as a god." And never was conqueror more merciful or more watchful of the interests of the helpless.

In this truly glorious advance he reached as far as Nuremberg. All Protestant Germany lay rescued behind him; but his most dangerous foe was still to be encountered. Wallenstein, the victorious, the unconquerable, the so-called favorite of devils, had been dismissed from the Imperial service, the Emperor fearing lest this dark and impenetrable servant might even aspire to the throne. Wallenstein was now recalled, entreated to save the Empire and granted every power that he asked. Raising an immense and terrible army as only he could raise one, he threw himself across the path of Gustavus. Through a memorable campaign the two manœuvred brilliantly against each other. At last the final clash of arms came at Lutzen (1632).

Lutzen is one of the most celebrated battles of history. Wallenstein was defeated; his troops fled in utter rout, but Gustavus was slain. His one fault as a general had ever been that he exposed himself too rashly on the field. The old fighting blood of the viking race was strong in him, and he was always eager to be wielding weapons with his own good hands. Not only in that first war with Denmark had he run desperate risks; a dozen times in his Polish campaign he had been close to death. He had been wounded in head and body, horses had been repeatedly slain under him, he had grappled bodily with foes dragging him off to capture. Perhaps only thus could he have won such utter devotion from his soldiers, only thus have trained them to that calm scorn of danger which made them irresistible. But at Lutzen he took at last one chance too many. Almost alone he galloped recklessly from one body of his troops toward another, crossing a region swept by the enemy's fire. Two shots struck him and as he sought feebly

to ride away from the zone of death, a little troop of German cavalry surrounded him and cut him down. Instead of retreating at the news, his entire army charged madly at the foe for vengeance, swept them from the field, and pursued them with slaughter far into the darkness of the night.

Vast possibilities, vast plans—only he himself could say how vast—perished with Gustavus. The war did not end, but it assumed a more equal balance. His little daughter inherited his throne; his trusted chancellor, Oxenstjerna, governed as regent; generals trained under the eye of Gustavus commanded his armies and proved not unworthy pupils in conducting the unequal strife. All went on as he had arranged that it should go, only he, the master, was no longer there.

Wallenstein fought no more after his one defeat. Two years later he was slain by some of his own officers on a charge of seeking to seize a kingdom for himself. No other German general could oppose the Swedes. They penetrated almost to Vienna, and would have captured it had not France suddenly withheld her promised aid. Richelieu feared his allies were being too successful. The German princes also were unwilling to crush the Emperor too completely, and drew back from aiding these terrible Swedes. Denmark joined the attack upon them, though with such poor success as we have already seen.

The war drifted on for years in a rather purposeless way. The Swedes won victory after victory with only one or two defeats; but they grew fewer and fewer in number, too few to conquer the Empire, too few even to hold such districts as they had mastered, and finally in 1648, the celebrated treaty of Westphalia settled all disputes and restored peace to distracted Europe. Sweden received a big indemnity and gained extensive territories along the northern German coast, including Western Pomerania and other districts. More than ever did her territories seem extending to enclose the entire Baltic Sea and to make of it a Swedish lake. But these rewards were poor compensation for what the sparsely peopled Swedish homeland had lost, the lives of so many of her bravest, ablest, and most loyal sons.



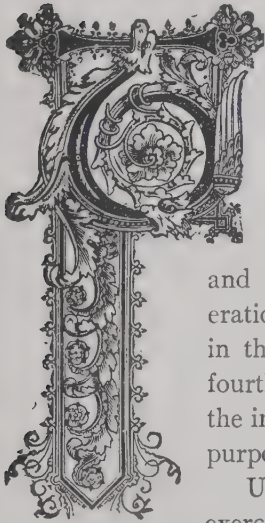


BEARING HOME THE BODY OF CHARLES XII

Chapter VIII

THE ZENITH OF SWEDISH POWER AND ITS DECLINE UNDER CHARLES XII

[*Special Authorities:* King Oscar II of Sweden, "Charles XII"; Voltaire, "History of Charles XII"; D'Alembert, "Memoirs and Reflection on Christina of Sweden"; Lacombe, "History of Christina"; Bain, "Christina Queen of Sweden," "Charles XII"; Alderfeldt, "Military History of Charles XII"; Alberg, "Charles XII"; Browning, "Charles XII"; Coxe, "Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough"; Robinson, "Account of Sweden in 1717."]



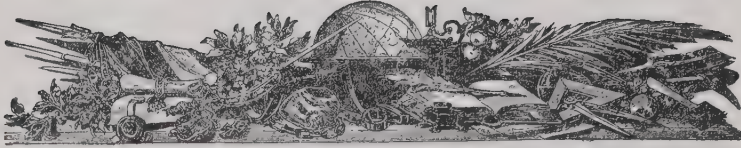
HE general peace of 1648 left Sweden one of the chief powers of Europe; but she had not yet reached her greatest territorial expanse. Neither was this attained under Christina, the daughter of Gustavus, though she was assuredly one of the ablest women of her day, and one of the most spectacular figures that have ever flashed across the page of history. Gustavus Adolphus, his father Charles IX, and his grandfather Gustavus I present to us three successive generations of remarkable ability, perhaps even of the highest genius, in the house of Vasa. Christina, sole direct representative of the fourth generation, was not lacking in the insight, the courage and the intellectual power of her race; but she had not their steadiness of purpose, and so her career became not glorious but only *bizarre*.

Upon the course of Sweden in the Thirty Years' War Christina exercised little influence because of her youth. The struggle was carried on and the peace terms arranged by the famous chancellor Oxenstjerna. Before the war had quite reached its close, the queen, at the age of eighteen (1644), was given the full royal authority. But she showed no interest in the serious work of government; and while wisely continuing her old

and trusted ministers in office, she devoted her own career to pleasure. Her amusements were at first those of harmless vanity, but they soon began to transgress the bounds of decency. She lavished enormous gifts of the crown lands upon unworthy favorites. She seriously embarrassed the finances of the kingdom. When her counsellors remonstrated, she threatened to resign her crown; and such was the devotion to her father, still warm in the hearts of the nation, that this threat brought the sternest of her lecturers to submission. They entreated her to marry, but she persistently refused; and matters grew worse and worse until under her influence the manners of the once staid capital of Stockholm became such as one is pained to contemplate. The protests of the grave Oxenstjerna were distasteful to the gay young queen. She dismissed him from office, and he died in sorrow.

At length, ten years after her accession (1654), Christina actually carried out her threat and with elaborate and solemn ceremony abdicated the throne. She had outworn the patience of her nation; and there were none now to protest, except a few favorites who saw their power slipping from them. That she acted without full meditation and realization of what the change meant, seems evident from the fact that twice afterward she endeavored to win back the crown, and failing that, sought to be elected Queen of Poland. The real motive of her startling act seems to have been partly pique roused by the disapproval of her countrymen, partly a real dislike of the weariness of ruling, and mainly the desire to attract attention, to proclaim herself superior to others, and to enact before the world a drama absolutely unique. She arranged to receive an enormous income from Sweden, and then abandoning the country with expressions of disgust, she became a wanderer through Europe, a queen without a country, a visitor at many courts, received with high honors at first, but so imperious, so dangerous, that by degrees she was barred out of many lands. She settled at Rome, and became a Catholic, renouncing the religion for which her fathers had so heroically striven. She received a pension from the Roman Church, and under its protection she remained, a brilliant, petulant, intriguing power. Old age could not calm her blood nor bring its peaceful repose to her restless brain. Only death released her from that insatiable craving to impress her name upon the world.

Meanwhile the Swedes found themselves much relieved by their queen's desertion. Her cousin, son of the only sister of Gustavus Adolphus, was proclaimed king as Charles X. He also sought the reputation of a conqueror; and after a successful war with Poland, marched his forces suddenly across Prussia against Denmark. The most memorable feature of the brief war that followed, was Charles' spectacular crossing of the Danish straits upon the ice. Over the "Little Belt" between Jutland and Funen, he forced his way in defiance of a Danish army drawn up to oppose him, and despite the weakness of the ice, which broke in places and caused several companies of his troops to be swallowed by the sea. This



GERMANY WELCOMES GUSTAVUS

(The Advance of the Triumphant Swedes Carries Them to Nuremberg)

From a painting by Paul Ritter, of Nuremberg, in 1884

GUSTAVUS led his Swedes into the great German religious war at a time when Protestantism seemed utterly defeated. So fearful had the Protestant princes of Germany become that though they had prayed Gustavus to help them, they dared not help him. They left his Swedes alone to face all the power of the Catholic Emperor.

In this extremity Gustavus proved himself a remarkably able general. He met the Emperor's celebrated general, Tilly, and defeated him in two decisive battles, though the Imperial forces were double the numbers of the Swedes. Gustavus proved himself a statesman also and fairly forced his German Protestant allies to aid him. Then, having swept the German armies from his path, Gustavus advanced in a sort of triumphal progress across all the north of Germany and far into the south. City after city opened its gates to him, the Protestant towns welcoming him as a saviour, and the Catholic ones not daring to oppose him.

The furthest point the Swedes reached in this successful march was Nuremberg, which lies in the very heart of southern Germany. Their hero king was now in a wholly Catholic region; yet even there the people welcomed him not unwillingly, so great had his fame become, both as a soldier and as a wise and generous sovereign who might be trusted to be just to all men.





remarkable battle ended with the surrender of the entire Danish force; and Charles, pressing forward, crossed without accident the "Great Belt" which separates Funen from Zealand. He was thus enabled to assail Copenhagen in a manner never before attempted, and to besiege it without the aid of a fleet.

The Danes, finding themselves helpless against him, submitted to a peace the most ruinous that had yet been forced upon them (1658). Their ancient possessions upon the Scandinavian peninsula were taken from them for the third time, and were now permanently joined to Sweden. The conqueror was also given possession of several of the Baltic Islands and the northern half of Norway. These latter concessions Sweden soon lost again, but the ancient land of Scania is still hers to-day. The treaty of 1658 saw Sweden at the widest extent of her territorial expansion.

So easy did the partitioning of Denmark seem that Charles X hungered for another slice, and within a year he discovered new cause of quarrel with his victim. Copenhagen was again besieged. The triumphant Swedes threw themselves with eagerness upon this last stronghold of their former foes and ancient oppressors. "We will divide Denmark first," they boasted, "and discuss the causes of the war afterward."

The Danish king, Frederick III, son and successor of Christian IV, found help in his extremity by appealing to Holland and England. They sent ships which aided the Danes in driving off the Swedish fleet; and a large portion of the Swedish army, caught thus in a trap without supplies, was compelled to surrender. Charles X carried the war into Norway. He had one or two successes there, and then he died (1660). The Swedish government hastened to make peace, resigning its hold on northern Norway, but retaining Scania.

Charles X was succeeded on the throne by his son, Charles XI, a child of four, and a long period of comparative peace followed between Sweden and Denmark. Only once was it broken during nearly forty years, and that was when the two lands were forced to take part in the great continental wars that opened the reign of the French monarch, Louis XIV. The Swedes, tempted into an alliance with Louis, sought to aid him by attacking the "Great Elector" of Brandenburg. They were badly defeated at Fehrbellin and elsewhere and lost much of the high military prestige which they had formerly possessed. The Danes were in the alliance against Louis, and their splendid fleet crushed the Swedish navy in a great sea-fight off the island of Oland, the Swedish flagship blowing up at the beginning of the battle. The Danish army however was defeated in a bloody battle in Sweden, so that the strife left the two nations about as before. The districts from which the Swedes were driven in Germany, were restored to them at the peace of Ryswick (1679), Louis XIV insisting that they should not lose by having been his friends.

Much more important to all Scandinavia during this period was the final break

down of the power of the nobility. We have seen how absolutely they had held control of Denmark. Their opposition had brought disaster to the land under Christian IV, and again in the more recent wars by which Sweden had so nearly completed the conquest of the country. So embittered did the rest of the inhabitants become against these haughty oppressors, that in 1660, when the great council of the kingdom assembled in Copenhagen, there was a sudden, complete, and bloodless revolution. Deputations from the clergy and from the citizens of Copenhagen, the burghers whose sturdy defense of their city had saved Denmark from complete dismemberment, appeared before the king, Frederick III. They entreated him to assume absolute power, to withdraw all the privileges he had been compelled to grant the nobility, and to strike at the very root of the nobles' power by declaring the monarchy hereditary instead of elective. Frederick feared and hesitated; the nobles protested; but the burghers locked the gates of the city and insisted. In the end, secretly aided by the king, they achieved their purpose. The nobles consented to the new order of things, and Denmark became an absolute monarchy, Frederick's power being limited only by such laws and regulations as he himself arranged for the benefit of the three orders, the nobles, the clergy, and the burghers. The peasantry, it should be noted, had no part whatever in the change; they had sunk to the position of mere slaves.

For a time the country prospered under the new order of things, and even the nobles were content. But by degrees Frederick and his successor Christian V laid such heavy taxes upon these former enemies of the throne that they sank into poverty, and Christian completed their ruin by creating a new order of nobility from among the wealthy townsfolk and his German favorites. This new-born and more pliant aristocracy soon completely supplanted the old.

A similar revolution occurred in Sweden. The nobility there had been subdued by Gustavus Vasa; but they had gradually regained power, especially when the death of Gustavus Adolphus left them without adult monarchs of assured right to the succession. Almost the first public act of the child king, Charles XI, after emerging from his minority, was to induce the council of Sweden to join him in passing a law of "reassumption" (1680), by which he was authorized to take back some portion of the crown lands which had been so lavishly scattered by Christina. The early form of this law was very mild, but the king kept increasing its scope by degrees, until he had impoverished all the nobility. The great lords protested repeatedly; but the common people, who both dreaded and hated them, upheld the king, and finally in 1693, a law was passed which made Charles "the sole depository of the sovereign authority, and entitled to govern the realm according to his will and pleasure, without being responsible to any power on earth."

It was to this absolute power over a people who both loved and respected the race of their royal rulers that Charles XII, a boy of fourteen, succeeded on the



PRAYER OF THE SWEDES AT LUTZEN

(Gustavus Before Leading His Troops Into His Last Battle Asks Heaven's Help)

From a painting made in 1894 by Wilhelm Rauber

AT Nuremberg, Gustavus knew that he was approaching the crisis of his career. He had completely defeated the Imperial German army; but the Emperor in his extremity had sought aid from Germany's greatest warrior, Wallenstein. This dark and terrible leader of men had been dismissed from the Emperor's service as a traitor; now he was recalled at his own price, and by tremendous effort he raised a new army against Gustavus. During an entire campaign these two remarkable military geniuses maneuvered against each other, until at length, each feeling that there was no further advantage to be gained, they hurled their forces against each other in the great battle of Lutzen (1632).

The troops of Wallenstein were wild adventurers, riotous followers of a master whom they half believed to be the devil. The men of Gustavus looked to their leader almost as a saint. He gathered his cavalry around him in a final prayer to Heaven, and then led them across the plain of Lutzen in a determined charge against the foe.

After a terrific fight the troops of Wallenstein were completely broken and dispersed in flight. But Gustavus himself perished in the moment of victory; and he had been the soul of his army. Protestantism and Catholicism both shrank back dismayed from that stricken field of Lutzen. Victory seemed as costly as defeat.





death of his father (1697). This is the Charles XII who has become so widely known to other nations as "the madman of the North." He was the last of the series of great military leaders who had raised Sweden to such heights of renown. Under him her overstrained resources gave way at last, and she was plunged into ruin.

A regency was established to govern for the young king till he should be eighteen. But within six months of his accession, he asserted himself, and compelled the annulment of the regency and his own formal coronation. At this ceremony, instead of waiting for the diadem to be placed upon his head, he snatched it from the officiating prelate and crowned himself. The people applauded him. They desired vigorous kings; such had protected them before. The act seemed, however, but a momentary spark of self-assertion; the youthful monarch made no use of his power. He devoted himself to hunting and other sports; he revelled in fine clothes; he acted like the mere boy he was. Observing this, three ancient enemies of the kingdom conspired secretly against him. Sweden's weakness had been fully revealed in the wars of Louis XIV. A feeble kingdom under a childish king offered tempting opportunity for regaining those ancient provinces that she herself had seized by strength of sword. Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, poured his barbarian hordes into Ingermanland to reassert his country's dominion over what was to be the site of his future capital, St. Petersburg. Frederick Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, marched his armies into Livonia, once a Polish dependency. Frederick IV of Denmark attacked certain German districts allied to Sweden (1700).

The plotters had underestimated young Charles. He rose suddenly to the full stature of manhood, put aside forever his boyhood's amusements, and announced to his people that while he would never begin an unjust war, he would never abandon a just one without destroying the aggressor. With the military genius of his great race, he saw at once the weak point in the apparently overwhelming combination against him. Leaving the distant provinces to defend themselves as best they could, he attacked the nearest foe. He besieged Copenhagen, and so vigorously did he press the attack upon it, that King Frederick of Denmark abandoned his distant and ill-advised German expedition, to hurry home. The frightened burghers of Copenhagen paid Charles a large sum as ransom for the city; and the Danish king was glad to patch up a humiliating peace before worse befell.

Having thus detached from the alliance the nearest and most dreaded foe, Charles without loss of time transported his troops across the Baltic against Russia. Peter the Great at the head of eighty thousand troops was besieging Narva, and had reduced it to sore straits. But his army was an undisciplined mob; and, when they learned of the rapid approach of the celebrated Swedish soldiers, they

fell into panic. The young Czar himself deserted the field, leaving the command to a German general whom the Russians distrusted. Charles attacked them like a madman with scarcely six thousand men, and the Russians fled. Thousands were slain, and thousands drowned in a neighboring river. Finding flight impossible, the great bulk of the army surrendered as prisoners. So far did they outnumber their captors, that Charles, fearing they would recover from their terror, hastened to disarm them and order them off to their homes.

This battle of Narva (1700) fixed the eyes of the world on the young Swedish conqueror. The following spring he led his forces into Livonia, drove out the Poles and Saxons who had been harassing it, and pursued them into Poland. Three years were spent in overthrowing the Saxon rulers of that land, and reducing it to a condition of submission; but by 1704, the Poles were so humbled that they took a new king of Charles' selection. He might have had the crown himself, but he affected to despise it.

Had Charles XII but known when to pause he would have been a conqueror indeed; but his successes led him to believe he could accomplish anything. Finding that the Czar's forces still attacked the borderlands in his absence, and that the deposed Saxon king of Poland still annoyed the Poles from his retreat in Saxony, Charles determined to complete the destruction of both of his opponents. In 1706, he braved the wrath of the entire German Empire by crossing its borders and attacking the Saxons in their own country. So great was the acknowledged excellence of the Swedish soldiers, so widespread the terror inspired by Charles himself, that hardly any resistance was offered, and soon Saxony was completely in his hands.

Charles XII was now at the zenith of his power. All Europe feared him. He even exacted concessions from the Emperor. The famous victories of Marlborough and Prince Eugene had just broken the power of Louis XIV; and it was felt that should Charles elect, as his father had done, to ally himself with the French monarch, he might still restore the balance in Louis's favor. The Duke of Marlborough journeyed in person to the Swedish camp to placate the fiery king. But Charles had no thought of aiding France. He had fostered for the Czar Peter, the one enemy he could not reach, a savage and implacable hatred. He was resolved to subjugate Russia, as he had Poland. Beyond that, the vaguest dreams of conquest allured him. He was but a madman after all. He would dethrone the Pope, conquer the Turks, march an army over Persia—as Alexander the Great had done.

Against Russia he advanced in the fall of 1707. He had gathered nearly eighty thousand Swedish troops, the envy and admiration of the world. But Russia is an illimitable wilderness. Napoleon's half million of men were swallowed up in it. The invasion of Charles could only terminate as did the later and vaster one. All



DENMARK'S GREATEST NAVAL VICTORY

(King Christian, Wounded, Wins the Great Sea Fight Off Coburg)

After an antique Danish print

THIS tremendous Thirty Years' War did not end without seeing Denmark and Sweden once more in opposition. That same King Christian of Denmark who had challenged Gustavus to war at the beginning of his reign, remained the warlike champion of Denmark through a reign of sixty years. As the long religious war dragged toward its close, and all the other nations began to unite in fear of the conquering Swedes, King Christian led Denmark also into the league against his ancient enemies. This action was dangerous and reckless, the sort of deed that always appealed to Christian. His land was at once assailed by the combined navies of Sweden and Protestant Holland. Christian met these dangerous foes with a much smaller fleet off the harbor of Coburg.

The Danes still sing with pride of the great victory they gained at Coburg. The battle was desperate. King Christian was sorely wounded in the head; but when his people thought him dying, he rallied and declared that God had spared him so he might save their country from destruction. Then after a solemn prayer he led his men back into the fight, and won it in the end. Yet he could not save exhausted Denmark from yielding to a ruinous peace, by which she surrendered much territory to Sweden.





that winter, all the following year, Charles advanced. The Russians fought and were defeated, fell back, and fought again. The next winter came, and the Swedish army had dwindled to a remnant of twenty thousand. They could advance no farther; but their leader, obstinate in adversity, would not retreat. He turned southward, seeking alliance with the Cossacks; but in vain. His troops suffered miseries indescribable, until the Russians put an end to the long agony by making a final successful attack. The Swedish army was overwhelmed by them at Pultowa (1709).

Charles, who had been wounded a few days previously, was carried through this, his last great battle, on a litter. He did all man could do, to urge his soldiers on; but the end had come. With only a few hundred followers he escaped from the disastrous field and fled southward into Turkey. The Sultan received him with honor, as who would not have welcomed so renowned a sovereign? When Peter, who had set his heart on capturing the person of Charles, demanded that he be given up, the Sultan refused. Charles even succeeded in embroiling the two potentates in war, and accompanied the Turkish army on a successful campaign, in which Peter in his turn was close to capture. A contemptuous peace was accorded Russia by the Turks, at which Charles, furious at his enemy's escape, raved in vain. The Sultan in dignified fashion ordered his too assertive and abusive guest to leave Turkey. Charles refused, and with his remaining followers barricaded himself in his mansion, defying the forces sent to evict him.

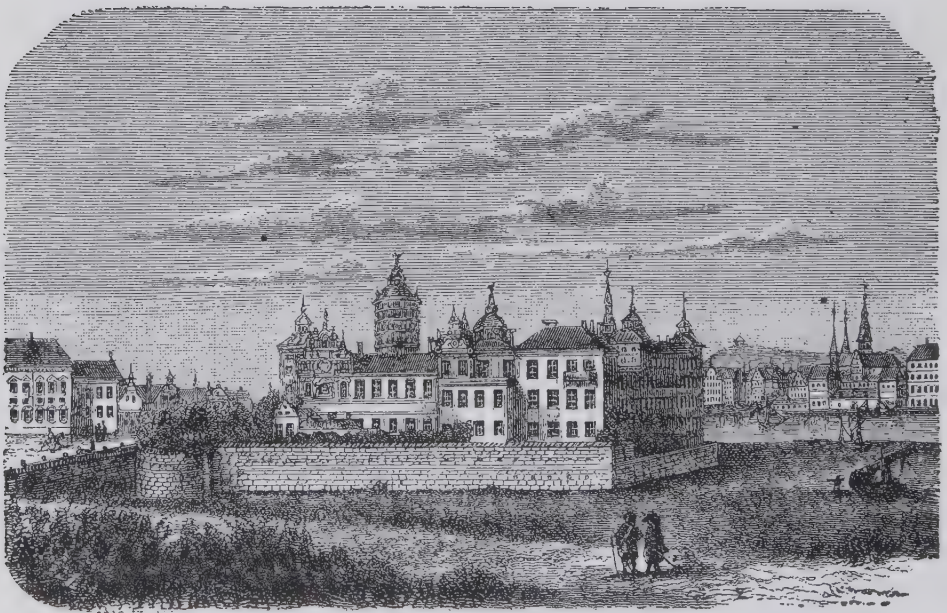
This disgraceful brawl was overlooked by the Sultan, whose admiration for Charles had not wholly faded, and the fugitive Swede was allowed to remain yet a while longer among the Turks. Then hearing that his country was once more being assailed by all his foes, he shook off the lassitude of despair which seemed settling upon him. Unattended and in disguise, he executed a daring ride across the breadth of Europe. Passing like the wind through the realms of his enemies, he appeared suddenly at the gates of his beleaguered fortress of Stralsund (1714).

Six states, Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Saxony, Poland, and Hanover, had united to seize what territories they wished from unprotected Sweden. The Swedes, notwithstanding the loss of the flower of their nation in Charles' ill-fated Russian expedition, defended themselves heroically. The seaport of Malmo, the key to the invasion of the land from southward, was taken and retaken. A Danish army was driven out of Sweden. Denmark was invaded and once more ravaged even to the border of Germany, where the city of Altona was burned. But the overwhelming forces of Russia and of the Germans soon enabled them to take possession of all Sweden's territory beyond her own peninsula, except the fortress of Stralsund and one other.

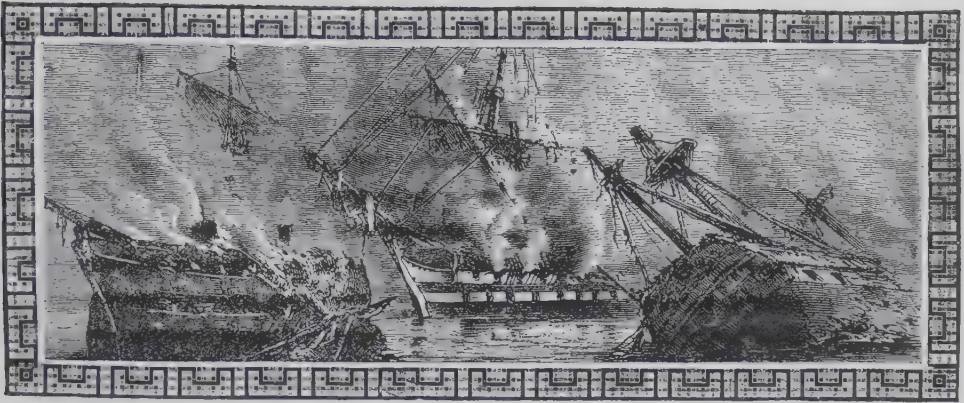
The reappearance of Charles reanimated his people once again; but it also made more determined the effort of the allies to end the war at a blow by the cap-

ture of the king. The siege of Stralsund was kept up with desperate valor upon both sides for over a year. Then, the fall of the fortress having become inevitable, Charles escaped in a fishing-boat to Sweden. Still he struggled; still his enemies encompassed him. His people supported him with the most heroic devotion. So bare was the land stripped of men that there was danger of a famine. The king resorted to negotiations. He attempted to detach Russia from his foes, by granting all she demanded. The project seemed successful, but in the moment of its completion Charles perished. He was attacking the Danes in Norway, besieging the fortress of Fredericshald, when he was shot down by an unknown hand.

His death ended the war. The exhausted Swedes made his sister Ulrica queen, with the express stipulation that peace should be sought on any terms. Most of Sweden's German territories were surrendered. The Russians, who had seized all the provinces east of the Baltic, withdrew reluctantly from Finland, but were allowed to keep their other conquests. Sweden, half depopulated, and reduced to the rank of a minor kingdom, abandoned her insane strife for empire. She sought to secure instead the prosperity which only comes with peace.



THE PALACE OF CHARLES XII AT STOCKHOLM



BATTLE OF THE DANES AGAINST NELSON

Chapter IX

THE UNION OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY UNDER BERNADOTTE

[*Special Authorities*: Bernadotte's Correspondence; Bain, "Gustavus III and his Contemporaries", Brown, "Memoirs of the Sovereigns of Denmark"; Hellfried, "The English Attack on Denmark"; Meredith, "Memorials of Charles XIV"; Sheridan, "History of the Late Revolution in Sweden."]



THE ancient glory and greatness of Scandinavia was at an end. From the time of the fall of Charles XII, the political history of all three of the Scandinavian kingdoms becomes a mere pathetic repetition of the hopeless struggles made by the small states of Europe during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries to protect themselves against the aggression of the larger Powers. In Sweden this struggle had not even the glow of patriotism to enhance its interest. With the accession of Ulrica, sister of Charles XII, the nobles regained their power. Before admitting her to the throne, they made her agree to a constitution which placed all the authority in the hands of the diet or general council of the kingdom. The queen became a mere figurehead; and even her nominal authority she soon resigned to her husband, a German prince, who as Frederick I reigned from 1720 to 1750.

The only lesson to be gathered from his reign or that of his successor is the danger of party government and the lengths to which partisan animosity may go. The nobles, like every one else in the exhausted country, had become very poor; and finding the government in their possession, they began a disgraceful scramble for the official positions and their perquisites. Two parties sprang up nicknamed the Hats and the Nightcaps, the chief difference of opinion between them being as to which should be permitted to plunder

the government. Each side accused the other of treason, and the axe and the block were called into frequent use for judicial murder.

Both France and Russia, the two chief Powers then interested in the North, found it cheaper to bribe Sweden than to fight with her. Many of her officials were almost openly in the employ of one of the rival Powers; some of them managed to draw funds from both. In 1741, the French influence predominated, and the diet proclaimed war against Russia, a mad war for which the state was wholly unprepared, so that the Russian troops had no difficulty in seizing Finland. Part of it they retained; part was restored in return for the obsequious submission of Sweden. The Swedes selected as heir to their childless king a German prince, dictated by the Russians.

This ruler, Adolphus Frederick (1750-1771), followed the course of his predecessor in a comfortable indifference to the miseries of the land over which he possessed no real authority. The nobles clung tenaciously to their monopoly of the government. Even to suggest a change in the constitution was made a crime punishable with death. Sweden joined in the general European attack on Frederick the Great of Prussia in the Seven Years' War (1756-1762). So feeble, however, and even ludicrous were the military efforts of the Swedes that when, in the general peace which Frederick won from his enemies, arrangements with Sweden were proposed, the sarcastic monarch remarked that he had not been aware he was at war with that country.

In 1771, there came a change; King Adolphus Frederick was succeeded by his son, Gustavus III. For the first time in over half a century the Swedes had a king born and reared among them, one who could speak their language, could feel for their miseries and shame. Gustavus was resolved from the first to rescue his country from its thralldom to the nobility. Whether he was most actuated by patriotism or by self-interest, we need not too closely inquire. He was both bold and subtle; he took the coronation oaths to observe the constitution, but at heart he had already repudiated it. A pretended rebellion was raised by some officers in the army as a pretext which enabled the king to call around him a large body of special troops. To these he appealed eloquently for support, and on their pledge to follow him, he surrounded the house in which the diet was assembled, and forced from its members the abrogation of the constitution. Well knowing how both they and their laws were hated, the nobles had not the courage to defy the king; and in two hours the *coup d'état* was completed. Gustavus became an absolute ruler; but in accordance with promises made to his supporters, he at once promulgated another constitution, giving some slight degree of power to the people (1772).

Gustavus III was not a man to devote his life to a single purpose. He honestly endeavored to increase the prosperity and with it the military strength of



THE DANISH VICTORY OF OLAND

(The Danish Fleet Again Saves the Country from Swedish Conquest)

After a painting by the Dutch artist, Hans Bohrdt

THE religious wars which had exhausted all Europe came to an end in 1648. Yet the unfortunate division of the Scandinavian peoples into two kingdoms prevented the north from having peace. Denmark and Sweden still continued to exhaust each other. The Swedes continued to harass enfeebled Denmark. Up to this period Denmark had always included as part of her domains, Scania, the southern province of the Swedish mainland. This was regarded as an integral part of Denmark, which was the country of the Baltic's mouth, including the islands and the mainland on both sides of them. Now, however, the Swedes seized Scania. Denmark seemed about to be engulfed by her stronger rival.

Once more, however, the Danish navy saved the country, when its land forces were helpless. In 1676 the Danes, aided by some German ships, attacked the Swedes near the island of Oland. The Swedish flagship blew up at the beginning of the fight; and the demoralized Swedes were completely defeated. At about the same time the Swedish army was defeated by the Germans. Sweden lost most of the prestige which she had held since the days of Gustavus. Europe began to feel that the Swedes no longer possessed their former warlike skill.





Sweden; but most of his time was spent in frivolities which he imitated from France. His court became a centre of fantastic extravagances such as it could ill support. He posed as a patron of the arts, had operas and plays, tournaments, masquerades, and fêtes of every kind. Taxes increased and became oppressive. Discontent grew loud.

In 1787 Gustavus seized a favorable opportunity for declaring war against Russia. Sweden could not forget her lost possessions, and Russia was at the moment in desperate strife with the Turks. Almost unopposed, the forces of Gustavus approached St. Petersburg; its inhabitants were in terror; but a number of Swedish officers, members of the nobility, suddenly refused to follow their king farther. Under the constitution he had himself granted, he could not begin war in a foreign land without the consent of the diet, and this had not been obtained. So his carefully gathered armament sailed back to Sweden, like that of the nursery-rhyme King of France which marched up the hill and down again. The nobles who had thwarted Gustavus were accused by him of being in the pay of Russia, which they probably were; and the people, whether they had approved the king's expedition or not, were infuriated against its betrayers. The leader of these was executed, and new laws were passed still further restraining the nobility and making the king almost absolute.

In the midst of these bickerings came the tremendous French Revolution sweeping over Europe with its sudden shock to monarchs, forcing old foes to become friends in face of the common danger. Gustavus made peace with Russia. He had vast and rather visionary plans of an alliance in which he himself was to command the armies of Russia, the German Empire, Sardinia and Spain, which with his own troops he was to lead against the French. A treaty looking toward this had even been signed by the German Emperor, when Gustavus was assassinated. He was shot down by a black-cloaked masquer during the revels at one of the royal balls (1792).

So many people might have found advantage in his death, that the true source of the murder has never been definitely placed. Duke Charles, the brother of the king, has often been accused of planning it. More probable culprits were the Empress of Russia, to whom Gustavus had caused such anxiety; or the government of France, against which he was about to move; or his own nobility, whom he had crushed. At any rate the assassin, no fanatic but a cool and calculating murderer, entered the ballroom, shot the king, and escaped under shelter of a group of accomplices disguised like himself. He was traced, captured, and executed; but whatever confessions or accusations he may have uttered, have never been revealed.

Gustavus IV, son of the murdered king, was still a boy; so a regency was established under his uncle, Duke Charles. Charles made peace with everybody,

including the French. He reversed at every point the policy of his predecessor, and even sought to wed the new king, his youthful charge, to a Russian princess. Gustavus, a strange, silent lad, journeyed to Russia at his uncle's command, consented to all the preliminaries of betrothal, but at the last moment when all were awaiting him, failed to appear for the final ceremony. He had learned that his bride was to be allowed to keep to her national faith; he insisted she must become a Protestant like himself, and the negotiations were broken off.

This act of the youth was characteristic of the man, honest but fanatic, and silent, almost sullen, in his obstinacy. He was declared of age at eighteen (1796), and became the bitterest though by no means the most formidable opponent of the rising star of Napoleon.

The French conqueror dominated all the western part of continental Europe, but Gustavus opposed him at every turn. This policy lost Sweden her German territories, which she only feebly defended; but as English fleets kept Napoleon off the sea, Sweden was not otherwise incommoded until Russia and France became allied in 1807. One reason for the alliance was that Russia could thereby seize on Finland, which she promptly did.

For over a year the Swedes struggled bravely against their fate; but Finland was conquered and their country invaded from the north. Denmark also declared war against Sweden. All Europe seemed eager to share the spoils of her dismemberment. In this extremity King Gustavus continued obstinate and unyielding; he would hear no word of seeking peace with either France or Russia. Believing himself the chosen instrument of Heaven to overthrow Napoleon, he expected the divine favor to manifest itself at any moment. His people protested; they declared him insane; at length they took matters into their own hands, and a party of officers, upheld by almost universal approval, seized and imprisoned the king. He was declared dethroned, and his uncle Charles was once more called to rule the country, this time as King Charles XIII (1809-1818).

Charles, as he had once done before, sought peace at any price. It was not now so easy to obtain. Finland and also Bothnia were surrendered to Russia; and Sweden was compelled to join Napoleon's "Continental Alliance," which forbade all trade with England. As the Swedes depended on England for some of the actual necessities of life, this treaty strictly carried out would have meant starvation. But except for its secret evasion by much smuggling, Sweden became a submissive vassal state to France.

Her dependence caused what was, perhaps, the strangest of her many strange experiences in choosing rulers. Her aged king was childless. He strove to propitiate his many enemies by selecting as his heir a Danish prince. This adopted son died; and the Swedes, in their abject submission to Napoleon, appealed to the conqueror to select whom he pleased, as their future sovereign. He failed to



CHARLES XII AT NARVA

(The Little Swedish Army Sweeps Over the Untrained Russian Hordes)

After a drawing by the German artist, Julius Schaber

AT this time Sweden held almost all the coastlands surrounding the Baltic. Only Denmark and a very small strip of German coast had not succumbed to her. But if she had really lost her military strength she could not hope to retain these lands. A dozen neighbors were only too eager to snatch them from her. A favorable chance seemed offered them by the accession in 1697 of a new sovereign, a boy of only fourteen, the celebrated Charles XII.

Hoping to take advantage of Charles' youth, Denmark, Poland, Saxony and Russia all at the same time seized upon some of his outlying territories. Charles met his many foes with the skill of a great general. Attacking Denmark first with all his strength, he besieged Copenhagen and forced the country to a despairing peace. Then Charles transported all his troops suddenly to the Russian border, where he had to face the newly risen genius of Peter the Great. Peter had gathered an enormous army of Russians to besiege the Swedish seaport fortress of Narva. Charles attacked him with a little army, not one-tenth the numbers of the Russian hordes. Yet such was the daring and skill of the young Swedish leader, such the confusion and fear of the Russians, that the latter took to almost instant flight. The Swedes hacked at the retreating mass and slew or made prisoners at will. Narva drew the admiring eyes of Europe once more upon Sweden and upon the new warrior who had arisen there.





indicate his choice with clearness, seeming to lean now toward one candidate, now toward another. The Swedes suggested that one of his own marshals might be chosen, and this also he approved. The diet was already met; there was much confusion and uncertainty as to the tyrant's real desires. Finally, thinking to oblige him, the Swedes elected that one of his marshals whom probably he least of all desired, whom he both feared and suspected, and with whom he was already secretly engaged in quarrel. The man who thus, as by an accident, became crown prince of Sweden, was Jean (John) Bernadotte, once a corporal in the French army, but risen to be an able general, a shrewd statesman, and a polished man of the world. He was ready enough to become a king, promptly accepted the proffered position, and abandoned his own Catholic religion for the Swedish Lutheran church (1810).

"Go then," said Napoleon to him ungraciously, "let us each fulfill our destiny."

Those destinies soon led them wide apart. Bernadotte, or Prince Charles John, as he was christened and thereafter known, became at once, as by the force of the man it was inevitable he should become, the real ruler and guiding power of Sweden. He seemed to bow to Napoleon's wishes. He even declared war against England. But secretly, seeing the necessities of his people, he encouraged trade with the English, and the war was a sort of *opera-bouffe* affair which could not long deceive the astute Napoleon. The Emperor in anger took away from Sweden all the German provinces which he had restored to her. This punishment seeming insufficient, he notified both the English and Russian governments that he no longer cared to what extent they might choose to plunder Sweden.

"Napoleon has himself thrown down the gauntlet," said Prince Charles John, now thoroughly a Swede, "I will take it up."

He made a secret treaty with Russia, whose Czar Alexander had also grown restive under Napoleon's insolence. To Alexander in his great war with France, the Swedish alliance, every alliance, was of vast importance. To secure the support of Prince Charles, he was even ready if necessary to restore Finland to Sweden. The two monarchs however, effected a compromise; it was agreed between them, that instead of Finland, the Swedes should be allowed to take possession of Norway, which Denmark had grown too feeble to defend.

With both Russia and England thus on his side, Prince Charles felt his northern peninsula safe against anything Napoleon could do, and openly defied his former master. He aided Russia greatly in her terrible struggle of 1812, and when Napoleon was crushed in the vast campaign of 1813 in Germany, it is said that the plan of operations against the French really emanated from the brain of their former marshal, Bernadotte. At all events, a Swedish army under Bernadotte took part in the stupendous war of the nations; and at its close the allies confirmed the

treaty he had made with Russia. Norway was taken from Denmark, and, with no consultation of the wishes of its people, was transferred to Sweden.

To understand the part taken by Denmark in these upheavals, we must look back a little. During most of the eighteenth century Denmark had sought for peace. She had avoided interference in the political affairs of Europe, and had honorably distinguished herself by her advance in civilization. The reign of Christian VI (1730-1746) had unfortunately been a period of religious bigotry, during which all amusements were forbidden, and the sombre king instituted a sort of Protestant Inquisition for the punishment of heretics. Most of the Danish sovereigns, however, were liberal and patriotic. Complete freedom was granted the press. In 1788, all the bonds which held the peasants in subjection were removed, and thus even before the Revolution in France, that unhappy class were in Denmark admitted to an equality with their more fortunate brothers.

During the Napoleonic upheaval, the peaceful policy of Denmark redounded at first to her advantage. Her navy had always been maintained in a state of high efficiency. Her people were all seamen, and her ships now shared with those of England and America the carrying trade of the world. But England soon displayed toward her the same domineering spirit that roused the Americans to resistance. Danish ships were searched and plundered at will of whatever England chose to call contraband of war. A Danish frigate was seized; and finally, despite every effort of the Danes for peace, England made war upon them, took forcible possession of the Danish East Indies, and without warning despatched a fleet against Copenhagen (1801).

Then followed Nelson's famous battle, in which the English have too freely claimed a victory they scarcely won. Though taken wholly by surprise, the Danish fleet under their admiral, Olert Fischer, made a glorious defense. Outnumbered, and with their ships anchored so that they could not manœuvre, they nevertheless fought so effectually that Nelson's superior officer ordered him to abandon the contest. When he persisted, the fight raged for hours; and though several Danish ships were captured, so battered were the English vessels that they were preparing to withdraw, when Nelson by threatening to destroy the ships and crews he had already taken, secured an armistice. The English admiral declared this the bloodiest and fiercest battle in which he had ever engaged.

Peace was reestablished, and for a few years more Denmark's commerce and consequent wealth increased with gigantic stride. But when, in 1807, Russia and France came to terms against England, it was evident that they would compel Denmark to join the rest of the Continent in antagonism to the common foe. Anticipating this, the English a second time despatched a fleet against Copenhagen, and with the threat of destroying the rich metropolis, demanded that the Danish fleet be surrendered into their possession.



THE SWEDES RECONQUER SCANIA

(The Soldiers of Charles XII Recapture Malmo, the Most Southern Port of Sweden)

From a painting by the Swedish artist, Gustav von Cederstrom

THE warlike career of Charles XII was like that of a brilliant shooting star, blazing fiercely, but soon burning itself out to nothing. Charles defeated Poland and Saxony as he had defeated Denmark and Russia. He was for a moment master of all the north; but he knew not where to stop. Convinced by his easy victory at Narva that the Russians could not fight, he was resolved to make a complete conquest of their vast land. For this purpose he invaded Russia in 1707 with by far the largest army Sweden ever managed to send forth, sixty thousand men. Almost all this splendid fighting force perished in the Russian wastes. The great Czar Peter wisely refused to give them battle, but constantly retreated and lured them on, until at last they were utterly exhausted. Then turning on the feeble remnant, Peter crushed them in the battle of Pultowa. Charles escaped almost alone and fled to Turkey and thence back home.

While the Swedish king was thus wandering in exile, all his enemies again combined against him. The Danes invaded Sweden and seized their lost province of Scania or southern Sweden. But the little remnant of the Swedes whom Charles had left at home rallied gallantly to defend their land. The regions beyond the Baltic they could not save; but they fought back the invading Danes inch by inch, and finally drove them wholly out of Scania. The last spot recovered amid grim rejoicing was the southmost seaport of Malmo.





The royal family fled from their Copenhagen palace, but the burghers and common folk prepared for resistance. British troops were landed and encircled the doomed city; Nelson's fleet bombarded it for three days. Then the commandant surrendered, and the unprepared Danish ships were given up to the piratical assailants. England has lauded Nelson to the skies as a hero, while she accuses the American Paul Jones of having been a pirate; and Americans, reading her literature, have been too apt to accept her verdicts. Yet no just judge can hesitate to say that Jones in his strength and solitude was the real hero, while Nelson and all the English lords and lawyers who abetted their country's assault on Denmark, were pirates, though perhaps driven to their criminal courses by necessity.

The same necessities of the situation, no less than her fury against England, now forced Denmark into alliance with Napoleon. She declared war on England and afterward upon Sweden, which under Gustavus IV was England's ally. Owing to England's command of the sea, communication between Denmark and Norway became increasingly difficult; and the plan of annexing Norway to Sweden, afterward arranged by Russia and Prince Charles John, was first suggested between England and Gustavus.

At Napoleon's downfall Denmark, impoverished and ruined by England, was the last of his allies to continue to uphold him. When called on by the confederated nations to surrender Norway, she had no choice and consented, being given some small portions of German territory in exchange (1814).

The Norwegians themselves did not yield so easily. For over four centuries, ever since the days of Queen Margaret, their land had been united with Denmark, while wars with Sweden had been frequent. They refused to be handed over tamely to the enemy. In a hastily convoked assembly, the people proudly proclaimed that since Denmark had cast them off and absolved them from their oaths of allegiance, they were a free nation, and such they would remain. Norway was declared an independent kingdom. A form of constitutional government was hastily drawn up; and the throne was proffered to Prince Christian, the Danish vicegerent of the land (May 17, 1814). Christian, afterward King Christian VIII of Denmark, accepted the offer on the same day; indeed, he had been a leader in the whole movement.

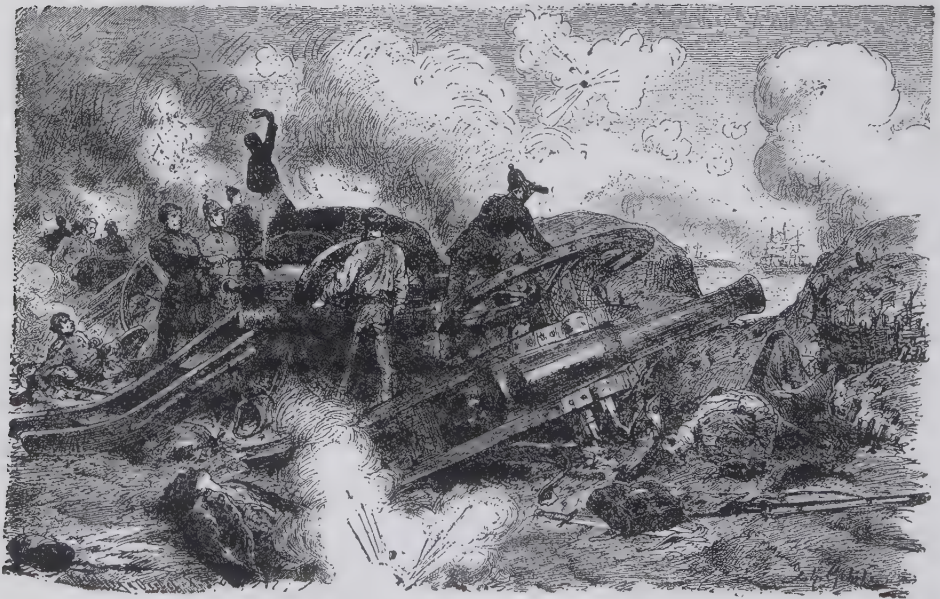
Thus^a Prince Charles John, hurrying back to Sweden to receive the gratitude of his people for the splendid province he had won them, found himself confronted by a nation in arms. He promptly led an army of thirty thousand Swedes into Norway to enforce the dubious rights he had acquired. The greater right, the right of common folk to speak for themselves, was little regarded in those days. Having given Norway to Prince Charles, the European Powers insisted that their mandate should be carried out. England lent him the aid of her ships to blockade the coast. Russian troops were made ready to join him if needed. The Nor

vegians could see no faintest prospect of success. Still they fought valiantly; and Prince Charles, knowing how little value for Sweden the province would have if its submission were obtained by bloodshed, and if its obedience must constantly be compelled by force—Prince Charles proposed an armistice.

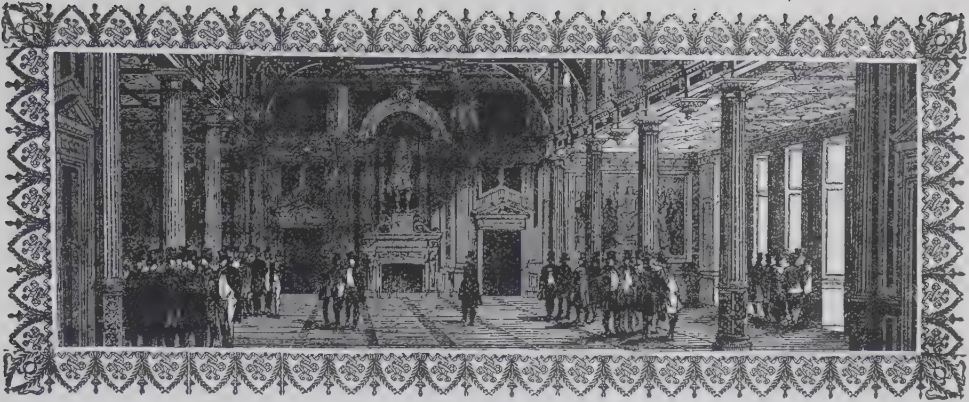
Speaking in the name of Sweden he offered to permit Norway to retain the extremely liberal constitution she had just established. All she need do was to accept the Swedish kings as her hereditary monarchs and to make such slight changes in the constitution as the Norwegians themselves would agree were needed to establish the union harmoniously. The Swedish assembly was to have no authority over them.

These generous terms were accepted. King Christian resigned his brief authority. Swedish commissioners came to confirm the form of the agreement, and before the end of the year Charles XIII, the old and feeble King of Sweden, was proclaimed King of Norway also, with Prince Charles John as his successor. The French corporal, Bernadotte, had travelled far.

The next year (1815), a formal Act of Union was drawn up and the Swedish government sent a declaration to the Powers that the treaty in Sweden's favor which they had promised to enforce, was formally abandoned; that Norway and Sweden were being united not under that treaty but of their own desire, "not by force of arms, but by free conviction."



GERMANS BOMBARDING THE DANISH FLEET, 1849

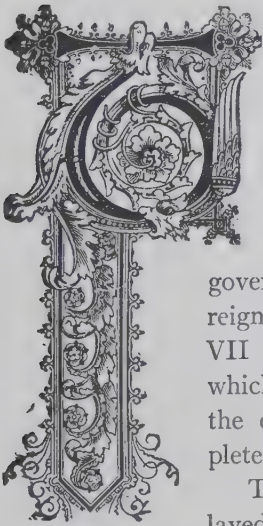


DEATH OF FREDERICK VII ANNOUNCED IN COPENHAGEN

Chapter X

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND THE PRESENT DAY

[*Special Authorities*: Bunsen, "Constitutional Rights of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein"; Gosch, "Denmark and Germany since 1815"; Laing, "Journal of a Residence in Norway"; Sorensen, "Norway"; Wraxall, "Visit to the Seat of War in the North."]



THE spoliation of Denmark, begun by England at the opening of the nineteenth century and continued by Sweden in 1814, was not to end there. Slowly after 1814 the Danes recovered their prosperity. The unhappy king, Frederick VI, who had sought to guide them through that period of tribulation, was led by the European revolts of 1830 to promise his people constitutional government; but this remained feeble and imperfect during his reign and that of his successor, Christian VIII. In 1848 Frederick VII succeeded to the crown, and amid the successful revolutions which were overturning thrones throughout that year, he retained the confidence of his subjects by promising to grant them complete self-government.

The immediate arrangement of constitutional details was delayed by a more pressing matter. The people of Holstein and also, though in less degree, those of Schleswig had always been partly German and not thoroughly in accord with the true Danes farther north. The use of the German language was spreading among the discontented, and their leader, Duke Christian of Augustenburg, began to show signs of a desire to reassert the ancient independence of Holstein. Moreover there had been a pledge made by the Danish kings of old that Holstein and Schleswig should never be separated. Schleswig had belonged to Denmark for ages, and Holstein

had for four centuries fully shared all the sorrows and vicissitudes of the remainder of the kingdom. How much, therefore, this sudden spirit of independence was due to the fostering of German emissaries, it would be difficult to say. Early in 1848 the State Assemblies both in Schleswig and Holstein suddenly demanded that their independence should be acknowledged by Denmark, as a preliminary to their joining the German confederation.

Two years before, a Danish commission had examined carefully into all the ancient documents bearing on the relation of these two provinces to the remainder of the kingdom. This commission reported that Schleswig was a fully and lawfully incorporated portion of the kingdom, lying as it did within the ancient wall or Dane-work built a thousand years before. Holstein they declared in a more dubious position. It was a fief belonging to the king and to his family by inheritance, but not necessarily a part of the kingdom. King Frederick, therefore, as far as Schleswig was concerned, refused absolutely to sanction its withdrawal from Denmark; and, as the rebels began seizing fortresses, he hurried the Danish army to check them. It was easy to expel them from Schleswig, where the people in general were divided in their preferences; but in Holstein the rebels had a regular army, which the Danes defeated.

Meanwhile however, the Duke of Augustenburg had appealed to Prussia for aid. A large German army joined the insurgents and drove back the Danes in turn. There was considerable diplomatic wrangling, and all Europe became involved in the discussion. Several battles were fought between the Danes and Germans in which the Danes gained a temporary advantage. Finally the insurgents were left to themselves, whereon the Danes defeated them at Idstedt and elsewhere and reoccupied the rebellious provinces (1850).

King Frederick celebrated this, the last triumph of the Danish arms, by conferring on his loyal people the self-government he had promised. A constitution was framed, giving them absolute liberty and authority, and to this day there are no people in Europe more wholly masters of themselves and their government than the Danes. At the same time, a general conference of the Powers was held at London (1852), intended to settle the Schleswig-Holstein matter. The rights of the Duke of Augustenburg were purchased from him by Denmark; and as King Frederick had no children, it was arranged that the ultimate succession in both Denmark and the provinces should pass to Prince Christian of Glucksburg, who is King of Denmark in our own day and who was a distant relative of King Frederick.

This arrangement neglected to consult the people of Holstein and Schleswig; hence it not unnaturally failed to make a final settlement of the dispute. When Frederick died in 1863, King Christian was not permitted to succeed in peace. The son of the old Duke of Augustenburg asserted his claim as next in succession



CORONATION OF KING CHRISTIAN IX

(The Danes Rejoice Over the Expected Additions to Their Territory With the New King)

From a photograph of the time

ENFEEBLED and exhausted Scandinavia made but a poor showing during the upheavals of the Napoleonic period. Sweden accepted as king Napoleon's marshal, Bernadotte; and his descendants still hold the Swedish throne. For aiding the other Powers in the overthrow of Napoleon, his former master, Bernadotte was also given Norway. This land was thus after centuries of union with Denmark, handed over to Sweden without the consent of its people. As for Denmark she had been so ill used by England during the Napoleonic wars, that in her resentment she clung to Napoleon to the end, and thus was deprived by the allies of much of her territory.

Denmark was still, however, to fight one more war. In 1863 a new king ascended her throne, Christian IX. There had long been a dispute as to the ownership and allegiance of the two half-Danish, half-German duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. All the powers of Europe had finally agreed that these lands belonged to Christian and that when he ascended the Danish throne they should be formally incorporated with Denmark. So the Danes hailed Christian's coronation with particular joy. But Prussia and Austria both broke their pledge in the matter and seized the disputed duchies. The cheated Danes refused to yield and fought bitterly against all the strength of Germany; but they were gradually beaten back and compelled to surrender the disputed territory. Denmark thus assumed its present size.





ERLES SCOTT
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to rule in Holstein. Austria and Prussia, despite their agreement in the London conference, seized the opportunity of plundering Denmark. They supported the duke and sent armies to take possession of Holstein. Another war followed, brief, but desperately contested by the Danes against overwhelming numbers. Gradually the German armies conquered all the mainland of Denmark; and the new king, Christian IX, was compelled to assent to a peace by which not only Holstein but Schleswig and one other German district which Denmark still possessed, were incorporated in the German confederation (1864). The claims of the Duke of Augustenburg, who had caused all the trouble and battle and slaughter, were ignored entirely.

Denmark then enjoyed forty years of peace under King Christian. A long but by no means bitter strife was carried on between the two houses of the government, the lower house or "Folkething" objecting to all military expenditures as being useless for so small a state. In 1901 the elections turned overwhelmingly in favor of the party of peace and economy, and as a result of this the government was placed wholly in the hands of the economists. King Christian died in 1906 at the advanced age of eighty-seven, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick VIII. King Frederick died in his turn in 1912. He fell dead while walking alone in the streets of the German city of Hamburg. No one knew of his presence there, and his body was not recognized until after it had been carried to the common morgue. He was succeeded by his eldest son, King Christian X. Frederick's second son had already become King of Norway.

If we turn now to glance over the past century in Norway and Sweden, we find that they have also had their difficulties to encounter though, more fortunate than their southern neighbor, they have escaped the misery of actual war. Their union, consummated in 1815, caused constant friction between them. This was inevitable, if we consider the misapprehension under which the alliance began, the Swedes regarding Norway as a captured province to which they had been extremely, perhaps mistakenly, lenient, the Norwegians feeling themselves a free people who had deliberately accepted a king and some points of government in common with their neighbors.

The friction was slight at first, for Bernadotte, or King Charles XIV as he became in 1818, was a diplomat, clever at glossing over difficulties and soothing wounded susceptibilities. Norway was allowed to use her own flag, only it was not to be borne on distant oceans. She had her own army, her own assembly or "Storting," and her own constitution, far more liberal than that of Sweden. Indeed, so democratic was the Norwegian government that, in direct opposition to the king, it passed a law abolishing all orders of nobility, saying the country was too poor to support them, and that the peasants were the only real descendants of the ancient Norsemen.

As Bernadotte grew older he grew more conservative, more distrustful of the progressive attitude of his people. He persecuted liberal writers and openly expressed his fear of assassination. Thus, though he had once been tremendously popular, and though he certainly did a vast deal of good in restoring prosperity to both Sweden and Norway, he was disliked in his old age, and his death was rather impatiently awaited. It came to him at the age of eighty, and his popular and liberal son succeeded him as Oscar I (1844-1859).

So freely did King Oscar sympathize with his people, and so fully did he grant all they desired of self-government, that the revolution which shook the rest of Europe in 1848 found no echo in his domains. He broke away from Russia, which had been his father's friend and chief support, and he relied more and more upon western Europe to protect him against Russian aggression. His policy was followed by his eldest son, Charles XV (1859-1872), and also by his other son, who next succeeded to the throne as Oscar II.

All three of these successive sovereigns, the descendants of Bernadotte, did everything they could to bring their two refractory kingdoms into a closer and more kindly union, but Norway always insisted on equality, Sweden on superiority. At one time, the struggle centred round the question of the flag, until the kings granted Norway as much right to her flag everywhere as Sweden had to hers. Then the dispute turned upon the appointment of a viceroy for Norway. She wanted none, since his presence implied that the sovereign's real home was in Sweden. The office was long left vacant and was finally abolished (1873); but the great central question of equality did not die with it. The persistent refusal of further concessions by the Swedish government and king finally led the Norwegian people to extremes. A popular vote was taken and resulted in an overwhelming majority in favor of dissolving the union. Thereupon the Norwegian Storting formally proclaimed the union at an end and King Oscar dethroned (1905).

Every means was tried by the Swedes to prevent this division of the two states. They even threatened war; but fortunately the world has reached a stage of progress where physical compulsion in such a case seems hardly a possible resort. Norway sought a king in other lands. Her throne was offered to Prince Christian, second son of Frederick, the King of Denmark; and in November of 1905 Christian accepted the difficult position. With his English wife, Princess Maud, a daughter of King Edward VII, he was royally received in Norway. The new monarch adopted the name of Hakon VII, as successor of that Hakon VI who was the last active independent king of Norway, the husband of the great Queen Margaret who established the union of Kalmar. Christian's son and heir has been named Olaf, after the son of Margaret and Hakon VI.



NORWAY SEPARATES FROM SWEDEN

(Parade of Voters in Christiania Favoring the Separation)

From a photograph in Christiania

THE union of Sweden and Norway, which had been forced upon the latter state at the reorganization of Europe in 1815, continued for almost a century. Always, however, the Norwegians viewed it with discontent. They insisted on being treated as in every way equal to the Swedes, while the latter regarded the union as a conquest and Norway as a dependent province. This led to constant bickering; and though the Swedish kings did everything they could to soothe Norway's injured pride, the friction increased until at length the Norwegians in 1905 declared the Swedish king deposed from their throne. The Swedes were almost inclined to go to war; but fortunately the progress of all the world's civilization toward self-government prevented this appeal to force. The Swedish parliament declared that if Norway would hold a formal vote on disunion and a majority desired it, the Swedes would accept the situation.

So the Norwegians held their vote. All through the land they held processions such as the one here pictured, bearing statues of Norse freedom with the word Ja (Yes) to show how they meant to cast their ballots. The secession was carried by a practically unanimous vote, and Norway became an independent state.





King Oscar of Sweden at once sought to establish amicable relations with the new sovereign family and expressed to them his hopes for their prosperous reign. Thus the two sister nations began their separate careers in friendship, yet there can be little doubt that King Oscar's private grief over the division of his realm hastened his death, which occurred in December, 1907. He was succeeded by his eldest son, as Gustavus V.

Thus it will be seen that there has been within the last few years a considerable shifting of thrones in the north and all three of the Scandinavian kingdoms have come under the control of men of a younger generation. A still greater change has been the rapid progress in democracy. In Norway, as we have seen, the peasantry have held control for a century past. In Denmark they seized control in the elections of a dozen years ago; and when King Christian X came to the throne in 1912 he at once proclaimed more liberal laws which were put in operation in 1913. Sweden has been slower but not less positive in her democratic movement. The narrowly restricted Swedish suffrage long gave the conservative upper classes overwhelming control of the upper house of parliament. In 1909 there was a laborers' strike which spread all over the country but failed because of government opposition. This so angered the lower classes that they insisted on an extension of suffrage. The elections of 1911 made the lower house of parliament overwhelmingly liberal; and this house waged against the upper house such a struggle as the English House of Commons recently waged against the Lords. Indeed, the English struggle was regarded by the Swedish liberals as a precedent. Labor strikes were renewed and finally, under the lead of prime minister Staaff, the people won a much broader suffrage, which now enables them to control the upper house of their parliament.

Almost the first act of the reconstructed parliament was to give Sweden woman's suffrage (1912). In this measure of widest democracy Norway had already shown the way, establishing woman's voting right in 1907, the second year of their country's independence from Sweden. Denmark also established, or rather, expanded woman's suffrage in 1913. So that now throughout all Scandinavia government rests upon the entire body of the people.

Thus in some ways the far north has become the very freest part of Europe. Her kings are indeed but the servants of the people; and her peoples are pledged to democracy and to peace. Both Denmark and Norway have abandoned all pretense of keeping up military and naval armaments for national defense; and while the people of Sweden in 1914 complimented King Gustavus by a present of money to build a new battleship, they probably had at that moment as little thought as their neighbors of ever again attempting war.

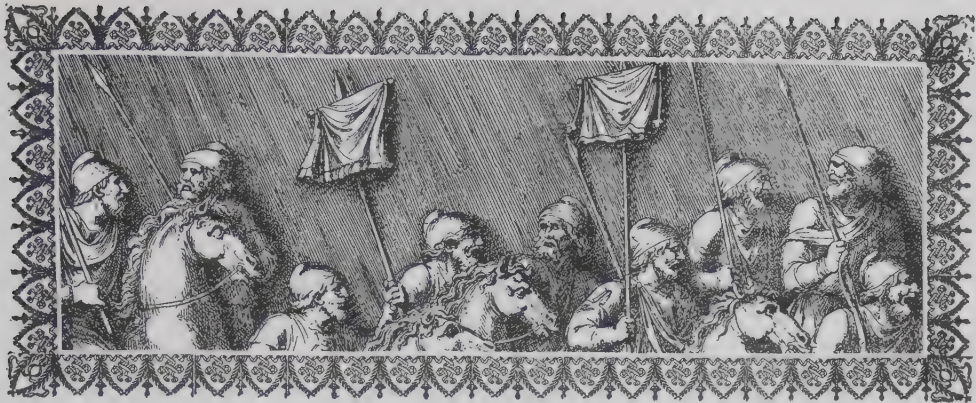
CHRONOLOGY OF SCANDINAVIA

B.C. 100(?)—Odin enters Svea-land and founds the dynasty of the Ynglings. A.D. 623—Overthrow of the Ynglings by Ivar Widfadme; supremacy of Denmark. 647—Harald Hildetand unites all Scandinavia under his sway. 735—Battle of Bravalla; Norwegian supremacy. 794—Ragnar Lodbrok slain in the British Isles; his dominion divided among his sons. 810—Gottrik the Dane attacks Charlemagne. 826—Christianity introduced into the North by Harald Klak. 865—Death of Anscarius, the Apostle of the North. 874—Settlement of Iceland. 875—Harald Haarfagr conquers Norway at Hafurs Fjord. 893—Gorm the Old opposes Christianity; his queen Thyra builds the Dane-work. 930—The sons of Harald begin the Norse civil wars. 974—Denmark invaded by the Emperor Otto II. 994—Sweyn Forkbeard makes himself overlord of England. 1000—Leif Ericson discovers America. 1000—Olaf Trygvesson overthrown by his jarls and Sweyn Forkbeard. 1002—Massacre of the Danes in England and vengeance of Sweyn. 1014—Canute the Great begins to extend his empire. 1028—Canute becomes lord of six kingdoms including Great Britain and all Scandinavia. 1035—Death of Canute and division of his empire. 1044—Magnus of Norway becomes overlord of the North. 1066—Harald of Norway attempts the reconquest of England, and is defeated and slain at Stamford Bridge. 1069—Sweyn of Denmark fails in a similar attempt; all Scandinavia sinks into exhaustion. 1130—The royal line of Sweden dies out and “peasant” kings are elected. 1147—Civil war in Denmark; the rivals acknowledge the land as a fief of the German Empire. 1155—Eric the Saint establishes Christianity in Sweden. 1157—Waldemar the Great defeats all claimants to the Danish throne. 1162—Waldemar proclaims a code of law. 1168—He captures the Wendish stronghold Arkona. 1182—Canute VI reasserts Scandinavian independence of Germany. 1219—Crusade against the Esthonians by Waldemar the Victorious. 1223—Abduction and imprisonment of Waldemar. 1241—Waldemar, dying, divides his kingdom; a century of civil war and desolation follows. 1319—Accession of Magnus Smek, last of the ancient kings of Sweden and Norway. 1340—Waldemar Attertag restores prosperity to Denmark. 1360—Waldemar Attertag plunders Wisby and so rouses a general league against Denmark, which he defeats. 1367—A rebellion drives Waldemar into exile. 1372—Waldemar is restored, but the Hanseatic League becomes the real ruler of Scandinavia. 1375—Waldemar’s throne passes to his baby grandson Olaf. 1380—Margaret becomes regent of Norway. 1387—Olaf’s death leaves Margaret queen of both Denmark and Norway. 1389—Margaret aids the Swedes in rebellion against their German king, Albert; defeats him at Falkoping; assumes the Swedish crown. 1397—Margaret establishes the Union of Kalmar,

uniting her three kingdoms. 1412—Death of Margaret; misrule of King Eric. 1442—His deposition accomplished in all three kingdoms. 1448—Karl Knutsson elected king in Sweden, Christian I in Denmark and Norway. 1497—Hans of Denmark and Norway conquers Sweden. 1500—He is defeated by the Ditmarshers; rebellion of the Stures in Sweden. 1506—Prince Christian of Denmark crushes revolt in Norway. 1520—Christian, now King Christian II, reconquers Sweden; the “Bloodbath of Stockholm.” 1522—Rebellion drives Christian from Denmark. 1523—Gustavus Vasa rescues Sweden and ends the Union of Kalmar; he introduces Protestantism. 1536—Protestantism established in Denmark and Norway by Christian III. 1593—Religious strife in Sweden ended by the “Upsala Resolutions.” 1611—Gustavus Adolphus becomes King of Sweden and wages successful wars against Denmark, Russia and Poland. 1625—Christian IV of Denmark takes part in the great “Thirty Years’ War” and is crushed. 1629—The Swedish king enters the war, and wins his famous victories. 1632—He is slain at Lutzen; the Swedes continue their successful strife in Germany. 1644—Christian IV wins the sea-fight of Colberg against the Swedes, but is forced to a disastrous peace. 1658—Charles X crosses the Danish straits on the ice and captures Copenhagen; Scania and northern Norway added to Sweden; her territory reaches its widest extent. 1660—Bloodless rebellion in Denmark overthrows the nobility. 1700—Russia, Denmark, Poland and Saxony attack Sweden; Charles XII repels them all; defeats the Russians at Narva. 1709—He is overthrown by the Russians at Pultowa. 1718—Death of Charles XII; Sweden sinks to a minor kingdom. 1772—Gustavus III suppresses the Swedish nobles and grants a constitution to his people. 1792—Assassination of Gustavus III. 1801—The British attack Copenhagen and fight a drawn battle with the Danish fleet. 1807—Russia, supported by Napoleon, seizes Finland; England seizes the Danish fleet. 1810—Bernadotte adopted by the Swedes as heir to their throne. 1814—He aids in the overthrow of Napoleon, and Norway is taken from Denmark and given to Sweden. 1848—Schleswig and Holstein declare independence of Denmark. 1850—They are finally crushed at Idstedt. 1864—Second Schleswig-Holstein War; the Germans aid the rebellious duchies; the Danes are defeated and the duchies joined to Germany. 1905—Separation of Norway and Sweden; Prince Christian of Denmark elected King of Norway as Hakon VII. 1907—Norway establishes woman suffrage; Oscar II of Sweden succeeded by Gustavus V. 1911—Extension of the franchise in Sweden, and triumph of the liberal party. 1912—Further extension of Swedish suffrage to women; sudden death of King Frederick of Denmark and succession of Christian X. 1913—Christian X establishes still more liberal laws and policy for Denmark.

RULERS OF SCANDINAVIA

SWEDEN.	NORWAY.	DENMARK
794-804—Bjorn Ironside. * * *	750—Ragnar Lodbrok. * * *	794-803—Sigurd. * * *
993—Olaf the Lap King.	875—Harald Haarfagr.	860—Gorm the Old.
1024—Canute of Denmark * * *	934-938—Eric Bloodaxe. * * *	936—Harald Bluetooth.
THE PEASANT KINGS.	977—Hakon Jarl.	985—Sweyn Forkbeard.
1130—Sverker.	995—Olaf Trygvesson.	1014—Canute the Great.
1155-60—Eric the Saint. * * *	1000—Sweyn of Denmark.	1035—Harthacanute.
THE FOLKINGAR KINGS.	1014—Canute of Denmark	1042—Magnus of Norway.
1250—Waldemar.	1035—Magnus the Good.	1047—Sweyn Estridson. * * *
1279—Magnus Ladulaas.	1047—Harald Hardrada.	1157—Waldemar I.
1290—Birger.	1066-1093—Olaf Kyrre. * * *	1182—Canute VI.
1319—Magnus Smek.	1319—Magnus Smek (of Sweden).	1202-1241—Waldemar II * * *
1363—Albert of Mecklen- burg.	1355—Hakon VI.	1340—Waldemar III.
1397—Margaret.	1380—Olaf.	1375—Olaf.
	1387—Margaret.	1387—Margaret.
	1397—THE UNION OF KALMAR.	
	1412—Eric of Pomerania.	
	1439—Christopher of Bavaria.	
1448—Karl Knutson.	1448—Christian of Oldenburg	
	1481—Hans of Denmark.	
	1513—Christian II.	
1523—Gustavus Vasa.	1523—Frederick I.	
1560—Eric XIV.	1533—Christian III.	
1568—John III.	1559—Frederick II.	
1592—Sigismund of Poland.	1588—Christian IV.	
1600—Charles IX.	1648—Frederick III	
1611—Gustavus Adolphus.	1670—Christian V.	
1632—Christina.	1699—Frederick IV.	
1654—Charles X.	1730—Christian VI.	
1660—Charles XI.	1746—Frederick V.	
1697—Charles XII.	1766—Christian VII.	
1718—Frederick of Hesse.	1808—Frederick VI.	
1751—Adolphus Frederick.		
1771—Gustavus III.		
1792—Gustavus IV.		
1809—Charles XIII. (of Norway)—1815		
1818—Charles John XIV (Bernadotte).		1839—Christian VIII.
1844—Oscar I.		1849—Frederick VII.
1859—Charles XV.		1863—Christian IX.
1872—Oscar II.	1905—Hakon VII.	1906—Frederick VIII
1907—Gustavus V.		1912—Christian X.



THE BATAVIAN CAVALRY

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

MODERN NATIONS—THE NETHERLANDS

Chapter I

THE EARLY DAYS

[*Authorities—General:* Davies, "The History of Holland and the Dutch Nation"; Grattan, "History of the Netherlands"; Rogers, "The Story of Holland"; Young, "History of the Netherlands"; Louis Bonaparte, "Historical Documents of Holland"; De Amicis, "Holland and its People" *Special:* Cæsar, "Commentaries"; Tacitus, "Germania," "Annals"; Pliny, "Natural History."]

NO tale has ever been told more truly marvellous than that of the Netherlands. No people ever made greater sacrifices or achieved greater labors for the progress of humanity than the race inhabiting the "low countries." This appropriate name is given to the flat mud-plains occupied to-day by the States of Holland and Belgium, and formed by the deltas of the three rivers Rhine, Maas, and Scheldt.

To the geologist the Low Countries have a special interest, for they are the latest formed of all the habitable lands. There the scientist can see our modern world in the making. In Roman days the possession of the district was still disputed between earth and ocean, and the Titanic strife

has only lately been decided in earth's favor by the intervention of the *pigmy*, man.

One can scarcely speak of the beginning of things in the Netherlands without quoting Pliny, that shrewd old Roman commentator upon the history of beasts and men. He says, "There the ocean pours in its flood twice every day, and produces a perpetual uncertainty whether the country may be considered as a part of the continent or the sea. The wretched inhabitants take refuge on the sand-hills or in little huts, which they construct on the summits of lofty stakes, whose elevation is conformable to that of the highest tides. When the sea rises, they appear like navigators; when it retires, they seem as though they had been shipwrecked. They subsist on the fish left by the reflux waters, and these fish they catch in nets formed of rushes or seaweed. Neither tree nor shrub is visible on these shores. The drink of the people is rain water which they preserve with great care; their fuel, a sort of turf, which they gather and form with the hand. And yet," he concludes in a burst of arrogant amazement, "these unfortunate beings dare to complain against their fate, when they fall under the power and are incorporated with the empire of Rome."

The same traits that Pliny saw, one sees to-day among the Dutch peasantry, who still patiently toil to snatch from the sea a hard-won sustenance. And the same resolute defiance that puzzled the haughty Roman has astounded many a conqueror since. Age after age these dwellers on the bleak sand dunes have preferred liberty above comfort, above wealth, and even above life itself.

Cæsar, writing about a century before Pliny, gives us our earliest glimpse at these Netherlanders. He found the district occupied by tribes partly Gallic, partly German, the fiercest fighters he had anywhere encountered. The southern, more Gallic region having been longer snatched from the sea, was covered with a vast, dense forest, amid whose twilight deeps he fought ferocious tribes. Among them were the Nervii, who saw resistance hopeless yet refused all submission and were well nigh exterminated; and the Belgæ, whose name became a general term for the entire region, whence our modern "Belgium."

Farther north Cæsar found the Batavians or people of the *bet-aww* (good meadow land) the group of islands formed by the diverging mouths of the Rhine. From them Holland (hole-land, hollow-land) was long called the Batavian Republic.* These Batavians in their impenetrable swamps were never really mastered by the Romans. They became allies of the great conquerors, famous as the dashing "Batavian cavalry." From them was drawn the trusted body guard of Augustus, the nucleus of the Prætorian guard.

Beyond the Rhine, the strange half-land, half-water region was occupied by the Frisians, a wild Germanic race who, like the Batavians, became the dependent

*Some etymologists derive the name from *holt-land* or *woodland*.



VELEDA ROUSES THE NETHERLANDS

(A Prophetess Stirs the Netherlanders to Revolt Against Rome)

From a painting by the French artist, Georges Moreau, of Tours

OLDEST of all the known people of the Netherlands were the Frisians, from whom the province of Friesland is still named. Way back in Roman days these Frisians dwelt in this strange region. It was not then defended from the sea by dykes; the waters of the ocean swept at will over the low sand banks, and they were desolate, untouched by vegetation or by animal life. Only man ventured here. The Frisians built their huts on piles raised above the waters, and subsisted chiefly upon fish. Rome never conquered them; she could not reach them. So she made a sort of friendly alliance with them, promising them eternal freedom. They were known as "the free Frisians."

When Rome had conquered all France and part of Germany she became more tyrannical in her attitude toward the Netherland people, and these began a great revolt under a leader whom the Romans called Civilis. He had risen to be a general in Rome's service. But now he and his countrymen were roused by a prophetess called Velede, who promised them renewed freedom. Civilis and his followers, now half-trained to Roman methods of warfare, defeated the Romans more than once and finally made peace with them, apparently on terms which re-established their liberty. Thus we find the Netherlands asserting from the very beginning a sturdy independence.





allies but never the defeated slaves of Rome. Indeed, the Romans relied much upon these friendly tribes in the attempt to conquer Germany. Batavia was the gathering place of the Roman troops and ships against the German national hero, Arminius. Frisian seamen manned their vessels, Frisian pilots guided them through the indescribable chaos of sea and land. When the legions of Drusus retreated before Arminius to the North Sea coast (A. D. 15) the boats which brought him back to Batavia were largely Frisian. Two of his legions could not be taken on shipboard and were forced to march along the treacherous coast. Tacitus, the Roman historian, paints for us a weird picture of the place and of their peril.

"Vitellius [the commander] at first pursued his route without interruption, having a dry shore, or the waves coming in gently. After a while, through the force of the north wind and the equinoctial season, when the sea swells to its highest, his army was driven and tossed hither and thither. The country too was flooded; sea, shore, fields, presented one aspect, nor could the treacherous quicksands be distinguished from solid ground or shallows from deep water. Men were swept away by the waves or sucked under by eddies; beasts of burden, baggage, lifeless bodies, floated about and blocked their way. The companies were mingled in confusion, now with the breast, now with the head only, above water, sometimes losing their footing and parted from their comrades or drowned. The voice of mutual encouragement availed not against the adverse force of the waves. There was nothing to distinguish the brave from the coward, the prudent from the careless, forethought from chance; the same strong power swept everything before it. At last Vitellius struggled out to higher ground and led his men up to it."

The name of the Roman general Drusus, or Germanicus as his countrymen entitled him, is the first that can be distinctly associated with the development of the Netherlands. Drusus built embankments or dykes to protect his armies from these sudden tides, and he dug canals that his ships might pass from river to river without venturing on the dangerous North Sea, for whose terrors Tacitus can not find words, declaring it inhabited by strange monsters and frightful water birds.

Drusus also began the apportioning of the land west of the Rhine into regular provinces. The Netherlands and the region just south of them were thereafter known as Germania Inferior or Lower Germany. Cities sprang up, Cologne and Nymwegen. Civilization progressed rapidly even among the slow Batavians, who were ridiculed by the poet Martial for being as stupid as they were sturdy, as foolish as fierce.

Our knowledge of these people and of their day closes abruptly with the last fragment of Tacitus. He tells with full detail of the revolt of Germania Inferior during the confusion caused by the fall of Nero (68 A. D.). Claudius Civilis, a Batavian leader, whose services had made him a general under Rome, urged his people to rebel. In a famous speech he cried out that the Romans no longer

treated the Batavians as allies, but ground them down as slaves. A prophetess called Veleda, deeply revered by the Germanic race, lent Civilis her aid. The Belgæ and other Gauls joined him, and the Roman legions were defeated and wholly driven out of the region (69 A. D.). A year later, they returned. The Gauls were subdued; Batavia was ravaged, but the Batavians and some Germans from beyond the Rhine continued the struggle, roused to frenzy by the impassioned prophecies of Veleda. Civilis made a determined and skillful resistance, and after several battles, a conference between him and the Roman general was arranged to take place upon a bridge over the river Yssel. The centre of the bridge was purposely broken away; Civilis advanced upon the ruin from one shore, the Roman from the other—and there our only manuscript of Tacitus breaks off and leaves them standing. What became of Civilis and the prophetess, we do not know.

Vaguely from other sources, we gather a general impression that the Batavians thereafter were treated with greater wisdom and justice. They remained loyal to the empire even in the days of its decline, and their race was almost exterminated in the constant strife with the hordes of Franks, Burgundians, and other Germans who in the fourth and fifth centuries surged over the feeble barrier of the Rhine and swept into Gaul. In the confused maelstrom of seething, wandering tribes that followed the downfall of Rome, the people of the low countries must have become widely scattered over Gaul. The Frisians indeed, remained upon their barren coasts, which no one coveted. But the Batavians disappeared as a separate race, and their "good meadow land" became the chief home of the Salian Franks.

These Salians gradually extended their power southward, over the ancient land of the Belgæ, and finally Clovis, the leader of the Salian Franks, rose to be the first king of France. Most of the Franks moved southward in the wake of Clovis, and by degrees portions of the Frisians occupied the land thus left almost vacant. Hence, roughly speaking we may say, that the Hollanders of to-day are the descendants of the Frisians with some small admixture of Batavians and Franks. The race, therefore, is almost wholly Teutonic, though with traces of the Roman and the Gaul. The Belgians are Franks and ancient Belgæ with a fuller Roman tint, half Teuton and half Gaul.



IN ANCIENT FLANDERS



THE FLEMISH CRUSADERS

Chapter II

THE FEUDAL AGE

[*Authorities:* As before, also Motley, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic"; Maerlant, "Historical Mirror"; Melis Stoke, "Poetical Chronicle"; "Royal Chronicles of Cologne."]



WE have seen how the ancient civilization of Rome laid its hand upon the Netherlands, firmly upon the Batavians of the Rhine mouth and the Belgæ further south, but very feebly in the north, the wild Frisian sea-land of mystery and fear. Let us look now for the first faint glimmerings by which these regions become visible in a more modern light.

Batavia, the "good meadow" in the Delta of the Rhine, remained for centuries a doubtful border district between Frisians and Franks. The Frisians were heathen and wholly barbarian; the Franks adopted Christianity and assimilated something of the culture of the Roman world they had overrun. One Frankish king, Dagobert I, a descendant of Clovis, made a determined effort to convince the Frisians of the force and reasonableness of Christianity. He marched an army into their unprotected land and in 622 erected a church at Utrecht. But the sand dunes and the mists and marshes soon grew wearisome to Dagobert, so he marched home again.

The Frisians came to examine his church, and it disappeared. After that the Frankish kings grew feeble, and the defense of the Batavian border was left to the local chiefs. We find the Pepins, who were to supersede the family of Clovis on the Frankish throne, first rising into prominence in this valiant strife. Both of the royal races which supplied the early sovereigns to France and Germany

had thus their origin in the Netherlands, which to-day belong to neither country.

Pepin of Landen, the earliest distinguishable ancestor of the mighty Charlemagne, was lord of Brabant, the frontier land along the Maas River, which he held against the Frisians. His grandson Pepin of Heristal, defeated Radbod, King of the Frisians, and compelled him to diminish his title to that of Duke, as a subject of the Franks. This Pepin was the real chief of the Franks, "Mayor of the Palace" to a sluggard king. Yet despite Pepin's power his son, Charles Martel, had to fight Radbod again, and later was obliged to defeat Radbod's son before the resolute Frisians would yield him even a nominal sovereignty.

Charles Martel refounded Dagobert's vanished church at Utrecht and made the Irish Saxon Willibrod, the first bishop of the northern Netherlands. Willibrod's labors extended from 692 to 739 and under him such small portion of the Frisians as accepted the Frankish yoke, began the practice of a sort of hybrid faith, mingling their ancient superstitions and barbarous rites with fragments of the Christian ritual, little understood. Willibrod was followed in his episcopate by Winfred or Boniface, an English Saxon, the celebrated converter of the Germans. Boniface, dissatisfied with the debased and debasing worship of his Utrecht flock, insisted upon fuller conformity with the teachings of the Church, and met a martyr's death, welcoming his slayers with open arms (775).

The first real conqueror of the Frisians was Charlemagne himself. He was probably born in one of his family's ancestral homes in Belgium near Liege, and gained his earliest warlike training in strife with these wild pagans of the marshland. During his first Saxon wars, the Frisians aided their Saxon kinsmen; but by degrees the mingled kindness and sternness of Charlemagne won them to his side. Half of them, however, were slain before this result was achieved, or they were transported by the resolute monarch to other portions of his domains.

By wisdom rather than by force Charlemagne attached the remainder to his empire. They were confirmed in the proud title by which they called themselves, "the Free Frisians." Thus reassured, they were induced to look with some favor upon Christianity, hitherto sternly rejected as being a mark of submission to the Franks. Charlemagne gave them a written constitution guaranteeing their ancient laws. "The Frisians" so runs the wording, probably far older than the date when it was written down, "shall be free so long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands."

If we attempt to picture the Netherlands at the time they were thus incorporated into the empire of Charlemagne, that is at the opening of the ninth century, we see in the North a land still unformed, where churches were built on artificial hills, and bishops went about in boats, where a few rude dykes held back the waters in some places, and a few rude canals, sadly decayed since Roman days, partly regulated the rivers' overflow. Utrecht or Trajectum was the only town of note,



THE RISE OF THE FLEMISH CITIES

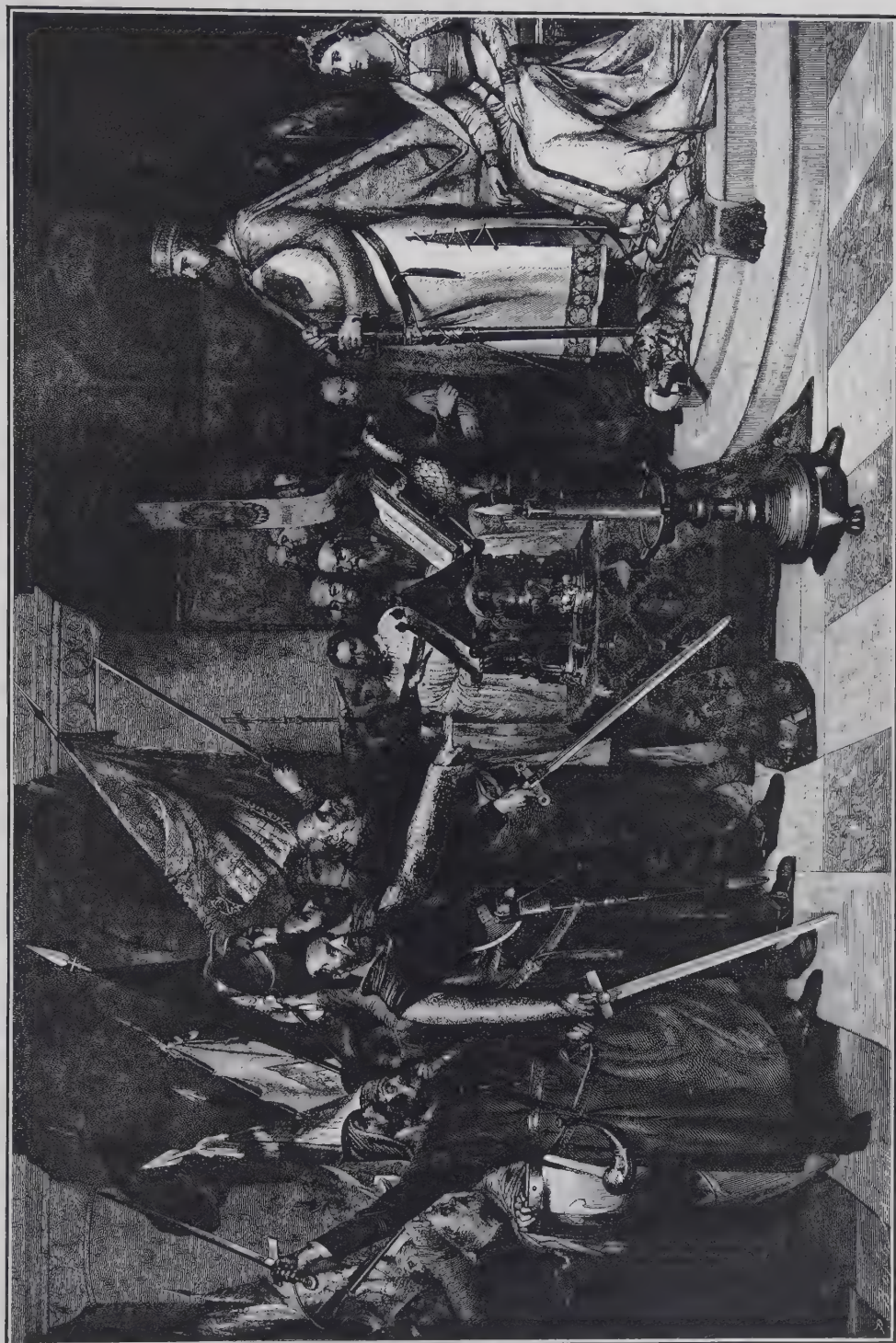
(Count Baldwin VI of Flanders Makes a Contract With the City Leaders
Pledging Them Liberty)

From a painting by the Flemish artist, A. Hennebecq

OF the centuries during which the Netherlands were held by the Northmen we know very little. Gradually this region settled into a form of feudal civilization, as did the rest of Europe. When again we have any record of these sorely suffering people we are not even sure as to what extent they are still Frisians, descendants of the ancient natives, or how far we should regard them as Northmen or perhaps as a new incursion of Franks and Germans. At all events we find them building cities, each little community maintaining itself by force against the others.

Flanders stands out earliest as an important "county," ruled by a series of sturdy chieftains named Baldwin. But these Baldwins were not absolute rulers, for as early as at least the year 1070 we find a document by which one of them, Count Baldwin VI, grants a charter of liberties to the cities within his domain. It is to this charter that all the southern Netherlands looks back as the beginning of its civic liberties. Count Baldwin swore to his assembled subjects that he would not attempt to seize their towns with his soldiers or to exact moneys from them; and in return the burghers swore to support him in war with both men and money against all invaders of the land.





though Charlemagne built a palace at Nymwegen. The people, recently converted, were still rude and barbarous. Yet they cultivated farms, were sole masters of the art of weaving a certain much admired cloth, and were already noted as shrewd and venturesome traders, driving their cattle and horses for sale as far as Paris. They were sailors, too, and sought the markets of England as far north as York.

In the south, civilization rose much higher. There were several important cities including not only Liege, the Carolingian home, but also Ghent and Bruges, Brussels and Antwerp. One chronicler speaks of the land as "rich" Brabant, "overflowing with milk and honey." The dykes and canals were extensive and well protected, whole communities sharing amicably in their carefully regulated benefits. In Flanders there were even "guilds," that is, associations, among citizens pledging the members to mutual support in case of disaster. These took on a political tone of opposition to government oppression, and in consequence they were suppressed by Charlemagne and his successors. Unfortunately the full details and purposes of these ancient associations have not been handed down to us, but the guilds evidently stand at the basis not only of the city development of the Middle Ages, but also of modern trade unionism.

Thus, whether we look to the "guilds" in Flanders, or to the written constitution of the "Free Frisians," we find that, in the Netherlands, the ancient liberty of the savage was never wholly lost, never wholly forgotten. It struggled on against all the tyranny of the feudal ages, and brought forth the earliest flower of liberty in modern times.

The bright promise of Charlemagne's reign faded, as we know, in every portion of his broad empire. His son and grandsons exhausted in civil war the lives and resources of their people. The Northmen plundered the coasts almost with impunity.

Then ensued a period of direst tragedy. The North Sea coast was of all lands the most exposed to the Norse raids, and it was harried without mercy. Utrecht, the bishop's city, was plundered as early as 834. Soon all Friesland lay wholly in the invaders' power. They came there year after year, and established permanent camps to avoid the necessity of returning home between expeditions. Ghent was seized by them in 851. They learned to use horses instead of ships, and rode unopposed over all the Netherlands.

What portion of the original inhabitants remained in the conquered lands, it would be difficult to say. Those who survived were ruled by Norse dukes, Heriold, Roruk, and Godfrey. The last named is even called "King of Friesland." He extended his ravages beyond Cologne, and his men stabled their horses in its cathedral built by Charlemagne. The feeble Carolingian Emperor made Godfrey duke of the regions he had plundered (882); the inhabitants were little better than his slaves. During his reign every "free Frisian" was compelled to go about with a halter looped around his neck.

But the relief of the peasantry was near. Duke Godfrey enlarged his demands. His territories, he said, produced no wine, therefore he must have lands higher up the Rhine. He interfered in the civil wars of the Carolingians, and was slain (885). A few years later, the German Emperor Arnulf completely broke the power of the Netherland Norsemen in the great battle of Louvain (891).

After Louvain, the Netherlanders were left to themselves. The Emperors were too desperately beset elsewhere to give much attention to this impoverished portion of their domains; the influx of the Norse sea robbers had exhausted itself. Dukes, counts and bishops, acknowledging some vague allegiance to Emperor or Pope or to the King of France, bore such rule as to themselves seemed good, over such regions as they could master. Most prominent of the lordships that thus developed, were those of the Counts of Holland, and of Flanders, the Dukes of Lorraine, and of Brabant, and the Bishops of Utrecht, and of Liege.

Flanders was the district west of the Scheldt, that is the most Gallic portion of the Netherlands, adjoining France and partly belonging to it, though the inhabitants, the Flemings, were mainly Germanic and regarded themselves as a race wholly separate from the French. The first remembered Count of Flanders was Baldwin of the Iron Arm, who ruled from 858 to 879. He had been a "chief forester" in the service of the Emperor Charles the Bald, and managed after the reckless fashion of the time to wed his master's daughter, Judith. The lady had already been Queen of England, was widow indeed, of two successive English kings, Æthelwulf and Æthelbald, when Baldwin carried her off perforce from her villa at Senlis and made her his bride. The Northmen were not the only robbers of the age. The Emperor after much show of empty wrath, finding that Judith herself seemed not over-angry, made peace with Baldwin and confirmed the marriage, was glad to make such peace perhaps, for along all that coast the iron-armed Fleming stood alone as a bulwark against the Norsemen.

The sons and grandsons of Baldwin and his queen, inherited the fame and the rank of their sire, and upheld them well. They acted as independent monarchs, not hesitating to war against the King of France or even the Emperor when occasion came. Indeed Baldwin IV "of the Comely Beard" defeated both Emperor and King and extorted additions to his territory from both Germany and France. His son, Baldwin V, was Count of Flanders when William the Conqueror won England and William wedded the Fleming's daughter after having been twice repulsed by the haughty lady. Baldwin VII was known as Baldwin of the Axe. Armed with his favorite weapon, an iron axe, he established peace and insisted on its preservation throughout the land. Many a robber baron fell beneath the axe or was seized and executed at the complaint of the peasantry. Another Baldwin, the ninth, headed a crusade and made himself Emperor of Constantinople (1204) rather neglecting his government at home for the sake of



BALDWIN OF THE AXE

(Count Baldwin VII of Flanders Punishes the Robber Nobles With Death)

From a painting by the Flemish artist, Joseph Lies

STRONG in the allegiance of their city folk, the later Counts Baldwin of Flanders became among the most powerful nobles of their time. The successor of Baldwin VI, his son Baldwin VII, became known as Baldwin of the Axe, because of his customary and effective use of that weapon. This ruler proclaimed himself openly as the champion of the common folk. Flanders was infested, as was all western Europe, by robber nobles who plundered the peasantry at will. Baldwin besieged one after another of the castles of these haughty plunderers; and when he captured them, he summoned against them as witnesses the victims of their robberies. This confronting of nobles and peasants deeply impressed all the people of the time, especially as Count Baldwin acted as both judge and jury, and often as executioner as well. A nobleman convicted of wrong was put to death upon the spot, sometimes by the Count's axe, sometimes by torture.

Thus Flanders became a safe land to live in, and a prosperous one, escaping the tyranny of the aristocracy at an earlier period than any of the neighboring regions. Aided by this freedom, its cities grew strong, and its rulers also. As early as the twelfth century the Flemings were accounted the wealthiest people and their Counts the strongest rulers in all Europe.





his glory abroad, and leaving Flanders to much internal disaster and civil war.

Farther north the Counts of Holland emerge from obscurity in 992, when a certain Count Dirk of Kennemerland, having shown himself a gallant warrior against the Northmen, was by Charles the Simple intrusted with the defense of the entire region around him and given the title of Dirk I of Holland. He was followed by a long line known among their people as Dirk (Dietrich, Theodoric) or Floris (Florence), several of whom rose to prominence and extended their sway over Friesland and Zeeland, as well as over their own smaller province among the Rhine morasses to which the name Holland was at first confined.

These Counts were at constant war with their rivals, the Bishops of Utrecht. The German Emperors, dreading the ever increasing influence of the Holland Counts over the wild Frisians, sought to weaken the rebellious noblemen by conferring their fiefs upon the more loyal Bishops. But not even to the Emperor would the sturdy Dirks yield an inch of territory. So between Utrecht and Holland there was constant strife. One war specially memorable began in 1058, when Holland was invaded by the warlike Bishop William I, at the head of his own troops, a large number of neighboring allies and also a great force sent in the name of the child Emperor, Henry IV. Count Floris I of Holland, met the overwhelming masses of his enemies at Dordrecht, entrapped their cavalry in pits and then scattered their infantry. The chronicles of the time with their usual prodigality of numbers, assert that sixty thousand of the allied troops were slain.

Undiscouraged by the disaster, Bishop William, the mightiest prelate of his age, raised a second army of invasion. This also Floris repelled; but exhausted by his personal efforts in the battle, he, rather imprudently it would seem, lay down beneath a tree to sleep. There he was found by some of the enemy who, having killed him, attacked and slew the larger portion of his men (1060).

The defeat seemed to portend the total extinction of the county of Holland; for Dirk, the little son of Floris, was but a child. Bishop William took possession of the helpless land; whereupon the desperate widow of Floris sought aid from the Flemings and married Robert, a son of their great Count Baldwin V. Robert fought so valiantly for Holland that the Emperor, Bishop William's protector, sent to the scene an Imperial army under Godfrey the Hunchback, Duke of Lorraine (1071). Robert was driven back upon the coast lands, forced to take refuge among the marshes and the dunes. "Count of the waters," he is dubbed by the jesting chroniclers.

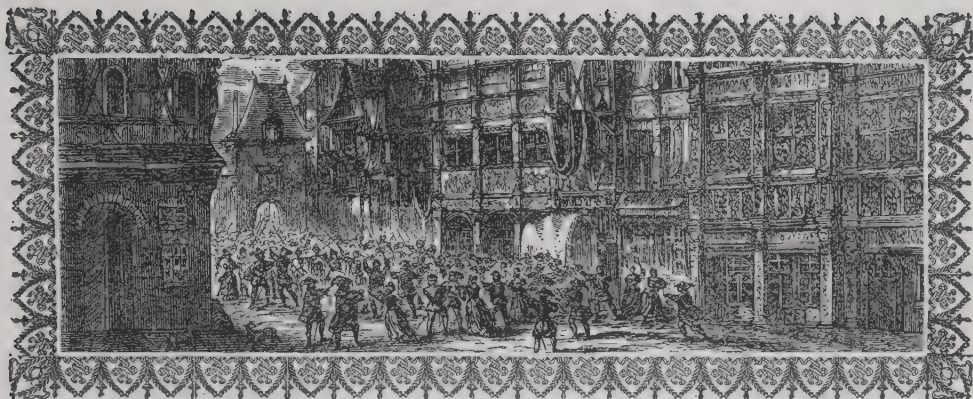
For a time Godfrey and Bishop William held all Holland and Friesland in their hands. This, however, was the period of the first great strife between Emperor and Pope. The young Emperor Henry IV had not yet bowed to Pope Gregory at Canossa; instead he was upheld and encouraged in his defiance of the Papal power by both Duke Godfrey and Bishop William, the two most powerful

of his subjects. So long as they lived the Emperor was triumphant. It was William who led the council of Worms in passing the resolution to depose the "perfidious monk on the papal throne;" and from his great cathedral at Utrecht, William preached to the Imperial court a most fiery sermon against the Pope. On the very day of his preaching, according to the story, lightning blasted his cathedral. That same year he died (1076); Godfrey of Lorraine perished also, assassinated in the city of Delft, which he himself had built to be the capital of his new possessions in Holland. The sudden death of these, the two strongest supporters of the Emperor, was very generally regarded as an evidence of the wickedness of upholding him against the Pope.

In the civil war that broke out everywhere against Henry, little Dirk of Holland recovered his possessions, the more readily since his step-father Robert had now become Count of Flanders, and the new Duke of Lorraine was that Godfrey of Bouillon who headed the first Crusade.

Crusading was much in favor among the Netherland barons, and perhaps it was a fortunate thing for the exhausted provinces that the military ardor of their rulers thus found vent at a distance rather than at home. The wars among the various lordships became less frequent and less extravagant. We hear of no more indecisive battles with "sixty thousand slain;" though perhaps this is only because we approach nearer days and more exact mathematics. The strife of Emperors and Popes continued. In 1248, the Pope having declared the Emperor Frederick II deposed, Count William II of Holland was chosen as the Emperor's successor and solemnly inaugurated. Soon however, he was compelled to hurry home to suppress a formidable revolt among the Frisians. It was winter, and the marshmen lured him onward over the frozen shallows until he and his heavily armored horse broke through the ice. He could neither fight nor flee, and the peasants slew him in triumph (1256).

Holland was thus plunged again into turmoil; and indeed all Germany suffered for twenty years from "the Great Interregnum," during which there was no Emperor, and every locality, every little town, had to depend upon itself for defense against the swarms of robber bands which revelled in the universal anarchy. In the tumult and disaster Friesland almost disappears from our view, but we know that in 1282, a sudden great inrushing of the waters swept away the protecting sand dunes, and the ocean flooded much of the ancient land. The broad "Zuyder Zee" or sea was formed where before had been only a lake. Towns and villages were destroyed, and fifteen thousand people drowned despite boats and dykes and every other aid. The whole face of the land was changed. Friesland was cut in two. What little was left of the province south of the Zuyder Zee was easily annexed by Holland. The isolated northern portion became practically independent, a republic of the poor, a dangerous far-off wilderness which no army would dare to penetrate, where no noble would care to live.

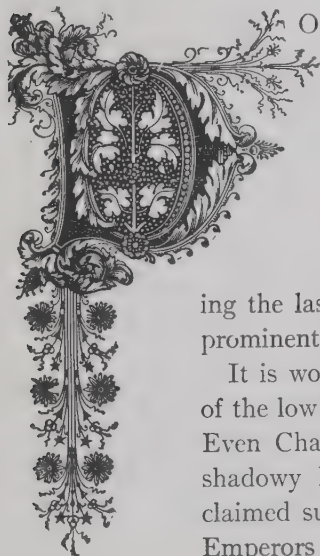


THE ATTACK ON VAN ARTEVELDE

Chapter III

RISE OF THE GREAT CITIES

[*Authorities:* As before, also Blok, "History of the People of the Netherlands"; Juste, "History of Belgium"; Froissart, "Chronicles"; Comines, "Memoirs."]



DOWN to the close of the thirteenth century, we can extract from the records of the Netherlands little except the titles of its nobles and the dreary tale of their endless, profitless wars waged for a little territory, a little honor more or less. But by the year 1300, the Low Country cities had grown greater than their lords. In this land and in this alone of all Europe, do the citizens stand out during the last two centuries of the Middle Ages, as holding a more prominent place than either the nobility or kings.

It is worth noting that there had never been any real monarchs of the low countries. The Romans accepted the Batavians as allies. Even Charlemagne left the "Free Frisians" their own laws. The shadowy Norse king endured but for a moment. France never claimed supremacy except over part of Flanders; and the German Emperors were constrained to exercise their feeble authority over the Netherlands by deputy through its own local rulers, Bishops of Utrecht or Liege, or Dukes of Lorraine. The Counts of Flanders or of Holland might indeed be regarded as independent kings of their domains, especially after the "Great Interregnum," during which young Dirk of Holland completely humbled Utrecht. Both of these semi-regal houses however, waned in power, while the cities of the land grew strong and, recognizing their strength at last, asserted their supremacy.

How was it that these cities had so advanced in wealth, in population and in-

telligence? The story is not clear to read, though much study has been expended on it and argument has waxed hot. Dimly we know that the great Flemish municipalities, Ghent and Bruges, came down from Roman times and were never wholly destroyed. Utrecht and Liege grew up as bishop's courts, then turned upon their feeble masters. The other more northern cities were of later growth. Wealth came to all of them through industry and trade. The Flemings were the cloth weavers of Europe; the towns of Holland held control of the fisheries at a time when all Catholic Europe dined on fish during the long periods of abstinence commanded by the Church. The Netherlanders, like the Frisians of old, were bold travellers by both land and sea, shrewd traffickers, and sturdy holders of their own. They became the merchants of Europe. As to their liberties, these had been granted inch after inch by generations of Dutch and Flemish counts who, cautious bargainers themselves, had seen that there was much more to be gained by a steady income of taxation from prosperous merchants than could be secured by a single complete plundering, which would leave the victims without means to continue their profitable toil. So the Dirks and Baldwins, the Godfreys of Lorraine and the Johns of Brabant had encouraged trade.

Various Netherland cities seem to have had charters or some sort of grant which made them partly self-governing, as early as 1060. Belgium celebrates its civic independence as originating in a document conferred on the municipalities of Flanders by Baldwin VI. Then comes a more definite event. In 1127, when Charles the Good was Count of Flanders, there came a famine in Bruges. A few of the leading merchants and lesser nobles gathered all the grain into their barns and held it for famine prices. Despite their protests, Charles ordered the granaries thrown open to the people. A conspiracy was formed against him by the disappointed speculators, and he was slain. Then the people rose in their fury against the murderers, besieged them in their castles and mansions and killed them all, those who were captured being tortured to death.

Following on this grim tragedy and grim reprisal, the men of Bruges and other places took oath to one another (1128) that they would acknowledge no prince who did not rule the country honestly and well. From this period we may fairly date the beginning of the supremacy of the cities or, as they and their people are sometimes called, the communes. These did not yet assert independence, but they began to recognize their own strength, to trust in themselves. Their era of wealth and splendor also commenced. A writer of the times asserts that in 1184, Ghent sent twenty thousand armed men to aid the King of France, and Bruges sent many thousand more. We need not accept the numbers as exact, but it is certain that at this time Flanders held over forty cities, Brabant had twelve, Hainault seven, Liege six. By the year 1240, the preponderance of the cities was so established that Count Guy of Flanders was aided in his government by an "ad-



THE REVOLT OF THE NORTH

(The Nobles of Holland Capture and Slay Their Lord)

From a painting in 1882 by the Dutch artist, L. de Herterich

DURING these early centuries the northern Netherlands were wilder, more barren, and far less developed than the south. Gradually we see the Bishops of Utrecht arising once more to be as in Charlemagne's time the chief military lords of the North. Then we see them overthrown by the Counts of Holland, one of whom even rose to be an Emperor of Germany. After a time we find these Counts doing as those of Flanders had before, standing out as champions of their people against the nobles. Then, in the year 1296, the cities of the North also asserted their independence.

In the North, however, the freedom of the cities sprang from a noted tragedy. Count Floris V of Holland was beloved by his people and hated by his nobles. He had also asserted his independence against the powerful neighboring kingdoms of France and England. Hence he had among his own subjects many open friends and a few secret foes. The latter planned a hawking party at Utrecht. Count Floris was cunningly separated from his real friends and suddenly attacked by three of his nobles. He defended himself bravely, but was made prisoner and carried away. The peasantry rose in a body to rescue their beloved ruler; his captors were pursued and so hard pressed that they slew their prisoner. The infuriated peasants joined hands with the city folks to achieve revenge. The nobles dared not oppose this united strength. Many of them, both innocent and guilty, fled; others were executed. The cities became the chief power of the North.





visory council," consisting of the head magistrates of the five principal communes.

In the north the cities were slower of development. In all of what we now call Holland, there were at the close of the twelfth century not more than seven or eight chartered cities, and it was not until 1296, that the northern towns imitated their neighbors of the south by combining in opposition to the nobles. The occasion was similar to that which had roused the Flemings against the murderers of Charles the Good. Floris V of Holland had been shifting his alliance between England and France. Moreover, his nobles were jealous of his great popularity among the common people; they distrusted his designs. So a dark conspiracy was formed, which certainly involved the King of England, and perhaps other foreign rulers as well, though all the secret windings of the treachery may never be unveiled. Floris was decoyed to Utrecht and there separated from his personal attendants during a hawking party. Deep in the woodlands, he was seized by some of his own nobles, who until the last moment had remained fawning on him with false pledges. Bound hand and foot, he was hurried to the seashore to be sent to England. But news of the seizure had become noised abroad. All along the coasts, the people rose in arms for his rescue; so that the conspirators, unable to escape with their victim by sea, strove to carry him off inland. Again they found themselves encircled by the infuriated people; and in desperation they slew their dangerous prisoner. His sad story has become one of the chief themes of the poetic literature of Holland.

The murder did not save the conspiring nobles. So devotedly had Floris been loved, that the people everywhere swore to avenge his death. The false lords who were proved to have been in the plot were executed; others fled in terror from Holland; and the enfeebled remainder lost much of their authority. The burghers and even the country peasants assumed some voice in governing the land. The line of Floris died out with his weak son John, and there was much war both at home and with the Flemings. Finally whatever dignity still remained attached to the vacant throne of Holland, passed through the female line to the Counts of Hainault.

Meanwhile, the power and splendor of the Flemish cities were reaching to their fullest assertion. Ever since the early days of the partition of Lothair's kingdom (843), the Flemish counts had vaguely acknowledged the King of France as their overlord. But his supremacy remained an idle name until the great battle of Bouvines in 1204. In this decisive contest, the German Emperor Otho, backed by all the forces of the Netherlands, was defeated by the French. Thereafter the Flemings were left without German help, and could scarcely maintain their independent stand alone. The French king asserted more and more authority over them, until the Flemish Counts retained but a shadow of their ancient greatness.

In 1297, Count Guy rebelled against King Philip the Fair, the shrewdest

craftiest, strongest monarch of his time. After four years of wrangling, Philip deposed and imprisoned the count, declared Flanders confiscated, and ruled it through his own officials. With his haughty queen, Joan of Navarre, he paid a visit to the great cities there, Lille and Ghent and Bruges. The royal pair were astounded. "I thought I was the only queen here," said Joan, "but I find a thousand who can dress as richly as I."

From that time, both Philip and she seemed to set their evil hearts on ruining Flanders, on bringing its proud citizens to the same hideous yoke of slavery that ground French peasants in the dust. The charters and privileges of the cities were ignored; magistrates who protested were cast into prison; taxes were heaped upon taxes; French troops insulted the citizens; French officials laughed at them.

In 1302, rebellion flared up everywhere. The lower classes of Bruges took the first step, as they had in the days of Charles the Good. Issuing suddenly from their city, they attacked and slew the French in the forts around. Then, returning secretly to Bruges by night, they fell upon the Frenchmen there, in the early dawning. The foreigners were caught wholly unprepared, while the townfolk had made thorough plans for the assault. Some portion of each French soldier's equipment had been stolen by his hosts; chains were stretched across the streets to prevent a charge. Even the women took part in the fray, tossing the hated Frenchmen out of the windows, or helping to drag them to the shambles where they were slaughtered like cattle. The "Bruges matins" as it is called, was a massacre rather than a fight.

The old Flemish standard was at once unfurled everywhere in the province. Only Lille and Ghent, whose strong garrisons were now upon their guard, remained in possession of the French. King Philip hastened to raise a powerful army. All the nobles of his kingdom marched against Bruges. Most of the nobility of Flanders, of Brabant, and of Hainault joined them. Only a few Flemish lords cast in their lot with the commons.

The opposing forces met at Courtrai in the noted "Battle of the Spurs" (1302). The Flemings are said to have numbered sixty thousand, the French still more. So confident were the latter of success that we are told they brought with them casks of ropes to hang every rebel who had slain a Frenchman. Queen Joan, with the chivalry of the time, had sent her soldiers a message that when they were killing the Flemish pigs they must not overlook the Flemish sows.

But the French knights quarrelled amongst themselves; they sneered at their Netherland allies; and, the spirit of rivalry being thus aroused in many breasts, each faction charged forward blindly to outdo the other. Thus in tumultuous rush they came upon the Brugeois—or rather they came upon a ditch, a small canal that lay as an unseen trap in front of the burgher army. Into this ditch plunged the chivalry of France, so that the burghers had little more to do than



"THE GREAT FLEMING"

(Jacques Van Artevelde Counsels His Neighbors of Ghent to Defy France)

From a drawing by the French artist, A. de Neuville

THE Netherland cities had, by the beginning of the fourteenth century, reached their fullest power. France tried to conquer them and failed. In 1302 the flower of all the French nobility were almost exterminated by the Flemish townfolk in the great battle of Courtrai. Then came the "Hundred Years War" between France and England; and the Flemings, though nominally subjects of France, espoused the cause of England. Ghent was at this time the chief city of Flanders, and its leading citizen, Jacques Van Artevelde, is often called "the great Fleming."

Kings negotiated with this powerful burgher as with an equal. He was himself a wealthy aristocratic merchant; but he championed the poorer citizens of Ghent, the members of the laboring "guilds," against the rich. Van Artevelde even passed a law that compelled every merchant to join one of these laboring guilds. For himself he became a member of the brewers' guild, and so was called "the brewer of Ghent." The great King Edward III of England courted him, visited him as a friend in Ghent, and stood as godfather to his son. Thus in the end the Flemings became suspicious of their great leader, thinking him too aristocratic. He had saved Flanders from being ground to powder between England and France; he had won Flemish freedom by repeated victories on the battlefield; he had established the first democracy in Europe. Yet his own people quarreled with him and finally slew him during a riot in the streets (1345).





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beat their enemies' brains out as the victims lay helpless before them. The French were utterly defeated. Twenty thousand were slain. Of gilded spurs, emblems of highest rank, seven hundred, or according to some accounts, four thousand were gathered from the battle field. The nobility of France was almost exterminated in that fatal charge.

King Philip hastened to raise fresh forces. The Flemings, drunk with pride and self-confidence, began a war of invasion against Holland; in which they were defeated and their fleet destroyed. The cities quarrelled among themselves. Fresh battles, less decisive than Courtrai, were fought against the French. Amid all these difficulties the resolution of the sturdy merchants seemed only to increase. Their cities were practically emptied of men, the whole nation took the field. King Philip in despair cried out that it seemed to rain Flemings; and he made peace with them, granting almost all they asked.

From this time forward, the Flemish counts become practically exiles from their own land, mere servants of the French king, warring against the Flemish cities with his aid. United, the cities might have defied all foes, but they were generally quarrelling among themselves. Their merchants were rivals for the trade of Europe, and the disasters of one metropolis meant the aggrandizement of others. Only some common danger, imminent and obvious, could ever unite them for a moment.

Ghent was aristocratic in its government and hence was usually to be found in alliance with its count; Bruges was democratic and relied for support upon the smaller towns and country folk. Lille soon became separated from the rest of Flanders, fell into the power of the French King, and was united permanently to France. In 1328, twelve thousand Brugeois were defeated at Cassel by their Count Louis and his Frenchmen, the Flemings standing up heroically against their foes and fighting till the last man fell. After that, Bruges sued for peace, and Ghent became the chief city of the Netherlands.

In 1335, began the long war, the Hundred Years' War between France and England. This had a vast influence upon the fortunes of the Netherlands. In the first place, England was at that time the chief sheep-raising country; and Flanders and the other Belgic provinces, the cloth makers of Europe, imported English wool in vast quantities. This mutually profitable commerce drew England and Flanders into close economic relations. The Flemish count, Louis, after crushing the army of Bruges, grew more and more domineering. He insulted the burghers, and they endured it; he interfered with their English trade, and they rebelled.

At the head of this new rebellion stood the weavers of Ghent, and at the head of the Ghent weavers, chief of their guild, stood Jacques Van Artevelde, sometimes called "the great Fleming," a far-seeing social reformer and revolutionist, destined

to become one of the main economic forces of his age. The Artevelde had long been among the leading families of Ghent, and Jacques, brilliant and eloquent, shrewd and energetic, came naturally to be the chief burgher of the city. As "Captain" of Ghent he was the recognized leader of the people's party throughout Flanders, and commanded their forces in a battle in which he overthrew the aristocratic adherents of Count Louis.

So strong became the position of Van Artevelde, that when the war broke out between France and England, the rival monarchs dealt with him as with an independent prince. Each sought his alliance. Philip of France reminded him of his feudal allegiance. Edward came in person to the Netherlands, visited the Ghent captain as an equal, and offered him vast commercial advantages for Flanders. Van Artevelde saw only too plainly that, whichever side he joined, the Netherlands would become the theatre of the war and be exposed to all its miseries. Hence he sought to maintain a middle position between the two contestants. So skillfully did he manage that it was actually agreed by treaty that Flanders, despite her feudal dependence upon France, was to remain neutral throughout the war.

This neutrality did not long continue. Count Louis naturally intrigued to reestablish his shrunken authority. His efforts caused an angry outbreak against him in Bruges. The people sought to make him prisoner; and, barely escaping with his life, he fled to France. When he returned with French troops, Van Artevelde allied himself openly with England.

The main difficulty in persuading the Flemings to this step was their oath of allegiance to France. Therefore upon the Ghent captain's advice, Edward reasserted an ancient hereditary claim to the French throne. The burghers were thus relieved of their conscientious scruples, and readily joined this new made "King of France" in his attacks upon his rival. English and Flemings combined drove the French out of the Netherlands. Flemish marines aided Edward in his great naval victory off Sluys, in which the French navy was destroyed. Into such distress was King Philip driven that he negotiated a separate peace with Flanders, remitting all taxes and making the province practically an independent state under Jacques Van Artevelde (1340).

The Ghent Captain or "Ruward of Flanders" as he was now called, proceeded to a reorganization of his country, giving the common people power above the aristocracy. The main opposition encountered was in his own city, where the aristocrats had still the upper hand. Artevelde joined the popular "brewers' guild," whence he has been called the brewer of Ghent, though he probably knew nothing of the actual trade. There were street battles, a massacre of aristocrats at Bruges, five hundred armed men slain in a strife between the guilds in the public square at Ghent. Finally the commons triumphed everywhere. Artevelde reached the summit of his career.



THE LAST COUNT OF FLANDERS

(Count Louis Assailed in Bruges by the Victorious Men of Ghent)

From a painting by the German artist, A. Zick

THE downfall of Flemish independence may well be traced to the death of Jacques Van Artevelde. His powerful personality had held all the Flemings united. After his death they took to quarreling among themselves. City fought against city. Especially was there bitter strife between the two chief towns, Ghent and Bruges. Thus the Counts of Flanders who had before been living at the French court, exiles from their own land, were enabled to return and even gained some show of power. France was too exhausted by her English wars to lend the Flemish Counts any aid, but by throwing in their lot first with one city, then another, they constantly advanced their fortunes.

At length in 1380 Count Louis, the last of the ancient race of Counts of Flanders, aided Bruges against Ghent. Another Van Artevelde, the son of Jacques, was now the leader of Ghent. He headed his townfolk in a sudden attack. Bruges was stormed and Count Louis seized in the streets. He escaped by hiding under a bed, and so got back to France.

Then came a final decisive battle. Ghent, with only the unwilling troops of her half-conquered neighbor cities to support her, met all the combined forces of France and the rapidly growing state of Burgundy. The Flemings were crushingly defeated, and all the southern Netherlands was annexed to Burgundy. The cause of Flanders had really been that of democracy throughout Europe, so democracy was here set back four hundred years.





His influence extended far beyond Flanders. The poor folk throughout Europe heard of this land where the commons ruled. Uprisings were attempted in other countries. The Italian poet Petrarch sang of Van Artevelde, and encouraged the rebellion of Rienzi at Rome. The hideous revolt of the Jacquerie in France is attributed to the Flemish example.

In the end, "the Great Fleming" fell a victim to the rash forces he had evoked. Edward of England became too friendly with him, visiting him repeatedly in Ghent, calling him "dear comrade." They stood as godfathers to each other's children. All this aroused the suspicion and perhaps the jealousy of Artevelde's fellow citizens, a suspicion which Count Louis of Flanders knew well how to fan into flame. The intrigues of Louis became so dangerous that Artevelde formed the bold project of stripping him of his rank, and creating a new Count of Flanders, the young English Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards famous in history as the Black Prince.

This was farther than the Flemings would go. They might quarrel with Count Louis, hold him prisoner, slay him even; but they were still loyal to his house, their rulers for uncounted centuries. They accused Van Artevelde of having sold himself wholly to England. There was a sudden tumult; and the great chieftain was slain in the streets, struck down, torn to pieces almost, by a mob of those commons who had been his most devoted adherents (1345).

His passionate plea to his assailants has come down to us in the chronicle of Froissart "Such as I am, you yourselves have made me: you formerly swore you would protect me against all the world; and now, without any reason, you want to murder me. You are certainly masters to do it, if you please; for I am but one man against you all. Think better of it, for the love of God: Recollect former times and consider how many favors and kindnesses I have conferred upon you."

Though he could not save himself, Artevelde did not die unavenged. The people recovered from their sudden frenzy and repented of their deed. They accused Count Louis of having fomented the disturbance, and when he came hurrying to reassert his power, they drove him once more out of Flanders. The next year he perished in the English victory at Crecy and was succeeded by his son Louis of Male, the last of the ancient race.

Meanwhile Flanders, released from Artevelde's restraining hand, fell into anarchy. City fought against city; guild against guild. Louis of Male was able to reassert his dominion, though France was too exhausted by the English war to give him aid. Finally another revolt broke out in Ghent in 1380, and Louis laid siege to the city.

Finding themselves in utmost danger, the men of Ghent went to the house of Van Artevelde's son Philip, the godson of the English queen. Philip had lived quietly among his neighbors until he was past the age of forty years. Now, despite

his protests, he was forced for his father's sake to become the leader of the city; and once aroused, Philip proved not unworthy of his people's faith. At first he counselled submission. Ghent was starving; and Philip, going himself to Louis's camp, pleaded for mercy. The Count fiercely demanded that all the citizens should come out to him unarmed and barefoot, with ropes about their necks, to be dealt with as he chose. Philip refused to submit to these grim terms; and the burghers, finding courage in despair, became soldiers again, as their fathers had been under Philip's father.

A famous contest followed. Louis was forced to raise the siege of Ghent; but the merchants of Bruges aided him against their rivals. The lands of Ghent were ravaged. Van Artevelde with his fleets gathered provisions from distant lands. He captured city after city from the Count. Suddenly the troops of Ghent marched upon Bruges and stormed it. Louis and his knights were defeated, and the haughty Count had to hide for his life in the house—under the bed, says one narrator—of a poor widow till he found a chance to flee. Bruges was sacked. So were the other cities that upheld the aristocratic cause. Once more an Artevelde of Ghent became undisputed master of Flanders.

For two years Philip defended his land against all the forces of France and Burgundy combined. But at last his troops were defeated by overwhelming numbers and he himself perished, sword in hand, at the battle of Roosebeke (1382). The town of Roosebeke is close to Courtrai, and the French felt that this victory balanced the defeat "of the spurs." In fact Froissart pauses to point out the importance of Roosebeke as checking the vast movement of peasant revolt which was everywhere in progress. The downfall of the Flemish burghers was a calamity to the common folk through all of Europe.

For two years afterward the men of Ghent still heroically defended their city. But the rest of Flanders yielded to Count Louis. He died in 1384, and as he left no direct heirs, the countship passed through his daughter to her husband, Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Philip made peace with Ghent. His supremacy was acknowledged, and as he ruled mildly, yet with all the power of Burgundy behind him, his authority was not opposed. The "heroic age" of the Flemish guilds was at an end. It is generally reckoned as extending from the revolt of Bruges in 1127 to the defeat at Roosebeke, a period of more than two hundred and fifty years.





MARY OF BURGUNDY ENTREATING PARDON FOR HER COURTIERS

Chapter IV

THE BURGUNDIAN PERIOD

[*Authorities:* As before, also Blok, "History of the People of the Netherlands"; Robertson, "History of the Reign of Charles V"; Armstrong, "The Emperor Charles V."]



QUADRUALLY the house of Burgundy obtained possession of the entire Netherlands. Philip the Bold was a son of the French King John, and was given the duchy of Burgundy by his father in recognition of his knightly conduct at Poitiers (1356), where almost alone, he had defended his father and striven to protect him from capture by the English.

How Flanders fell to Philip in 1384, we have seen. His grandson Philip the Good secured Holland, Hainault and Brabant. In Holland the ancient line of the Dirks and Florences became extinct (1345), and the sovereignty passed through the female line to what was called the house of Bavaria. There was a long civil war between mother and son, during which the Dutch cities, courted by both sides and taking small part with either, rose to a commercial prosperity rivalling that of the Flemish towns. Utrecht was still only a bishop's see, but Dordrecht, at that time the chief city of the realm, became a great commercial centre. So also did Amsterdam and Delft. The North made such giant strides in advance upon the South, that during the early years of the fifteenth century, William VI of Holland shared equally with the Burgundian dukes in the rule over not only the territory but also the wealth of the Netherlands.

William VI of Holland left no sons, only a daughter Jacqueline whose tragic, romantic, pitiable career is celebrated in history. Even the dry chronicles

of the time cannot tell Jacqueline's story without lamentation, without bursts of poetry. They describe her as being good as she was beautiful, gentle yet strong, and pure and heroic, a worthy rival of her contemporary, Joan of Arc, who was freeing France from England, while Jacqueline fought for Holland against Burgundy.

Her father laid careful plans that she should succeed him in his rule. To this end he wedded her when but a child of five (1406) to the equally youthful John, second son of the King of France. The marriage was of course only nominal at first, but in 1415 the youthful pair were released from their school books and formally united. In 1417, John became heir to the French throne, and his father being insane, he set out with his fair young bride to rule over France as regent. The two journeyed southward together in the springtime, but hardly had they entered France when John suddenly died. He had been a weakling all his life, but both the manner and the moment of his death caused a widespread rumor that he had been poisoned.

The youthful widow was hurried home. Her father, who had accompanied her happy entry into France, now hastened her return. He knew how loath the Hollanders were to be governed by an unprotected woman, and he must make new arrangements for her. Before these could be established, he died. In less than two months poor Jacqueline, barely seventeen years old, lost husband and father, both powerful potentates and her natural protectors. The next male heir to Holland was her uncle, the Bishop of Liege, called John the Pitiless.

For a moment, misfortune seemed to hesitate at further pursuing the child widow. She made a brave, brilliant progress through her domains and was everywhere received with noisy loyalty. When Bishop John sought to assert his claim to Holland, she rode on horseback at the head of her army and defeated him. John appealed to the German Emperor, who, glad of the opportunity to assert himself, declared that the countship of Holland had lapsed to the empire by the failure of male heirs, and that he now conferred the rank upon his faithful and submissive servant, John. The matter being thus put to a plain issue, a general assembly of the Dutch knights and burghers was summoned, and this representative body flatly contradicted the Emperor, declaring that Holland was not a fief of the empire, and that Jacqueline was their lawful ruler.

Nevertheless, in order that she might have a man to assert her rights and to settle the dispute decisively, Jacqueline's advisers urged her to wed again and at once. Yielding to their aged wisdom, the poor countess within less than a year of her first husband's death married another John, the third of that name to become prominent in her life. The suitor thus chosen out of the many who sought the honor of wedding the great heiress, was her cousin, the Duke of Brabant. He was selected by Jacqueline's advisers as a matter of policy, not only because



BURGUNDY GAINS HOLLAND

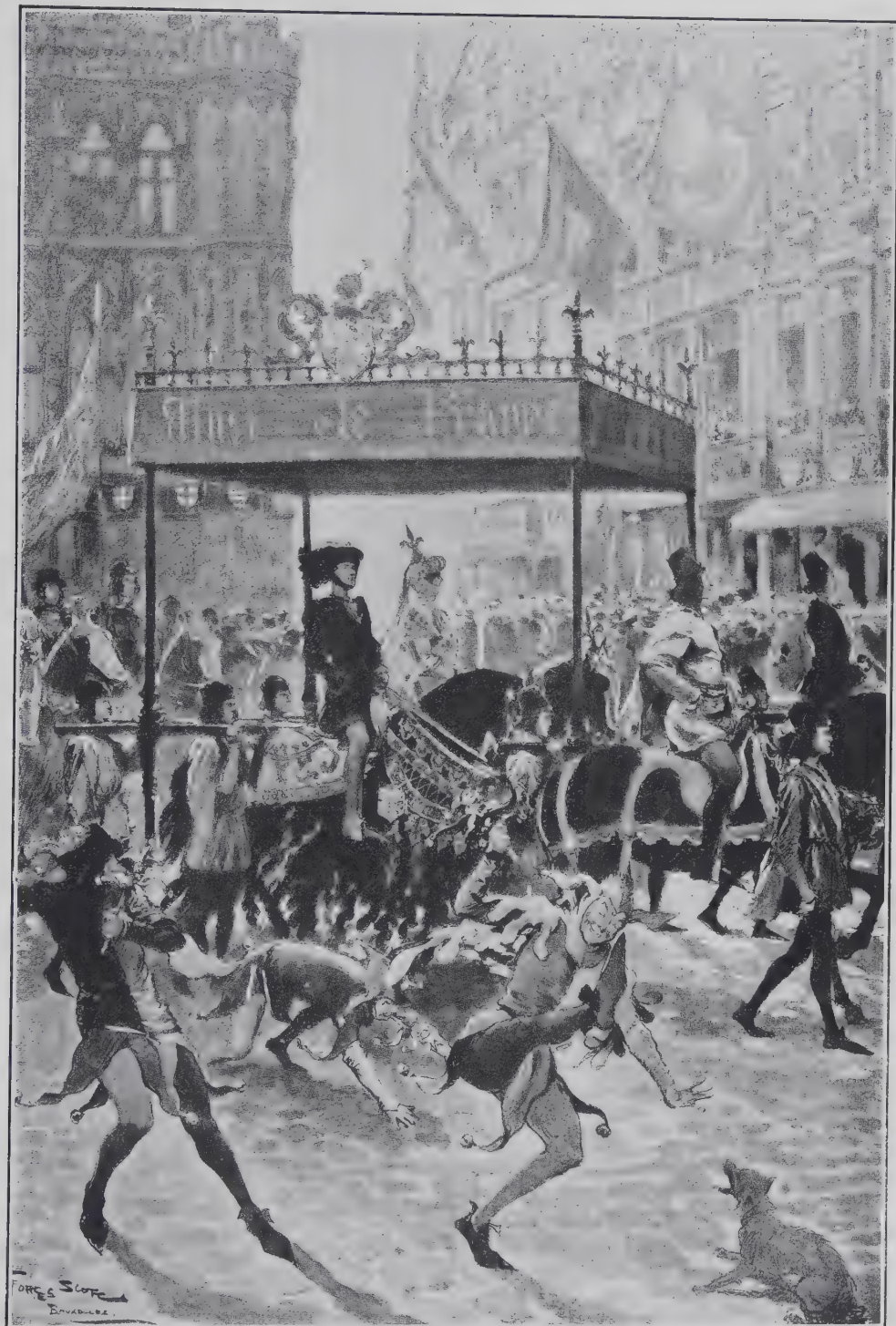
(Countess Jacqueline Rides Through Holland With the Duke of Burgundy
Proclaiming Her Surrender)

After a drawing by F. Scott made in Brussels

THE "heroic age" of Flanders disappeared with the defeat of Ghent, and the establishment of Burgundian supremacy in 1384. The great Holland cities, Amsterdam and Dordrecht, also passed, though with less of tumult, under the control of Burgundy. This came about through the tragic fate of Jacqueline, the last Countess of Holland. She, as the inheritor of the domains of the ancient and well-loved Counts of Holland, became ruler of the Dutch cities in 1417. In those grim days, however, a woman had small chance of holding an inheritance except by wedding a powerful husband to defend her. Jacqueline's first husband was a prince of France, but he died. Her counsellors then wedded her, while still little more than a child, to the Duke of Brabant. But when Jacqueline's foes tried to seize her inheritance, the duke proved but a worthless champion, abused and then abandoned her. She wed again, a brother of the English king, and he fought well for her, but was defeated. Thus in the end Jacqueline was compelled to yield to the powerful duke Philip of Burgundy.

Holland had been intensely loyal to its unhappy countess, and she was obliged to ride by Duke Philip's side through each Dutch city formally announcing to its people her abdication of her power in his favor. Then she was allowed to live in peace on her own private estates, where, having thrice married for policy, she now married for love.





he was ruler of a neighboring state, but because being a member of the house of Burgundy, he would have the support of its powerful duke.

As the man for the place, John of Brabant proved a failure. He was even younger than his wife, and a feeble, enervated youth, one of those sapless, worthless branches so common to the French royal stock. Jacqueline's first husband had been the same, only his early death leaves his figure less clearly outlined on the historic page. John of Liege, on the other hand, was at least a man. The Pope took up his cause and relieved him of his priestly vows that he might found a new family of counts of Holland. Hence he was Bishop John no longer, but only John the Pitiless.

When he and young John of Brabant met in battle or diplomacy the result was a foregone conclusion. John the Pitiless won contest after contest. City after city of Holland declared in his favor, until Jacqueline's feeble husband, abandoning the strife, retreated into Brabant, making a treaty with his rival which left the latter in practical possession of Holland. Naturally Jacqueline protested; but her husband found that bullying her was a far easier and more congenial task than matching himself against John the Pitiless. He ignored her complaints and made her life a misery. Driving away all her Dutch attendants, he surrounded her with his own tools. She was insulted and neglected—and she was not the woman to endure forever.

She fled suddenly from his court, from what was really a prison, and escaped to England (1419). There she was received with high honor. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother and afterward regent of the kingdom for the child Henry VI, became a suitor for her hand. Her marriage to her cousin John of Brabant had been performed in opposition to an express command from the Pope. Advantage was now taken of this to declare the unhappy union void, and Jacqueline and Humphrey were wed. In 1424 the couple led an English army to Holland to reestablish the bride in her inheritance.

They were partly successful. Humphrey defeated the forces of Brabant; the royal pair were welcomed in Hainault; and John the Pitiless died, poisoned by one of their adherents. But even in death he avenged himself by willing Holland to John of Brabant. Now this childless and feeble Brabant Duke had for heir the mighty Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, who seizing the opportunity, espoused his nephew's cause with all the strength of his powerful domains. England had long been allied with Burgundy against France; and Duke Humphrey of Gloucester was thus placed in a peculiar position, maintaining his wife's cause against his country's ally. He and Philip had hot words and finally agreed to settle their differences in ancient knightly style by personal combat. Before the contest could take place however, Humphrey, doubtless moved by many mingled emotions, abandoned Holland and withdrew to England.

Poor Jacqueline, thus left once more to her own resources, defended herself desperately against the Burgundians, and sent passionate appealing letters to Humphrey. "By my faith," she writes, "my very redoubted lord, my sole consolation and hope, I beg you for the love of God and St. George, consider the sad situation of me and my affairs more carefully than you have yet done, for you seem to have forgotten me entirely." And again, "Alas, my most dear and redoubted sire, my only hope is in your strength, seeing, my sweet lord and only delight, that all my sufferings have come from my love of you." Her moving words were of no avail. Her English husband solaced himself with another lady; her subjects in Holland hesitated between her and her discarded John, and at last, seeking peace most of all, surrendered her to Burgundy. She was imprisoned in the castle of Ghent.

Still however, the resolute woman refused to yield. Some of her adherents both in England and Holland yet clung to her. Disguised in boy's clothes, she escaped from her confinement and for three years led a wild life of adventure, fighting at the head of such troops as she could raise. She held her castle of Gouda against all comers, and in the field achieved more than one brilliant victory over the Burgundian forces. Duke Humphrey roused himself sufficiently to send a fleet from England to her aid, but it was wholly defeated. John of Brabant died in 1427, and it were well to record one good thing of him: he was interested in learning and founded the university of Louvain (1425), the earliest in the Netherlands.

His death brought the great duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, more directly into the struggle against Jacqueline. Philip now claimed Holland as his own, and summoned England as his ally to counsel the Countess to peace. On the other hand, Jacqueline, freed from the last traces of her marital chain to John, entreated Duke Humphrey to reestablish their abandoned union. The English Duke most ungallantly obeyed Philip, urged his deserted wife to yield, and wedded the English mistress who had been her rival.

In face of these blows, Jacqueline surrendered (1428). It was agreed that she was still to be called Countess of Holland and to receive some part of the revenues of the state; but she made a progress through all her cities in company with Philip, formally releasing them from allegiance and bidding them be obedient to the Burgundians. She also promised not to wed again without Philip's consent. Her claims might still have been dangerous in some strong king's hands.

Here Jacqueline passes out of political history, the tale of jangling states. But romance was still to be hers, happiness perhaps, after all her sorrows. Philip's governor over Holland was Lord Francis Borselen. The governor's duties threw him much into the company of Jacqueline. Love, most unaccountable of flowers, seems really to have sprung up between the two. In 1432, they were secretly



GRANTING "THE GREAT PRIVILEGE"

(Mary of Burgundy Gives a Charter to the Netherlands)

After an antique Flemish print

IT seemed the fate of the Netherlands to fall into the hands of women. Within half a century after Jacqueline had surrendered Holland to the Burgundian dukes, their family also failed to have male heirs, and all their many lands passed to a daughter, Duchess Mary of Burgundy.

Mary's experience nearly paralleled that of poor Jacqueline. King Louis XI of France tried to seize upon her heritage. He did gain part of it; but the rich cities of the Netherlands decided that they would sooner endure Mary's feeble rule than Louis' stern one. So they united in making an agreement with Mary by which they promised to remain loyal if paid for their loyalty by the grant of a charter containing many privileges. This Mary agreed to; and in 1477 she swore to what is called the "Great Privilege" of the Netherlands, granting almost complete independence to the cities. Then the cities defended her against King Louis.

Fortunately for Mary, she chose an able husband, Maximilian of Austria, and he came to the Netherlands and ruled for her. When she died he continued to rule as regent for their baby son Philip. Philip in his turn became Duke of Austria, and thus the Netherlands passed from Burgundy to Austria. Maximilian, as regent, quarreled much with the Flemish cities and finally took away their "Great Privilege." They, however, never forgot that precious charter, and in after years they won it back again.





married. Philip learning of this, threw Borselen into prison and threatened his death. To save him Jacqueline abandoned everything that remained to her, renounced her empty title, and with her liberated husband retired to a secluded estate, where the two dwelt in peace and apparent devotion until her death in 1436. Lord Francis was then restored to a post of trust, and had what must have been the keen satisfaction of defeating Duke Humphrey of England when the latter, his alliance with Burgundy having failed at last, attacked the Netherlands once again.

Jacqueline's long struggle is important historically. It must be compared to that of the Artevelde in Flanders; for little as the Dutch cities realized it, their liberty was dependent upon her victory. She ruled in the policy of her ancestors who had encouraged them in self-reliance and assertion. Her fall placed her people with Flanders under the house of Burgundy, a race of rulers who guarded the material prosperity of their subjects, but vigorously trampled every liberty underfoot.

With the establishment of the supremacy of Philip the Good, the history of the Netherlands becomes merged for a time in that of Burgundy. Philip, though in name only a Duke, was in reality more powerful than any sovereign of his time, imposing his will upon the enfeebled rulers of both France and Germany. At this period only Italy could rival the Low Countries in wealth; and Italy was divided into many petty states; the Netherlands had now been all absorbed into one. Moreover, its military strength while vigorous in Philip's hands, was useless for defense against him, since each city was antagonistic to the others, easily to be brought to Philip's side by some promise of commercial advantage over its rivals.

Hence, playing one metropolis against another, Philip became the despotic master of all. One by one, he took away their ancient privileges. He heaped taxes on them till his was the richest court in Europe. Bruges rebelled (1436), and seized upon the person of the Duke's wife and little son, afterward Charles the Bold. Philip liberated the captives, half by force, half fraud, and blockaded the city until its people starved and surrendered, so trampled down as never to regain their former splendor. Ghent also resented the Duke's exactions, and was vigorously suppressed.

In return for the liberty he took away, Philip gave the Netherlanders security. The nobles who had preyed upon the country from their strong castles and, arms in hand, exacted toll from what merchandise they could, now became dependents of Philip, mere silk-clothed courtiers idling in his train. Hence the Netherland tradesfolk, valuing prosperity and quiet far more than any abstract ideal of self-government, gradually acquiesced in the new order of life. They were in fact the first to give their new ruler the name of "the Good," which sounds oddly enough when contrasted with some of his treacheries and usurpations.

Admirers of the beautiful are also wont to speak in highest terms of the period of Burgundian supremacy in the Netherlands. The splendor-loving Philip and his successors encouraged art and literature. The Van Eycks, earliest of the great Flemish painters, flourished under Philip. Literature of the most elaborate sort became the amusement of the wealthy citizens. They established "chambers of rhetoric," which held poetic contests called "Land jewels." These grew to be national institutions and were accompanied by gorgeous pageants. Lawrence Coster of Haarlem is said to have invented the art of printing in 1440; and though the claim of the German, Gutenberg, is more generally accepted, the new art found immediate and wide support in Holland and the other Low Countries as well. Wealth, splendor, and the gradual stirring of the intellect to deeper thoughts,—these are the keynotes of the Burgundian period.

In 1467, Philip, grown very old and feeble, died and was succeeded by his even more widely known son, Charles, whose nickname we have carelessly translated into English as "the bold." Really it is "*le téméraire*," the rash, the "overbold," a qualification of far different significance. The story of the long struggle of Charles the Overbold against the crafty Louis XI belongs with the tales of France and Burgundy. The Netherlands were to Charles only the store-house whence he drew supplies of men and money. When the cities rebelled, he chastised them, especially Liege, which he ruined completely, battering down its walls and executing all of its chief citizens. In his brief reign of ten years, he outraged every feeling of his subjects, trampled on their every privilege, and squandered all the enormous wealth his father had accumulated. Then he perished in the battle of Nancy, falling as much a victim to the disgust and hatred of his own subjects, as to the valor of the Swiss.

This sudden death of Charles the Overbold left his rich domains to his daughter Mary of Burgundy, an heiress whose unhappy career has been made the theme of many comparisons with that of Jacqueline, the Countess of Holland, whom Philip, Mary's grandfather, had found in similar plight and so mercilessly despoiled. Much of Mary's inheritance was seized by Louis XI. The Netherlands remained to her, only because they were strong enough to choose a ruler for themselves; and with shrewd merchant craft, the people saw they could make a better bargain with Mary than with Louis or any other.

The "States-General" of Flanders, a body organized under the Burgundians and consisting of the chief nobles and burghers, met to decide the succession to the realm. Its members were joined by deputies from the other provinces. They exacted from Mary the "Great Privilege" (1477), the celebrated document which still stands at the base of all Netherland law and freedom. It was a charter confirming to the people every right they had ever possessed.

For a brief period the cities resumed over the court that control which the



THE YOUNG RULER OF THE WORLD

(Charles V Begins His Reign Over Europe by a Procession in Antwerp)

From a painting by the Austrian master, Hans Makart

MAXIMILIAN of Austria was kept fighting all his life to retain the Netherlands and his other kingdoms. He finally made them secure for his little son Philip, or rather, since Philip died young, for Philip's little son Charles. Philip had married a princess of Spain, so Spain too and all its new-found world of America became part of the heritage of the baby Charles. The child was thus born to be absolute lord over more territory, if we include his American possessions, than any other sovereign before or since. He was later elected Emperor of Germany also, as Charles V, and so became the chief sovereign of Europe.

His connection with the Netherlands was more intimate than with any other portion of his vast domains. In the first place, he was born there, born in Ghent in 1500. In the next place, as the enormous wealth of his future possessions was already recognized, the wealthy Flemings eagerly accepted him as one of themselves. They ignored his Austrian fatherhood and Spanish motherhood, and declaring the babe a Fleming, they welcomed him with pride. Brought up in Ghent, Charles spoke the tongue of Flanders and wore its garb. Moreover, he succeeded to supreme authority here before he did in any other country. As a lad of fifteen he was declared ruler of the Netherlands, and entered the city of Antwerp and thence passed to the other cities in royal procession. He was welcomed with every sort of pageant and with figures of allegorical splendor.





Burgundian dukes had wrested from them. So helpless was Mary in the hands of her tyrannical subjects, that they executed two of her chief officials before her very eyes. These men had been detected in treacherous correspondence with Louis XI against Flanders; and though Mary rushed before their judges with dishevelled hair and robe, and appeared afterward at the place of execution in the same desperate plight to plead for her friends upon her knees, the two courtiers were beheaded in the market place of Ghent.

Then came the problem of Mary's marriage, that like Jacqueline she might have "a man to defend her heritage." Her arrogant father had once refused her hand to Maximilian, the son of the impoverished German Emperor. Now the rejected suitor was selected by Mary and her Flemish advisers as the most available of the long list of candidates who approached her. Maximilian, afterward Emperor and head of the great Austrian house of Hapsburg, thus became the bridge by which the low countries passed under the dominion of Austria and afterward of Spain, both of which states came under Hapsburg rule.

Yet Maximilian was never himself the titular sovereign of the Netherlands; he was only guardian of the provinces for Mary, and when she died five years later, he became guardian for their baby son, Philip the Fair. The hatred bred in the Netherlands against Charles the Bold passed down as an inheritance against Maximilian. During Mary's lifetime it did not break into open violence, especially as the Flemings dreaded Louis of France and his dangerous schemes. Maximilian put an end to these by defeating the French in the battle of Guinegate (1479) and Flemish independence of France was again secure. The power of Maximilian seemed to the burghers to become more dangerous with each of his successes; and on his wife's death, instead of admitting his authority, the States-General of Flanders made virtual prisoner of his son Philip and claimed the regency for itself in Philip's name.

Civil war followed between Maximilian and the cities. Step by step the Hapsburg lord re-established his authority. In 1485, he defeated the troops of Ghent and rescued his little son from the hands of the burghers. In 1488, it was their turn. Maximilian was made prisoner in Bruges and confined there for seven months, until he yielded all that his jailors demanded. The French king, not Louis XI but his successor, was made guardian of little Philip; and Maximilian agreed to abandon the Netherlands and return to Germany.

No sooner was he released from confinement, than he repudiated the oaths he had taken under compulsion, and re-invaded the Netherlands at the head of a German army raised for him by his father, the Emperor. He was not specially successful, and for four years more the war dragged on. It was no longer conducted by Maximilian, who as heir to the dominions of his aged father had other tasks, but by his German generals. These in 1492 were able to report to him

that the Netherlands was once more beaten into subjection. The "Great Privilege" was abrogated, though not forgotten by the people. And thus in the very year of the discovery of America, the persistent struggle of the Dutch and Flemish people for liberty again met temporary defeat. They sank back into an enforced submission, no longer as a Burgundian but as a Hapsburg province.

Maximilian's son, young Philip the Fair, ruled in his own name from 1494. He wedded the half-insane Joanna, daughter of the Spanish sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella; and when, through the death of nearer heirs, Joanna became ruler of most of Spain, Philip took control of her possessions in her name. He died, and all the domains of his family, Spain, Austria, Italy, the Netherlands, gradually gathered to his young son Charles, afterward the celebrated Emperor Charles V.

Charles was born in Ghent while his father reigned there (1500), and was practically a Fleming. During his childhood, his grandfather Maximilian was once more regent of the Netherlands; though, being Emperor now, Maximilian wisely delegated the protection of Charles' domains to his daughter, Charles' aunt Margaret. She was a capable and vigorous ruler, and despite many difficulties preserved for her young nephew an undiminished power and sovereignty in the Netherlands. In 1515, Charles entered Antwerp in royal procession, and there began his varied and tumultuous experience as a ruler of many nations.

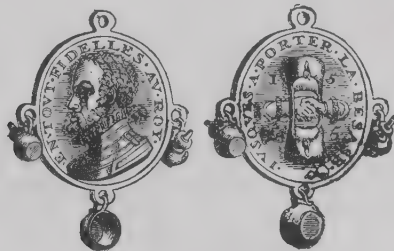
Whatever opinion we may form of the mighty Emperor in his dealings with the rest of Europe, it cannot be denied that to the Low Countries he was a wise and upon the whole a popular sovereign. For one thing, he reduced them to a unit. We hear no more of the separate provinces of Flanders, Brabant, Holland, Zealand, Friesland and so on, each acknowledging a different ruler and rushing into war against the others. He attached the entire region firmly to the German Empire, to which before it had sometimes acknowledged, sometimes refused allegiance, but which had never given it military protection or received from it effective military aid.

Moreover under Charles the burghers were prosperous. A Fleming himself, he knew how to win the merchants' hearts, and he did everything to aid them in their trade. For this he secured bountiful return. In the period of his greatest splendor when his income from all his other vast possessions combined, Germany, Italy, Spain and the golden Indies of America, amounted to three million ducats, the little Low Countries by themselves supplied him with two million. Ghent was probably at this time the wealthiest and perhaps the largest city in the world. When Charles one year laid a tax of 1,200,000 ducats upon Flanders, he expected Ghent to supply one third the whole, an exaction which in our day would scarcely be equalled by twenty millions of dollars. At this the burghers of Ghent planned another rebellion, insisting upon laying their own tax in accordance with the "Great Privilege."

The outbreak was not even under way when Charles learned of it; and hastening from Spain, he gathered his Imperial armies and advanced into the city. For a month, he gave the burghers no warning of what he intended. Then he suddenly declared that the unhappy metropolis had forfeited all its rights and privileges whatsoever. The leaders of the recent movement were seized and executed; all the communal property of the city and of the guilds was confiscated; and the tribute demanded of the citizens was heavily increased. The great bell "Roland" used through all the heroic struggles of Ghent to summon the people hastily together, the palladium of their liberties, was removed from its tower. The people were to assemble for conference no more. Having gone thus far and ruined Ghent, Charles forgave its contemplated rebellion because, as he explained, he had been born there.

It is not however, to Charles alone that we must attribute the decay of Ghent and the other Flemish cities. Natural causes were at work. The discovery of America was shifting the commercial routes of the world. England had learned to turn her wool into cloth in manufactories of her own. Above all, the Low Countries were, as we have said, still unfinished by the hand of Nature. Gradually the rivers of Flanders were extending their mudbanks into the sea, choking up their own courses with shallow-bars. Ships, moreover, were increasing in size. Bruges ceased to be available as a seaport. Ghent also lost much of its trade. By degrees, instead of Ghent and Bruges, we hear talk of Brussels and Antwerp. Thither the merchants removed with their ships and storehouses; and thither the nobles followed, and the artists, and the kings.

The new cities, upheld by imperial favor, inclined to be far more submissive to Charles than were their more ancient rivals. Yet it was from these new cities and their merchants that sprang up the final, great and celebrated "rebellion of the Netherlands," the heroic story which we now approach.



MEDAL OF THE "BEGGARS"



MARGARET OF PARMA RECEIVES THE "BEGGARS'" PETITION

Chapter V

THE GREAT REBELLION

[*Authorities:* As before, also Schiller, "Revolt of the Netherlands"; Versteeg, "The Sea Beggars"; Motley, "Rise of the Dutch Republic"; Prescott, "Reign of Philip II."]



THE era of Charles V was the era of the Reformation, and it was this religious upheaval that led to the great Netherland revolt. Yet the Netherlanders were not as a rule enthusiastic in the support of Luther. The attitude of Erasmus, the Dutch scholar of Rotterdam, the most learned writer of his time, may be taken as typical of that of his countrymen. They desired reform within the Church, not a violent breaking away from it. Most of the Dutch and Flemish churchmen were agreed that changes should be made. Even Charles V himself was convinced of this. Thoughtful men argued freely among themselves as to what should be the character of the reforms which seemed clearly at hand.

Hence the more violent attitude of those who would destroy the old Church altogether, found little sympathy in the Netherlands, except among the ignorant and the evil. A sect calling themselves Anabaptists sprang up in Holland, but committed such extravagances and atrocities that they were put down by the Dutch burghers themselves, men the most tolerant of their age to every form of religious faith. The "inquisition" as it was called, which examined into the beliefs of men, remained as it had existed for centuries, a duty of the civil magistrates. These continued their work as before, executing an occasional victim for heresy, as they would for any other crime, when they felt that public order positively demanded it.

In 1550 however, Charles determined that his civil magistrates were too lax

against this ever-increasing heresy. Lutheranism was robbing him of his power in Germany; he would take no risk of its gaining permanent root in the Netherlands. Hence he introduced there a form of Inquisition conducted by churchmen instead of civilians. This had already crushed out heresy in his Spanish domains; and, as the easy going Dutch and Flemish prelates seemed to him too mild, he brought Spanish Inquisitors to introduce their sterner judgments and crueller tortures. The Netherlands were alarmed; they protested; a rigid, uncompromising Spanish priest might easily call every one of them a heretic. Yet they disapproved actual rebellion against the Church; they liked Charles; and so they submitted, though unwillingly. The Inquisitors began work; and though for some years they confined themselves to slaughtering the more extreme reformers, yet the stream of blood expanded into awful volume. Estimates disagree widely as to the number of these executions during the reign of Charles. They have been set as low as a single thousand, and as high as a hundred thousand.

Despite the persecution, the Emperor himself, the hearty, good-natured comrade, "one of themselves" as the Flemish burghers called him, retained his popularity in the Netherlands, and looked upon the country with a friendly eye. When, worn out with his life of toil, he resolved to abandon all his many thrones, Brussels, which he had made the capital of the Low Countries, was the city he selected for the ceremony of abdication.

As he closed his farewell speech to his "well-beloved subjects," the listening multitude were moved to honest tears, regretted their rebellions, and pledged themselves readily to be loyal to the son of this kindly monarch. That son, a youth of twenty-eight, afterward the celebrated Philip II of Spain, then arose to address the "Estates," and, speaking through an interpreter, promised to be even more devoted than his father to the interests of the Netherlands. The millennium of peace and mutual good will seemed surely to have arrived.

Probably no one of all those present suspected the terrible war that was to come. Philip himself, secret and subtle, knowing his own heart, may have seen nearest to the truth; but what Philip did not know was the sturdy spirit of these Netherlands, whom he counted on crushing into submission to his will. Therein lay Philip's blunder. Unlike his father he had been neither born nor bred in Flanders. He was a Spaniard through and through. His haughtiness took constant offense at the free manners of the Flemings, and he hated as much as he despised them. Charles had ruled them through their own officials; he had even placed some of his trusted Netherland nobles in high position in Spain. Philip, despite his father's warning, reversed this and brought his Spanish associates to govern the unruly lowlands.

For a time all seemed well. The young sovereign promised many reforms. There was a war with France, and a great victory at St. Quentin (1557), due largely

to Flemish troops and to the brilliancy of their general, Count Egmont. A year later Egmont and his Flemish cavalry crushed another French army at Gravelines. The enemy was forced to a humiliating peace; and one of the secret articles of the treaty between Philip and the French king was that all the military forces of the latter were to be loaned to Spain, if needed to crush revolt in the Netherlands. Thus did their new sovereign measure and reward the loyalty of his people.

Here enters into the tale William, Prince of Orange, called William the Silent, the great antagonist of Philip. He ranked at the time with Egmont among the chief nobles of the Netherlands, and so high was his repute for ability that though only twenty-two at the time of Charles V's abdication, he had already become that monarch's most trusted counsellor. Indeed Charles, disappointed in his own son, who constantly opposed and defied him, had made the young Dutch noble in some sort a protégé, introduced him to the most secret interviews of state, and trained him in the methods of diplomacy. It was on the shoulders of this youthful counsellor, already nicknamed "the silent," that Charles leaned as he made his abdication speech; and the loyalty which William had given the father he seemed ready to transfer to the son. Philip, as we know, trusted no one; but the French king, not realizing this and seeing William apparently high in his sovereign's confidence, talked freely to the young man of the secret treaty against the Netherlands. The silent William, true to his name, listened without comment, and so learned of the destruction intended for his country.

Still he gave no sign, but continued on every occasion to proffer Philip wise and temperate advice, which was little heeded. In 1558 Philip, leaving the Netherlands for Spain, appointed as regent Margaret of Parma, his half-sister, an illegitimate daughter of his father. The departing sovereign had planned a trap for the "States-General"; he hoped that body, lulled by his professions of good will, would resign all its powers to Margaret until his return. Thus through his regent he would be able to rule as an absolute monarch, unrestrained by a protesting assembly. Instead the States-General, at William's suggestion, urged Philip to withdraw all the Spanish troops which upon one pretext and another he had quartered upon the country to overawe it.

Philip unprepared as yet to face open revolt, yielded with such grace as he could; but for one moment, as he stepped on shipboard, his wrath flamed out in his celebrated last interview with William. "It is you who have done this," he said, gripping the young Prince of Orange by the arm. "Nay, it is the States-General," responded William. "No," flashed out Philip, using an untranslatable form of address, insolent and contemptuous, "it is you, you, you!" Keen of insight as always, he knew that if strife came, it was not with a confused and many-headed States-General he would have to deal, but with this one composed and self-reliant youth.



SPAIN AND HOLLAND PART

(King Philip II Parts in Anger From Young William the Silent, Holland's Champion)

From a drawing in 1891 by Herman King

POOR old Charles V grew so disheartened over trying to regulate the world that he abdicated at last and gave half of his domains, including Spain and the Netherlands, to his son, King Philip II of Spain. Unfortunately the harmony which had existed between Charles V and his Flemings did not extend to Philip. Charles had been a Fleming himself, Philip was a thorough Spaniard. Under him the religious "Inquisition" became a horror in the Netherlands, and hounded the people into their great rebellion.

Their leader in this tremendous struggle was the chief of their nobles, William, the ruler of the little principality of Orange, known to history as the celebrated William the Silent. King Philip resenting the independent spirit of the Netherlands, plotted to crush them with his armies. But as he himself was leaving for Spain, the Netherlands, inspired by William, courteously insisted on the king's taking his Spanish army with him. Philip's plans were not yet matured for his attack, so he withdrew his army with feigned willingness. He could not, however, wholly restrain his temper. His keen mind saw clearly that it was Prince William who had maneuvered his defeat, and our picture shows the noted incident of their parting. As William made his dutiful farewells to the departing monarch, Philip seized him by the wrist and flashed out a warning that he knew what the young prince had done and meant to make him pay for it.





The strife soon came. From the safe distance of Spain, Philip sent word to the Netherland Inquisitors to increase their severity. He also commanded Margaret, his regent, to ignore the advices of the States-General and the charters of the people. A general protest arose, and grew more and more determined. Margaret, dreading the consequence, entreated her brother to be more lenient; and at his suggestion Count Egmont, the popular military leader, was sent to Spain to lay the matter more fully before him. The wily sovereign, seeking only delay, listened to Egmont's complaints with seriousness and apparent respect, promised to give heed to his mild advice, and then gave him to bear back to Brussels sealed letters which contained orders for yet greater cruelty (1565).

Open revolt now flared out at last. The magistrates in many places refused to obey the commands of the Inquisitors. A petition protesting against the king's orders was signed by thousands of prominent nobles, citizens, and even priests, and was presented to Margaret by the leaders of a vast procession representing every class of society. Trembling and distraught, the regent promised to do what she could.

"Are you afraid of these beggars?" demanded one of her courtiers, scornfully, referring not only to the rabble but to the lesser nobles among them, impoverished now that their ruler bestowed on them no favors. The sneer was repeated at a banquet held by many of the younger nobles who favored the revolt. Some cried out that they would accept the name thus given them in scorn. Their leader, De Brederode, promptly secured a beggar's bowl and wallet, and passing these around the tumultuous assembly swore to give up everything to the cause. The others joined him in the oath. William of Orange, Count Egmont, and Count Horn, another member of the more conservative nobility who were striving to keep peace between the court and the people, happened in upon the banquet and drank the toast that was going round, "Long live the Beggars." From this event (1566) is usually dated the great "Revolt of the Netherlands."

To trace all the windings of the struggle, describe all its heroic moments, would far exceed our space. There were a few minor contests between small forces of Beggars and Royalists; then William and Egmont succeeded in restoring a temporary peace, Margaret yielding to the demands of the insurgents for religious toleration. The Protestants, thus released from immediate danger, appeared everywhere in great numbers; they seemed suddenly a majority among the people. The "image-breaking" furor swept over the country. Bands of frenzied peasants burst into churches and cathedrals, desecrating and destroying every object of worship and of art. The nobility and the Catholic members of the Beggars sought to punish these excesses; and so dislike and distrust were sown among the various forces of rebellion. King Philip by many treacherous devices increased the mutual suspicion that spread among the Netherlands; and at the same time he despatched

to the country a Spanish army under his grim and terrible general, the Duke of Alva.

Then came the time for decision that tried men's souls. A united resistance might have held back the invaders; but few of the patriot leaders felt themselves compromised beyond hope of pardon. Count Egmont, having received from Philip letters of personal friendship and approval of his course, declared that he would again trust wholly to the sovereign who had deceived him; he would be loyal to the end, and oppose all rebellion. Count Horn took a similar attitude; and so high was the veneration in which these two were held that their course induced thousands of others to do the same. In vain did William of Orange plead with Egmont. "You will be the bridge," he told the somewhat pompous general, "over which the Spanish will enter our country." And he added with characteristic keenness, "Having entered, they will destroy the bridge."

Finding Egmont inflexible, and deeming resistance impossible without him, the Prince of Orange and his immediate associates withdrew into Germany. The two leaders parted amid tears, each lamenting what he considered the suicidal decision of the other.

"Farewell, landless Prince," said Egmont.

"Farewell, headless Count," responded William.

To the common people was also presented the same momentous problem, and while many took Egmont's course, many took William's. A hasty exodus began. Thousands fled to England; other thousands wended their way in long caravans across the German border. The regent Margaret entreated them to stay, she entreated Philip to recall his army. He would find himself ruling, she wrote, over naught but a desert. Finally on Alva's arrival, learning that his authority exceeded hers, she left the Netherlands in despair and retired to a religious life of quietude.

Alva and his army came (1567). The general received Egmont's welcoming speech with ominous scorn. His first public act was to summon the nobles to a general council, at which he arrested not only Egmont, but Horn and every other patriot who had ventured within his grasp, who had trusted Philip's promises. The Inquisition was revived in its most awful form. In addition to this a civil council was created to try the Netherlanders for treason. Its members were tools of Alva, and under his leadership the body soon became known by the frightful name, "the Council of Blood." It condemned thousands of patriots to the gibbet. It confiscated the estates of those who had fled. As soon as its authority was fully established, it sent Egmont and Horn the way of its other victims. They were beheaded in 1568.

Meanwhile the silent William seeing his forewarning so terribly fulfilled, had resolved upon new effort. All Europe was in protest against the horrors being



THE FEAR OF KING PHILIP

(The Netherlanders Flee Philip's Vengeance Despite His Sister's Promises)

From a painting in 1899 by Herman Grimm

FROM Spain, the center of his power, King Philip II kept sending orders to the Netherlands urging his ministers there to ever sterner and sterner cruelty. Especially did the "Inquisition" become a horror of robbery and murder. At length the people of many towns refused obedience to Philip's orders. The great revolt of the Netherlands thus began in 1566. As yet the people were divided; many clung to the side of the government. They fought among themselves, and then King Philip sent conciliatory orders promising to withdraw all objectionable laws and pardon everybody. Some of the Netherlanders believed and trusted him; some did not. He had deceived everybody so often before, that the wonder was he could still win faith anywhere.

The active fighting ceased; but a strange and memorable scene occurred. Thousands upon thousands of the rebels, instead of waiting for Philip's envoys of peace and pardon, left the country. Long trains of them marched away, carrying with them their families and all their possessions. Philip's regent in the Netherlands at the time was his half-sister, Margaret of Parma. She was a well-meaning woman, who seems to have really believed in her brother's promised leniency. Riding forth to meet the caravans of emigrants, she entreated them to remain, urged on them the folly and the hardships of their flight, and added her word to Philip's that they should be safe. The emigrants listened to her coldly, shook their heads in silence, and passed on out of the Netherlands to Germany.





enacted in the Netherlands. The Emperor Maximilian II wrote to Philip, his nephew, warning him that such severity must produce a revolution of despair. William raised an army. In addition to his exiled friends, he found thousands of volunteers, German, French and English, to assist him.

Even before the execution of Egmont, William invaded Brabant, while his brother Louis led a detachment into Friesland. Louis, after one victory, was defeated by Alva; but with William, Alva avoided a contest. There was clever maneuvering on both sides; then William, unable longer to support his army without funds, was obliged to disband it and withdraw. Alva returned unopposed to his executions and his extortions, to his Council of Blood.

For a time there was peace in the Netherlands, the peace of fear. Alva built a fortress in the heart of each great city and garrisoned these strongholds with Spanish troops. He increased his exactions; but his savagery had driven commerce from the Netherlands, and despite his every effort the provinces which had supplied two million ducats annually to the government of Charles V, now supplied to Philip less than their expenses. He had to send money from Spain wherewith to pay the sixty thousand troops who trampled the merchants under foot.

Naturally Alva was blamed for the deficiency; rumors became current that all taxes flowed into his capacious hands—and stayed there. Philip insisted that the Netherlands must pay for the troops. Taxes were doubled and redoubled; yet the troops remained unpaid. At last the merchants of Brussels, of the capital itself, situated under Alva's very eyes, refused him money. He could but hang them, they said, and payment had become impossible. The relentless duke erected gibbets before the doors of forty of the principal citizens. The order was given for the execution of each man in front of his own home. Then it was rescinded, for suddenly, not in Brussels but in distant Holland, the turning of the tide had come; the "revolution of despair" began, and even Alva saw that he must halt (1572).

The first success with which the Netherlands now reopened their desperate war was gained by the "sea-beggars." These were a few scattered members of the "beggars'" conspiracy who, driven into exile, had become sea-robbers, roving vikings like the Norsemen of old. Many a ruined merchant joined them with a ship saved from the destruction of his fortunes; and, urged on by hunger, the wanderers plundered the coasts of the unhappy Netherlands, or seized the treasure ships of Spain, fleeing for shelter to the ports of England or Germany. At length, yielding to King Philip's repeated protests, both the Emperor and Elizabeth of England excluded the sea-beggars from their ports. This, which seemed to portend the ruin of the sturdy patriot pirates, proved their salvation. They appeared suddenly before the town of Briel in Holland, captured it almost without resistance, and held it in the name of William of Orange. Before his

exile William had been governor or "Stadtholder" of Holland and Zealand; he was known to be still trying to raise funds for another army to rescue his people. Now the daring exploit of the sea-beggars was like a spark set to the waiting train. All the northern provinces flashed into revolt. City after city expelled its Spanish garrison and declared for Orange. They did not, be it noted, claim independence; those were days when "independence" was still an unknown word in the mouths of common folk. The cities still acknowledged Philip as their overlord; they merely rejected Alva, and declared that, under Philip, William was their rightful governor.

Alva, driven by necessity, made truce with the semi-rebellious merchants in Brussels, and hurried northward to check this vaster outbreak. For seven months Haarlem resisted a Spanish siege. William, enabled to raise another army at last, sought to relieve the city, but in vain. Haarlem surrendered to starvation in the summer of 1573. The city was plundered, and every man of its garrison was slaughtered. The next spring Louis of Nassau, William's brother and chief aid, was slain and the troops under his command totally defeated by Alva. Leyden, besieged in its turn by the advancing Spaniards, held out with desperate heroism through thirteen weary months. Starvation crept hideously close.

Then came relief. The defense of the northern sections lay in the hands of the assembly of Holland, the largest province. The only successes of the patriots had been on the ocean, where the "sea-beggars" had repeatedly defeated the Spanish ships; and now William urged upon the assembly that the dykes must be opened in order that the ships of the sea-beggars might sail over the submerged farms and rescue Leyden. After violent dispute and solemn deliberation this course was adopted. The ocean was unchained; its destructive power was made welcome; and, aided by a favoring storm, the ships swept up to the very walls of the despairing city. The Spaniards fled and Leyden was saved (1575).

This was the turning point of the heroic war. The assembly of Holland asked the citizens of Leyden to name their own reward for the service their long resistance had done the common cause; and the burghers, to their glory be it recorded, chose to have a University founded in their town. So rose the University of Leyden, the great centre of religious freedom in northern Europe.

Alva had failed. His influence over King Philip was lost; he was recalled. His successor tried to rule by mildness, but it was too late. The sea-beggars held the ocean. Trade, driven by taxation from the southern provinces, poured into the North. The men of Holland were triumphant in their success, determined in their resistance. They insisted on retaining William as their leader, and would listen to no terms of agreement which did not include self-taxation and complete religious toleration, terms wholly impossible to Philip's views.

The Spanish soldiers, unpaid for years, broke into open mutiny against their



ALVA'S "COUNCIL OF BLOOD"

(The Terrible Duke Condemns the Netherlanders to Death)

From a painting by the German artist, G. A. Closs

THE fugitives from the Netherlands had well divined the grim purposes of King Philip. All authority in the Netherlands was now handed over to the able but terrible Duke of Alva. He entered the provinces with a Spanish army. He listened to the welcoming speeches of the cities with open scorn. He ordered the arrest of every person who had taken any part in the late revolt; and he established a council of creatures of his own, which tried each one of his prisoners on the charge of treason to King Philip.

This hideous council soon became known as the "Council of Blood." The Netherlands ran red with the blood of thousands of its best citizens. Margaret of Parma tried to save the victims, insisted that her word to them must be kept, though Philip's might be broken. Alva, acting under Philip's orders, swept her aside, and she retired in despair and horror to a convent. Alva and his master held the situation wholly in their hands, and they meant to crush the Netherlands into a submission utterly abject. Financially the country was ruined. Its trade, the source of all its wealth, disappeared. Margaret had sent word to King Philip that he would find himself ruling only over a desert. In part at least she was right. This region, which had been the main source of all Charles V's wealth, became to Philip a constant expense. Alva taxed and confiscated and killed; but there was no longer any money in the land, and he could not gather enough even to pay the expenses of his army.





leaders. Instead of marching against Holland, they plundered the submissive southern provinces. The "Spanish fury" swept over many cities, most notably Antwerp, which was seized by the mutineers and ravaged for three days with most hideous accompaniments of outrage and slaughter (1576). Driven by such miseries, the South joined the North in its resistance. The ancient privileges of Flanders and Brabant were once more insisted on, and a treaty of alliance, "the Pacification of Ghent," was arranged among all the "seventeen provinces" of the Netherlands.

In the face of this united opposition even Philip yielded, or at least he postponed the subjugation of the Low Countries to a more convenient period. He was completely bankrupt. He could neither pay his troops nor compel their obedience. No alternative was left him but submission. Another new governor was therefore sent to the Netherlands, Don John, the hero of Lepanto, most famous of the illegitimate children of Charles V. Don John agreed to the "Pacification of Ghent," agreed to everything. The Spanish soldiers were paid by the Southern provinces and marched for home.

For a time political intrigue superseded actual warfare. Don John endeavored to undermine the Prince of Orange. So also did the Flemish nobles, who were jealous of his power. But the common people everywhere learned to cling to him more and more, to see in him the one earnest patriot not to be duped by Spanish trickery, not to be bought by Spanish gold, nor even by promises of an almost imperial dignity. That these were offered him we now know from Spanish sources; but he remained true to his cause and his people. By these he was elected governor of Brabant as well as of the northern provinces; and finally he became the acknowledged leader of the entire Netherlands.

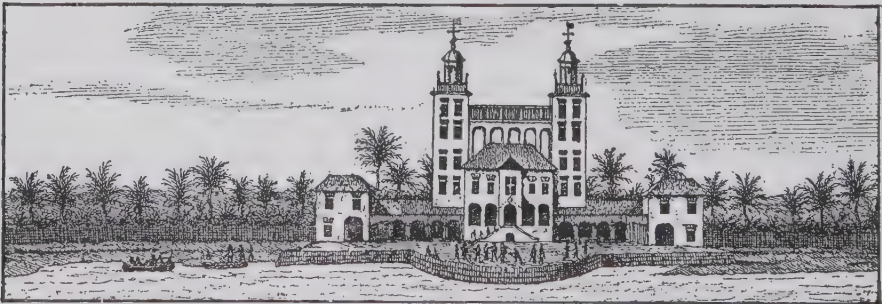
But even the genius of William could not keep the seventeen provinces in harmony. The South under Alva's stern hand had become thoroughly Catholic. Its revolt was only against its loss of liberty. The North on the contrary had become wholly Protestant, and William himself in the days of desperate struggle had openly adopted the new faith. "Calvus et Calvinista," he defined himself, "Plain and Protestant." Hence the northern provinces demanded from the South freedom of worship for themselves and their co-religionists; the southern provinces refused this. William, striving to keep peace, fell under suspicion from both parties. Soon Don John was able to raise a Catholic army against him. Once more there were victories and defeats. The Duke of Anjou, brother to the King of France, was invited by William and his adherents to become ruler of the Netherlands, that they might gain French assistance. This alliance so strengthened the Protestant party that Don John died of fever and disappointment, deserted even by Philip, who has been accused of poisoning him.

By 1580 the "Pacification of Ghent" had come to naught. The seven northern provinces had united themselves firmly into a single state under William's leader-

ship. Flanders also held with them, the citizens of Ghent and Bruges and the other towns being still somewhat inclined toward the new faith. So also were portions of Brabant; but the other southern provinces made peace with Philip, were promised protection in their privileges, and under a new Spanish governor they even began subscribing anew for Spanish troops to war against the North. In 1581, the Assembly of Holland finally took the decisive step of declaring Philip deposed for all his misgovernment. Then asserting its own right to select another king, the Assembly offered the nominal rank to the Duke of Anjou, while reserving the real authority to William.

So a Frenchman came to be King of the northern Netherlands, while the Spaniards still fought in the south. Soon the French ruler and his courtier followers found they had little real power, and no opening for wealth. They planned a conspiracy of their own, and suddenly attacked the Antwerpers in the street, trying to gain possession of the city. The "French fury" this outbreak was called, though it could bear no comparison with the horrors of the "Spanish fury." The Frenchmen were soon defeated, and with their feeble chief took refuge in France, where Anjou died.

The Spaniards meanwhile had begun a more subtle warfare. By fair promises they lured many of the prominent patriot leaders to their side. William was declared an outlaw, and a huge price was set upon his head. The Church promised to forgive all the sins of any man who could reach and slay him. Five separate times assassins, lured by the promise of earthly gain or spiritual reward, attempted William's life. His friends guarded him jealously, but at last a religious fanatic eluded their every precaution, reached William under pretense of being a messenger from France, and shot him down (1584). The freedom of Holland was sealed and consecrated in its founder's blood.



THE DUTCH CAPITAL IN THE WEST INDIES



THE DUTCH CAPITAL IN THE EAST INDIES

Chapter VI

GLORY AND DECAY OF HOLLAND

[*Authorities:* As before, also Motley, "Life and Death of John of Barneveldt"; Stirling-Maxwell, "Don John of Austria"; Butler, "Life of Grotius"; Traill, "William III."]



PAIN had long predicted and confidently expected that the death of William of Orange would end the struggle in the Netherlands. Spanish grandees, even after all the years of heroic resistance, could not conceive of common people as acting for themselves, but persisted blindly in regarding them as the tools of a self-seeking aristocracy. The way in which William's sudden assassination was met, must have gone far to convince all Europe that these Dutch merchants were resolute as any knightly warrior and watchful as any courtly statesman. On the very day of the disaster, the Holland Council of State sent to each of its generals and absent members a grave and noble letter urging all to stand firm, since now the need of the land was greater than before.

The Netherlands had not yet realized either their own strength or Spain's increasing weakness. They despaired of being able to continue the strife alone, and despite their disastrous experience with the Duke of Anjou, they sent ambassadors to both France and England, entreating that the royal houses would supply them with a king. Henry III of France and Elizabeth of England both seemed to look with favor on these appeals; and trusting upon kingly promises, the Netherlands were slow in preparing for self-defense.

This reliance upon the exertions of others rather than upon themselves, re-

sulted in irreparable disaster, the loss of half the low countries to the cause of freedom. King Philip had at last secured a leader of real genius, Alexander, Prince of Parma, son of Margaret the former regent. Parma took advantage of the momentary lassitude of his foes. He acted while others stood at gaze. By threats and bribery and clever chicane, he detached one southern city after another from what seemed a falling cause. Soon, in all Flanders and Brabant, Antwerp was the only important centre which held out against him. This he besieged with rare military skill. The city was headless, a turmoil of confused, excited, and incapable advisers. "It is easily seen," cried he, as he noted the lack of unity and wisdom in the defense, "that the Prince of Orange is dead."

Antwerp lies on the bank of the Scheldt, which in its breadth and turbulence is rather an arm of the sea than it is a river. Parma constructed a marvel of engineering skill, a bridge that blockaded the Scheldt and resisted all the storms and tides of winter. The men of Antwerp sought to destroy the bridge, to blow it up with powder ships. Failing in the effort, they were starved into surrender. The Protestant merchants were compelled to return to Catholicism, or else were given two years to wind up their affairs and leave the country. Most of them departed into exile even before the time appointed. In the southern Netherlands, the region which is Belgium to-day, the revolt was over. The land became definitely separated from the better defended provinces of the North, and sank back into the grasp of Spain.

Let us follow briefly the future of this conquered district, which was known thereafter as the "Spanish Netherlands." King Philip, grown wiser through disaster, encouraged the burghers' feeling of nationality by making their land a semi-independent state. He conferred the sovereignty upon his daughter, Isabella, and her husband, the Duke of Austria. The entrance of Isabella into each city of her domain was made a celebration of peace, and hundreds of unhappy political prisoners were given their release. The years that followed are known as the Austrian or Austro-Spanish period of Belgium's history.

Isabella and her husband made the Netherlands their permanent home, and so also did their successors. They encouraged trade, they became patrons of art. Rubens and other famous painters flourished under them. Belgium's prosperity gradually revived. For two hundred years the "Spanish Netherlands" remained a sort of family estate, conferred by the Hapsburg sovereigns of Austria and Spain upon the younger sons and daughters of the house. Its story during this period was uneventful; and upon the whole, for a people who had apparently lost all desire for self-government, the centuries were neither unhappy nor unprosperous.

Meanwhile, in the north, the war continued. Of the "Seven United Provinces" which still defied the might of Spain, Holland was by far the largest; and gradually its name came to be used for the entire land. Henry III of France refused the



ALVA'S DOWNFALL

(Dragging the Tyrant's Statue Through the Streets of Antwerp)

*From a painting now in the Antwerp Museum, by the Flemish artist,
Charles Verlat*

FOR eight years the awful tyranny of Alva desolated the Netherlands. The country was only saved from him by those exiles who had fled before his coming. Chief of these exiles was Prince William of Orange. He organized them into an army and led them back to fight for their homes and the rescue of their countrymen. Often they were defeated, for Alva was really a great general; but still they fought on in their desperation. Many of them had owned ships, and they gathered a strong navy, against which the Spaniards could not compete. These wandering, homeless "sea-beggars" saved their country. They gradually won control of all the northern provinces. City after city drove out its Spanish garrison and declared for William of Orange. He was made governor of Holland and Zeeland, the provinces most surrounded by water and therefore open to the "sea-beggars." There were glorious heroic struggles at Haarlem, Leyden and other towns, until William held all the north and Alva the south. Then King Philip decided that Alva had failed, that severity was too expensive a policy in the Netherlands; so he recalled the terrible Duke and sent a "conciliatory" regent in his stead.

The moment Alva's back was turned the people roused to vent upon him their fury of execration. He had made Antwerp the chief city of the south, but even in Antwerp a mob tore down his statue and dragged it through the streets with every insult.





sovereignty which the rebels offered him; but Queen Elizabeth sent them English troops and an English leader, her favorite, the Earl of Leicester. It was under Leicester that the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney took part in Holland's struggle and met his tragic death in the battle of Zutphen. The alliance of England with the Dutch had also much to do with King Philip's despatching the Spanish Armada against England, and Dutch ships took no small part in the succession of naval victories by which the Armada was destroyed. Its defeat meant fully as much to Holland as to England.

Gradually the scenes shift and the men; for this was a war of generations not of years. The Prince of Parma, unaided by Spain with either men or money, continued toiling at his impossible task of making armies out of nothing, until he died of despair. Leicester offended the Dutch burghers by his arrogance, and withdrew to England, as dissatisfied with them as they with him. Philip II also died; and his successor, Philip III, inherited the feeble struggle, inherited a bankrupt Spain exhausted of every military resource.

Only the "Seven Provinces" seemed to thrive upon the contest. The Protestant exiles from Belgium added to the population and wealth of the North, added also to the bitterness of the opposition against Spain. Unhampered by commercial restrictions at home, the Dutch became the masters of the carrying trade of the world. Their captains ventured even into the ports of Spain, and were welcomed there; for they brought food without which the improvident Spaniards must have starved. The daring visitors were accounted loyal subjects of King Philip—until they were out of harbor.

Their ships explored the earth and brought home wealth from every land. Spain and Portugal, temporarily united as a single state, claimed the sovereignty of America and Asia; but Dutch merchants ventured into the farthest Indies. In a celebrated contest off the coast of Malacca, a Dutch fleet manned by twelve hundred men defeated the entire Spanish navy of India, a force four times the size of the Dutch. The empire of Holland was thus established in the East, an empire of which she still retains some fragments after all the vicissitudes of three centuries of strife.

Two men rose to be leaders of Holland during this period of its expansion. One was John of Olden-Barneveldt, who stands among the purest patriots of any age, a statesman and financial genius. The other was Maurice of Nassau, younger son of the martyred William. Maurice became the chief military figure of the war. He originated a new system of siege and defense, by which he gradually forced back the Spaniards upon the frontier, capturing their fortresses one by one. As a general he was greater than his father, but as patriot and statesman he sank far lower. William had repeatedly been offered the kingship of the land, and had refused it. Maurice sought the high rank all his life, he schemed and

planned for it, and was refused. His chief opponent was the patriot Barneveldt, and at length Maurice so roused the people against their aged protector that Barneveldt was condemned and executed as a traitor (1619).

A reaction followed the excitement, and Maurice found himself farther than ever from his goal. He had long been governor or "Stadtholder" of the United Provinces; that was the highest he could rise. Fortune deserted him. The cause of freedom, stripped of the statesmanship and financial wisdom of Barneveldt, sank in the scale. Even those who had supported Maurice, began to point at him in horror. He died in 1625 a gloomy, disappointed man.

Still the war continued. From 1609 to 1620 there had been a truce in Europe, but in Asia the fighting was continued. Then the world-wide "Thirty Years' War" of Germany drew both Holland and Spain once more into the vortex of religious strife. Maurice was succeeded as Stadtholder by his younger brother Frederick Henry, who upheld the high reputation of his race. In 1628 the Dutch Admiral, Piet Heijn, captured the Spanish silver fleet and brought treasure worth millions of dollars into Holland. In 1639, Admiral Tromp attacked and completely destroyed a Spanish fleet of fifty ships in "the battle of the Downs" off England's coast. This completed the destruction of the vast navy of Spain, and raised the naval repute of Holland to the highest point.

The haughty house of Hapsburg, rulers of Spain and of the German Empire, saw their sea-power crushed by Holland and their armies exhausted by the Swedes in the German war. So at last the Emperor and the King of Spain, another Philip by this time, the fourth of the name, consented to the general peace of 1648, by which the entire independence of Holland was formally acknowledged. She took her place among the great Powers of Europe, not as a monarchy but as a republic. The house of Orange retained a very high authority as "Stadtholders," but the burghers had become fully accustomed to self-government. The States-General was the acknowledged authority of the land; and its members, dreaming of empire in the East, assumed all the airs of royalty. They officially styled themselves "The High and Mighty Lords."

No sooner however, was the peace with Spain completed than these High and Mighty Lords found themselves in conflict with another enemy. During the entire period of the "Eighty Years' War," England and the United Provinces had been the bulwarks of Protestantism against Catholic Spain; and their common interest had kept them more or less closely in alliance. As the commercial prosperity of Spain and Portugal grew less, that of England and Holland advanced with mighty strides. But now, with the complete downfall of the foe, the two conquerors were left to dispute over the spoils of victory, the merchant commerce of the world.

To any far-seeing eye, a business war between the two rivals, both keenly



DEATH OF WILLIAM THE SILENT

(An Assassin from King Philip Slays Holland's Great Chieftain)

From a painting by the German artist, W. Lindenschmidt

THE struggle against Philip's tyranny split the Netherlands in twain. For centuries after this tremendous contest, men spoke of two Netherlands. The southern or "Spanish Netherlands" remained a Catholic province. The northern region became the independent Protestant republic of Holland.

This definite assumption of the form and name of a republic was gradual in the north. At first there were seven separate provinces there, of which Holland was merely the strongest. William of Orange was its "Stadtholder," an office far more like that of a permanent king than of an elected president. Moreover, William and his followers kept offering the kingship of their land to France, to England, and to other states or princes, to any one, in short, who could protect them against Spain. But one royal ruler after another failed them. They could rely only upon themselves and the genius of their great chieftains.

The Spaniards came to believe that in William lay the whole heart and strength of the revolution. King Philip hired assassin after assassin to slay this "chief foe of the Church." William was zealously guarded by his people, and one attempt after another was defeated by their vigilance. At last, however, in 1584, he was shot on the stairway of his home in Delft and perished there amid his weeping friends.







grasping, both superbly self-confident, must have appeared inevitable. The quarrel grew rapidly. At length Admiral Blake in command of an English fleet fired a shot at a Dutch vessel; Admiral Tromp responded with a broadside; the memorable naval war began (1652). There were two years of desperate, deadly, glorious naval fights. On the whole the advantage was with the English, who had the heavier ships. But both Admiral Tromp and Admiral de Ruyter defended the Dutch coast with vigor and success, and won for themselves and their countrymen undying renown.

A peace was patched up in 1654, but the inevitable commercial antagonism led to a renewal of the strife in 1665. Holland lost her colonies in North America; but one of her fleets under De Ruyter penetrated up the Thames River almost to London and did incalculable damage to England's shipping, so a second peace was wrung from the startled Englishmen (1667). A year later Holland interfered in the war between Sweden and Denmark and by some vigorous sea-fighting compelled Sweden to accept her proposals of peace. For a moment the "Seven United Provinces" stood at the summit of their power, the dictators of the North.

The man who had led Holland to this height of influence and renown, was John De Witt, chief of the celebrated family of that name. Unfortunately it was he also who brought his country to the very verge of destruction. His attitude and that of the Dutch people in general was construed as an insult by the new "rising sun" in France, the youthful monarch Louis XIV. Or rather, to put it more broadly, the very existence of Holland, a republic, was felt as an insult by every sovereign of Europe. Here were these "mere tradesfolk" assuming airs of equality and even of superiority toward the most eminent royal houses. When in 1672, Louis suddenly proclaimed himself offended and without warning hurled his armies upon Holland, not a voice was raised in her favor. The English, mindful of recent injuries rather than more recent treaties, sent their fleet to join France in the attack.

Once more as in their memorable war with Spain, the Dutch stood alone, friendless and apparently overwhelmingly outnumbered. But now their cause seemed even more hopeless than before, because they were wholly unprepared for an attack by land. De Witt had persisted in courting alliance with France, in trusting upon Louis's friendship. No precautions had been taken against attack; the invading Frenchmen found their work at first a mere pleasure trip, a plundering expedition amid a helpless people. The infuriated Dutchmen cried out that De Witt was a traitor, that he had expected, nay invited this disaster. He and his brother Cornelis were slain by a mob in the streets of The Hague, savagely beaten and trampled almost out of recognition as human forms.

The martyrdom of these two pure and high-souled patriots left the way open for the return to power of the princes of Orange. The young heir of the house, now grown to manhood, was at once made Stadtholder as William III. In fact

it was his partisans who had slain the De Witts, nor was the prince himself ever wholly cleared of complicity in the crime.

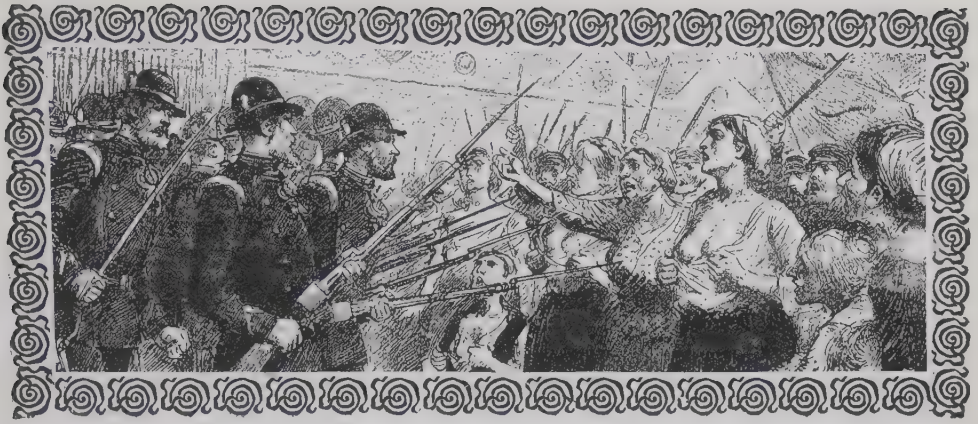
His sudden appearance at the head of affairs roused the people from the despair into which they had been thrown by Louis's sudden attack. Half the country was already in French hands; but Amsterdam set example to the remainder by cutting her dykes, flooding her own surrounding fields, and so opposing a barrier of water to the enemy's advance. Yet so desperate seemed the situation that William and the States-General, finding every overture for peace rejected, discussed in solemn council the necessity of destroying all the dykes, taking the entire nation on board their ships and sailing away to their empire in the East—leaving a drowned land to an insatiable foe.

Fortunately this extreme of heroism was not demanded of them. The partial flooding of the land by Amsterdam and other cities, sufficed to check Louis's progress. Moreover, on the checkerboard of European politics, the Hapsburg rulers of Germany and Spain seeing their rival the French king apparently on the point of subduing Holland, lent their aid to the very land that had broken down their ancient supremacy. William also secured the friendship of England by marrying Mary, the king's niece (1677). Against this array, France fell back, baffled. Holland was once more saved by a prince of the house of Orange.

From that time William III devoted his life to his celebrated strife against King Louis. Again and again he managed to draw Europe into an alliance against France. In 1689 he became King of England; and that high office also he employed to defeat Louis. In the end he was successful. At the time of William's death (1702), England, the United Provinces, and the German Empire were attacking Louis in the "War of the Spanish Succession"; the towering might of France was already crumbling.

William left no nearer heir than a youthful cousin, so the Provinces elected no new Stadtholder to succeed him. Once more the States-General took entire charge of the government. Its members resolutely continued William's plans for war with France; and their troops took a prominent part in those great victories of Blenheim, Ramillies and Malplaquet, for which England is so apt to claim entire credit.

Yet the Provinces were becoming exhausted both in men and money. These perpetual wars were at last sapping their vitality beyond its power to recuperate. England was crowding them from the ocean; their trade was languishing. When in 1712 the English queen suddenly decided to make peace with France, the Provinces had no choice but to acquiesce in the arrangement. They accepted what award the mightier disputants chose to assign them, and sank back from the high rank which they had so briefly yet heroically maintained among the "Greatest Nations."



THE BELGIAN LABOR STRIKE

Chapter VII

LATER HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS

[*Authorities:* As before, also Juste, "The Belgic Revolution"; Grattan, "The Belgian Revolution"; Alison, "History of Europe"; Schlosser, "History of the Eighteenth Century."]



THAT remains to be said of the Netherlands may be briefly told. The southern portion, the Spanish or as they had come to be called, the Austrian Netherlands, had been the main battle ground between Louis XIV and the European coalition. The land lay wasted and desolate. Holland, impoverished and exhausted, was in little better condition. Peace slowly restored both regions to a material prosperity, but not to that high national pride and vigor which had once made them famous.

Holland joined in the war of 1744 against France and lost what little prestige remained to her. The people, in an outbreak of resentment against their feeble government, not only restored the Stadtholdership to the house of Orange (1747), but declared it a permanent office and hereditary in the family forever. William IV, the Stadtholder thus appointed, was a nephew of William III; and his patriotism and ability seemed to promise him worthy of the renowned race from which he sprang. But his sudden death in 1751 left his rank to an infant son, William V, so that the difficult duties of the position fell into the hands of regents.

The first of these was the child's mother, Anne, a daughter of King George II of England; and after her death came the Duke of Brunswick, who was also intimately allied with the English royal house. The people of Holland felt that their

interests were deliberately sacrificed to those of their formidable commercial rival. Dutch ships were openly seized by the British. Dutch colonies were appropriated, and finally in 1780 England, declaring war upon the helpless and wholly unready Provinces, seized what was left of their trade and their colonial empire. Only a few small districts in the farthest East remained to remind Holland of the vast regions she had once possessed.

By this time the young Stadtholder, William V, had grown to manhood; but matters failed to improve under his guidance. The people grew more discontented and rebellious; Prussian troops were loaned to William to strengthen his position; and the chiefs of the opposition or republican party were compelled to flee from the country. William became practically as absolute a sovereign as any of the little German princes along his borders (1787).

Then came the French Revolution. Already its spirit had invaded Holland. It had inspired the party in rebellion against William V. It roused the Belgians, and in 1789 they engaged in a short but fierce revolt against Austria. This was suppressed the following year, but it is no wonder that neither in Belgium nor Holland was there much desire to resist the advance of the French when the aroused revolutionists burst upon them proclaiming freedom with the sword, reasserting those doctrines of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" which the Netherland burghers themselves had been the first to champion in the face of monarchical Europe.

The Austrians were driven out of Belgium by the French victory at Jemappes (1792), and the land was annexed to France. Holland resisted longer; yet many Dutchmen fought on the side of the invaders; and, aided by the severity of the winter—the "French winter" it was called by the Hollanders—General Pichegru took possession of the land in 1795.

William V fled to England. The republican party among the Dutch formed an alliance with the Frenchmen, welcomed them as liberators, and formed a new government under a new constitution. Holland became the "Batavian Republic." The name was an empty form which did not long survive. In reality the land was a mere dependency of France, savagely tyrannized over by the French deputies sent to "advise" its government. In 1806, Napoleon converted it into a "Kingdom of Holland" for his brother Louis; and in 1810 it was formally incorporated, as the southern Netherlands had previously been, in the rapidly expanding empire of France.

The downfall of Napoleon in his Russian campaign found the Dutch common people as eager as the Germans to throw off a yoke which had become intolerable. They bore a valiant part in the struggles of 1813-14, and in the final campaign of Waterloo. The Stadtholder William V had died in exile; but his son, another William, returned from England to lead his people in their struggle. He was



SPANISH RULE IN THE SOUTH

(Isabella of Austria Frees Her Political Prisoners)

From a painting by P. J. van der Ouderaa

FOR over two centuries after the division of the Netherlands into north and south, the history of the southern or "Spanish" provinces is one of peace, and even of prosperity. King Philip, taught by costly experience that these provinces could only be made profitable by according them a certain amount of liberty of trade and self-government, erected the Spanish Netherlands into a semi-independent state. It became a sort of minor kingdom, a family heritage wherein younger sons and daughters of King Philip's Hapsburg race first learned and exercised the art of government.

This kingdom was first conferred on Philip's daughter Isabella and her husband the Duke of Austria. Isabella and her consort made a triumphal journey from city to city; and as evidence of her intent to be a friend and protector to her people, Isabella in each city liberated all the political prisoners. Moreover, this time the Spanish promise was kept. The cities really flourished under Isabella. Something of their trade revived, their wealth came back. They grew prosperous, and cultivated the arts. Rubens, the great Flemish painter, arose, and others scarcely less noteworthy. The people, governed in kindness, became apathetic and content.





received with a warm affection that forgot former causes of dispute and remembered only his race, the great race of Orange, and its long devotion to the cause of Holland. The nation had been surfeited with republican forms of government; the stadtholdership was abolished; William was eagerly invited to become a king and in March, 1814, was solemnly inaugurated as King William I.

In the general rearrangement of European affairs undertaken by the Congress of Vienna in 1814-15, it was universally agreed that this new "Kingdom of Holland" should not only be accepted but enlarged, so that it might become a real restraint upon France's northern border. Austria, receiving compensation elsewhere, surrendered its outworn claim upon Belgium; and once more after the lapse of centuries all the low countries were reunited into a single state, the "Kingdom of the Netherlands," under the sovereignty of William I, no longer Prince of Orange, but King of the Netherlands.

This ill-advised union of Belgium and Holland lasted only fifteen years. It had indeed been hopeless from the beginning, a purely geographical alliance which took no account of the differences of religion and race, nor of the even keener antagonisms roused by centuries of alienation and war. Nobody really desired the union except a few purblind diplomats and the ambitious King William. The Dutch accepted it with hesitation. The Belgians were not consulted at all. They felt themselves treated as a conquered and dependent people; and when the French revolution of 1830 gave them the impulse and opportunity, they rushed immediately to arms and proclaimed their independence.

The Dutch however, had become proud of their superior position in the union; they would not lightly relinquish it. King William, grown old and narrow, was haughty and uncompromising. A Dutch army attacked Brussels and was vigorously resisted by the citizens. There were four days of fighting in the streets. Barricade after barricade was stormed by the Dutch troops, but always there were others beyond, and at length the invaders were compelled to retreat. Belgian independence had been sealed in blood.

Everywhere throughout the country the people rose in arms. The Dutch garrisons were driven out. The most notable struggle was in Antwerp, where the Dutch troops, driven from the streets, took possession of the citadel and bombarded the city they were supposed to be protecting. Both France and England intervened. If Belgium was so determined on independence, the great Powers would no longer stand as sponsors for the union they had created. So the Netherlands were again declared divided. Belgium was allowed to select a king of its own from the royal families of Europe, and after negotiation with two or three candidates conferred the dignity upon a German prince, Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Lines of demarcation between Belgium and Holland were then agreed to by the Powers, though naturally the boundaries assigned satisfied neither of the belligerent little

states. Indeed the Dutch king secretly resolved to defy Europe. He sent his army suddenly into Belgium in a renewed attack. The new Belgian king, Leopold, appealed to the Powers for help; and they came vigorously forward to support their previous decrees. A French army marched into Belgium to drive out the Dutch; and a British fleet threatened to bombard the coast of Holland. So Holland yielded and called home her troops.

The career of Holland remained peaceful through all the rest of the nineteenth century. She became, as she had been of old, a trading country. She still retained some of her Eastern and South American colonies, including the huge and vastly rich tropical islands of Java and Sumatra. From these wealth flowed into her ports, and her thrifty people cleared new waste lands behind protective dykes and made their flat meadows blossom ever more and more. Old King William never got over his loss of Belgium. He opposed the arrangements for her freedom at every step, and when in 1839 he had signed the last long delayed document separating the two states completely, he soon afterward resigned his own throne. His son, King William II, reigned until 1849, and was then succeeded in turn by his son, King William III, who reigned until 1890. William III was succeeded by his ten-year-old daughter Wilhelmina. For some years the little child queen was ruled by her mother as regent, but full power was formally vested in Wilhelmina in 1898.

Queen Wilhelmina was repeatedly urged by her councillors to marry. Her people were devoted to her and wanted her children to continue the royal line. The young queen, the greatest "match" of the day, with all the nobility of Europe to choose from, unfortunately selected as her husband a Prussian noble, Duke Henry of Mecklenburg. He was a handsome and dashing young cavalry officer; and the match was proclaimed to the world as one of genuine love upon a throne. The wedding, which took place in 1901, was certainly a fortunate thing for Prussia, as German ascendancy thereafter gradually increased among the upper classes. Rumor, however, pictured the Prussian prince as anything but a devoted husband, and the mass of Dutch people showed little love for him. In 1914 the people of Holland showed themselves markedly in sympathy with Belgium and the cause of Democracy, as the upper classes were with their German relatives and the cause of Autocracy.

Meanwhile Belgium, starting on her independent career in 1830, was, as we have seen, the protégé of the great Powers of Europe. They had created the new State—or at least allowed her to create herself—and they had rescued her from Holland. They also pledged themselves to her preservation. Each Power, including Prussia, pledged itself to respect Belgian neutrality, not to



QUEEN WILHELMINA'S WEDDING

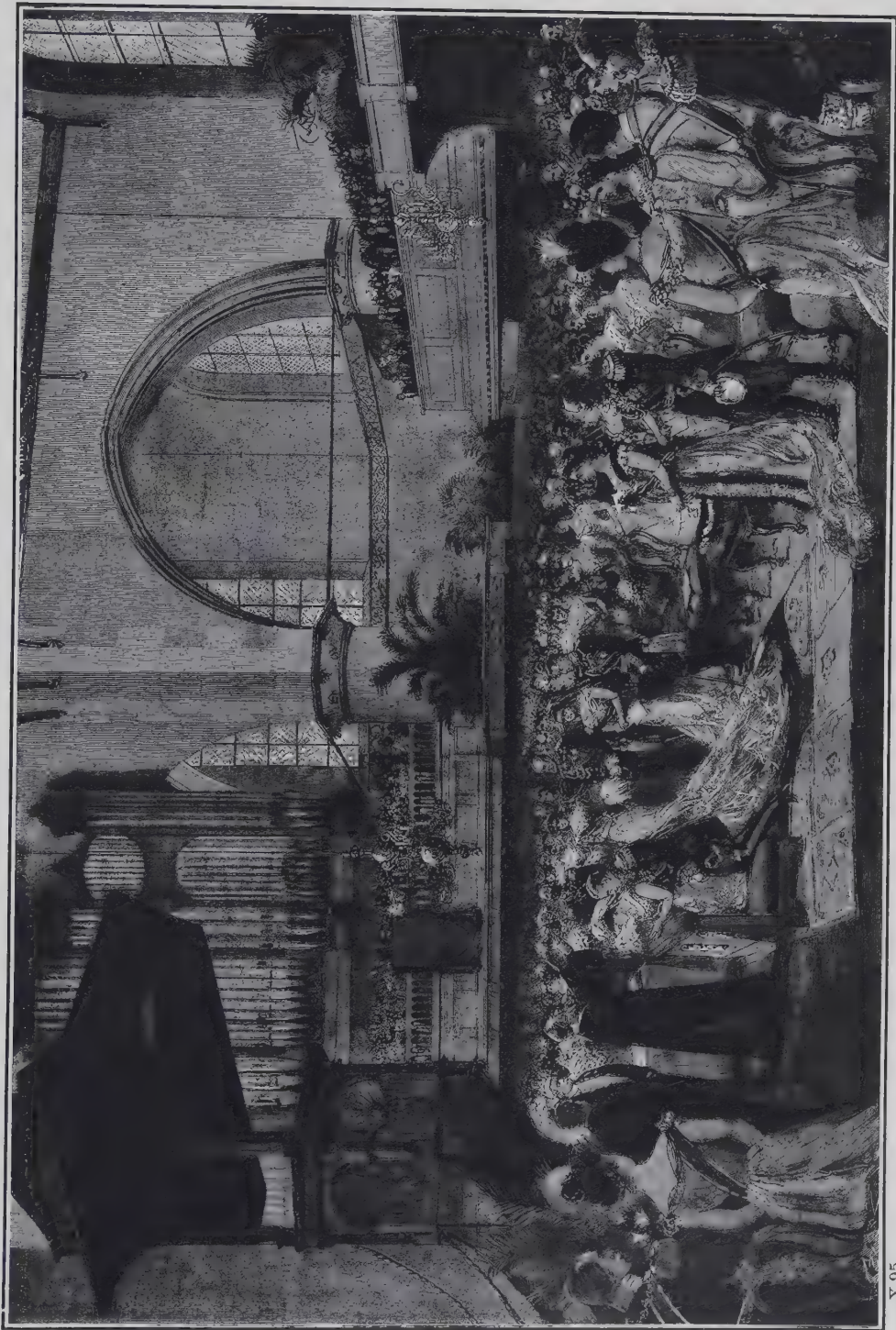
(The Queen Amid the Prayers of Her People Weds the German Duke Henry)

From a painting on the spot by E. Linnmer

WHEN all Europe was reconstructed after the upheaval of Napoleon's days, the Netherlands were erected into a little independent kingdom under Holland's rule. The southern Catholic provinces, however, had been so long estranged from the north that they insisted on a separate independence and fought for it. Thus the Netherlands became divided into Holland and Belgium. The existence of these two little kingdoms is guaranteed by the great Powers of Europe, so that they give every promise of remaining as permanent states.

Holland, more accustomed to self-government and with its proud traditions of liberty behind it, has been the more successful state of the two. Its monarchs are descended from the celebrated family of William the Silent, and are deeply loved and trusted by their people. The present queen, Wilhelmina, came to the throne as a young child in 1890. Her people urged her to marry, so as to perpetuate their beloved race of rulers; and in 1901 Wilhelmina made choice of a German prince for her husband, Duke Henry of Mecklenburg. The pair were wedded in the great church of The Hague surrounded by all Wilhelmina's devoted subjects. There is no country in Europe whose people seem more happy, prosperous and well-content.





invade the little country even for the sake of attacking another, and not to permit any other Power to invade her. This pledge was several times reaffirmed, most notably during the war of 1870.

The first Belgian king, Leopold I, proved a most efficient and kindly monarch. His people learned to love and trust him. They deeply mourned his death in 1865, and warmly welcomed to the throne his son, Leopold II, who ruled until 1909.

Leopold II was not a very august or impressive king. The Belgians were a nation of hard working, economical, practical manufacturing people; and Leopold II would have been better as a business manufacturer than as a king. He accumulated a large fortune by private enterprise, and spent most of this money on his personal pleasures. There was always some new scandal attaching to his name. He gloried in having his capital of Brussels known as "the lesser Paris."

Most serious of the scandals which Leopold brought to Belgium was what was known as "the Congo horror"; and yet this brought prosperity also. As early as 1884 King Leopold started a private company for trading in the vast Congo River valley in Central Africa. The company was after a while accepted by other nations as having a real right of dominion over the Congo region, and this district was named the Congo River Free State. King Leopold was made its king, not as king of Belgium, but as an independent ruler of a wholly separate State. Indeed his people did not, at first, wish him to accept the nomination as king of this second State, and it was not finally and formally annexed to Belgium until 1908. Meanwhile the Belgian officials who were sent out to rule along the Congo made money by forcing the native blacks to work for them, chiefly at the task of gathering rubber. Rumors, which the Belgians now say were started from German sources, declared that the Congo officials were inflicting frightful tortures upon the natives. An international investigation was undertaken. Some charges were proven; many others were disproven; and the matter ended in the Belgian government being placed officially in control.

In 1909 King Leopold died and was succeeded by his son, the noted and honored young sovereign, Albert I. Albert's tragic and war-torn reign began under favorable auspices. He had already proven himself a warm friend to all his people and especially to the laboring classes. There were serious labor troubles in the kingdom in 1912 and 1913, but faith in the honor and wisdom of King Albert carried the people through these. It was upon a joyous and prosperous race that there burst forth the sudden and awful tragedy of 1914.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE NETHERLANDS

B.C. 58—Cæsar begins the conquest of the Belgæ and Nervii. A.D. 28—Roman conquest of Frisia. 70—Civlis heads a Batavian rebellion. 280(?)—Invasion of the Franks. 481(?)—Clovis leads the Franks out of the Netherlands. 622—Dagobert reasserts Frankish dominion and founds the first Christian Church at Utrecht. 692—Pepin conquers King Radbod. 695—Willibrod made first Bishop of Utrecht. 755—Bishop Boniface martyred. 785—Charlemagne begins the conquest of the Frisians. 843—Treaty of Verdun includes the Netherlands in Lotharingia. 864—Baldwin of the Iron Arm weds the Emperor's daughter and becomes Count of Flanders; his domain is attached to France. 880—The rest of the Netherlands annexed to Germany. 911—Lorraine added to France. 923—Dirk I rules as first Count of Holland. 1036—Baldwin V makes Flanders practically independent. 1061—Floris I of Holland overthrown by the Bishop of Utrecht; Holland saved by Robert of Flanders. 1127—Assassination of Charles of Flanders and revolution of the people of Bruges; rise of the communes. 1248—William of Holland made Emperor of Germany. 1301—Philip of France confiscates Flanders. 1302—The "Bruges Matins"; Battle of Courtrai. 1335—The Flemish cities under Jacques Van Artevelde dragged into the Hundred Years' War between France and England. 1345—Death of Van Artevelde; supremacy of Ghent. 1382—Overthrow of Philip Van Artevelde and the Communes at Roosebeke. 1384—Flanders passes to the house of Burgundy. 1417—Death of William VI of Holland and accession of Countess Jacqueline. 1428—Jacqueline transfers her authority to Philip of Burgundy. 1436—Death of Jacqueline; war of Burgundy with England. 1477—Death of Charles the Bold leaves the Netherlands to his daughter Mary; the "Great Privilege" granted to the citizens. 1482—Death of Mary; Maximilian, her husband, imprisoned by the Brugeois. 1492—The Netherlands completely subjugated by Maximilian. 1515—Charles V made Count of Flanders and Holland, etc. 1540—Charles crushes Ghent for its rebellion. 1550—He establishes the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands. 1555—Charles abdicates to his son, Philip II of Spain. 1559—Philip withdraws to Spain, Margaret of Parma regent. 1566—The "beggars" present their petition; image-breaking furor. 1567—Alva reaches the Netherlands; William of Orange and many patriots flee; the "Council of Blood." 1568—Execution of Egmont and Horn; William of Orange begins the Eighty Years' War. 1572—Alva's tyranny drives even Brussels to revolt; the "sea-beggars" seize Briel; the burghers rise everywhere against Spain. 1573—Siege and sack of Haarlem; Alva recalled to Spain. 1574—Siege of Leyden; its rescue; University of Leyden founded. 1576—The "Spanish Fury" at Antwerp; Don John of Austria arranges a truce. 1580—The northern provinces

declare their independence. 1581—They offer the sovereignty to William of Orange; he proffers it to Anjou; union of the "Seven Provinces." 1583—The "French Fury" at Antwerp; Anjou flees to France. 1584—Assassination of William of Orange. 1585—Parma captures Antwerp; final break between the northern and southern provinces; Leicester leads an English army to Holland's help. 1591—Maurice of Orange begins his victorious career. 1596—Founding of the Dutch East India Company. 1598—The "Spanish Netherlands" conferred on Albert and Isabella of Austria. 1605—Destruction of the Spanish Indian fleet off Malacca; establishment of Holland's supremacy in the East. 1609—Truce with Spain. 1619—Maurice executes the patriot Barneveldt. 1621—War with Spain re-opens. 1624—Founding of New Amsterdam in America. 1628—Piet Hein captures the Spanish silver fleet. 1637—The tulip mania. 1639—Admiral Tromp destroys the Spanish sea-power. 1648—Final peace with Spain. 1652-4—First great naval war with England. 1665—Second naval war. 1667—The Dutch burn the Thames shipping; peace with England. 1672—Louis XIV invades Holland; England joins him; murder of the De Witts; William III made Stadtholder; opening of the dykes. 1689—William becomes King of England; forms various coalitions against Louis XIV. 1702-9—Victories of Marlborough. 1713—Treaty of Utrecht leaves Holland exhausted. 1747—William IV made hereditary Stadtholder. 1780—England declares war and seizes Holland's colonial possessions. 1787—Revolt in Holland suppressed by William V. 1789—Rebellion in Belgium against the Austrians. 1792—French win the victory of Jemappes and annex Belgium. 1794-5—French overrun Holland; they aid in its reorganization as the "Batavian Republic." 1806—Napoleon creates a "Kingdom of Holland" for Louis Bonaparte. 1810—Holland annexed to the French empire. 1813—Uprising against the French. 1814—William of Orange made king by his people; Belgium and Holland united as the Kingdom of the Netherlands. 1830—Revolt of Belgium; battle in Brussels; Powers accede to Belgian independence. 1831—Leopold of Saxe-Coburg chosen King of Belgium; Dutch troops invade the land; they yield to France and England. 1839—Holland finally assents to Belgian independence. 1865—Leopold II becomes King of Belgium. 1885—He is declared king of the Congo Free State. 1890—William III of Holland succeeded by his child daughter Wilhelmina. 1892—Serious labor riots in Belgium. 1898—Coronation of Queen Wilhelmina. 1899—International Peace Conference at The Hague. 1901—Wedding of Queen Wilhelmina. 1902—Holland proffers her services for peace in the Boer War. 1907—Second Peace Conference held. 1908—Belgium annexes the Congo Free State. 1909—King Leopold II dies and is succeeded by his son, Albert I. 1912—Holland plans a naval fortress at Flushing. 1912-13—The laborers of Belgium enforce a great political strike to secure equal franchise.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY FOR VOLUME X

Absalon (ahb'sah-lŏn)	Jacqueline (zhahk'lin)
Achmet (ahk'mĕt)	Jemappes (zhā-mahp')
Ælla (ĕl'lă)	Jotun (yĕr'tŭn)
Angeln (ahng'ĕln)	Kalmar (kah'l'mahr)
Anjou (ŏn-zhoo')	Karasi (kah-rah'si)
Anscarius (ăn-skă'rĭ-ŭs)	Karelia (kahr-ă-lĕ'ă)
Arkona (ahr-kŏ'nă)	Khara (kah'rah)
Artevelde (ahr'tă-vĕlt)	Knut (knoot)
Astrakhan (ahs-tră-kahn')	Kossova (kŏs-sŏ'vă)
Axel Hvide (ahk'sĕl-hvĭd')	Leipzig (lĭp'sĭk)
Azov (ah-zŏv')	Leyden (lĭ'dĕn)
Baghdad (bahg-dahd')	Liege (lĕ-ăzh')
Bajazet (băj-ă-zĕt')	Lille (lĕl)
Bjorn (be-yŏrn')	Louvain (loo'văn)
Batavia (bă-tă'vĭ-ă)	Lund (loond)
Borselen (bŏr'sĕ-lĕn)	Mahmud (mah-mood')
Bouvines (boo-vĕn')	Malkkatoon (mahl-khă'toon)
Brabant (brah'bănt)	Marizza (mah-rĭt'să)
Bruges (brŭ'jĕz)	Mohacs (mŏ-hahch')
Brusa (broo'sah)	Murad (moo'răd)
Buda (boo'dă)	Mustapha (moos'tah-fah)
Canute (kă-noot')	Narva (nahr'vah)
Caramania (kah-rah-mahn'ĭ-ă)	Nymwegen (nĕm-wă'gĕn)
Cerestes (kă-rĕs'tĕz)	Osman (ŏs-mahn')
Civilis (sĭ-vĭ'lis)	Oxenstjerna (ŏks'ĕn stĕr-nă)
Colberg (kŏl'berg)	Pultowa (pŭl-tow'ă)
Copenhagen (kŏ'pĕn-hă'gĕn)	Ragnar Lodbrok (rahg'năr-lŏd'brŏk)
Courtrai (koo'rtră)	Roosebeke (roos'bek)
Djen (jĕn)	Rugen (ruĕ'gĕn)
Dordrecht (dort'rĕkt)	Saoudji (sah-ood'ji)
Drusus (droo'sŭs)	Scania (skah'nĕ-ă)
Ertoghrul (ĕr-tŏg'ghrŭl)	Schleswig-Holstein (shlăs'wĕk-hŏl'stĭn)
Fehrbellin (fair-bĕl-lĕn')	Selim (sĕ'lim)
Fjord (fe-yŏrd')	Sinope (sĭn-ŏ'-pĕ)
Frederikshald (frĕd'ĕr-ĭks-hahld)	Sweyn (swăn)
Friesland (frĕz'lănd)	Szigeth (sĕ'gĕt)
Gallipoli (găl-lĭp'ŏ-lĭ)	Tabriz (tah-brĕz')
Ghent (gĕnt)	Trebizond (trĕb'ĭ-zŏnd)
Grâvelines (grahv-lĕn')	Ukraine (ŭ'krăn)
Guntz (guĕnts)	Upsala (up-sah'lah)
Haarlem (hahr'lĕm)	Waldemar (wŏl'dĕ-mahr)
Hainault (hă-nŏ')	Wallachia (wŏl-lă'kĭ-ă)
Housein (hoo-sĭn')	Wisby (wĭz'bĭ)
Hunyadi (hoon'yŏd-ĕ)	Yngling (ĕng'ling)
Iconium (ĭ-cŏ'nĭ-ŭm)	Zealand (zĕ'lănd)
Idstedt (ĭd'stĕt)	
Ingermanland (ĭn'gĕr-măn-land)	



THE STORY OF THE WORLD WAR

Chapter I

WHY THE WAR CAME

[*Authorities:* the State documents issued by the United States government, Germany, and the Allies; also, C. Seymour, "Diplomatic Background of the War"; Stowell, "Diplomacy of the War"; Weyl, "American World Policies"; Sarolea, "The Anglo-German Problem"; Cheradame, "The Pan-German Plot Unmasked"; Thayer, "Germany versus Civilization"; Breitner, "Kriegsbilder"; Von Bulow, "Imperial Germany"; Malkowsky, "Der Weltkrieg"; Times' History of the War; Wyrall, "Europe in Arms"; Belloc, "Elements of the Great War"; Simonds, "History of the Great War"; Guyot, "Causes and Consequences of the War."]



WHEN in the last days of July, 1914, the Great War burst suddenly upon an astounded world, the true character of the struggle was not immediately recognized. Most people, especially in lands far from the center of the storm, regarded it merely as one more battle for wider power. Slowly, however, the awful truth was forced home to all men's minds, that the Great War was unlike any other that had been fought since the days when Attila's barbaric Huns had threatened to devour Europe. German leaders had introduced into the conflict a teaching which made its horrors a thousand times more horrible. They taught that every wrong was right, that every falsehood, murder, world-wide treachery or massacre was really a most noble achievement, if it helped Germany toward power. Germany, they said,

was surely going to rule the world; and therefore any savage deed whatever, any brutality, any hideous beastliness, was in reality an act of kindness and mercy, if by its terror it broke the spirit of resistance in non-Germans, and so shortened the period of strife which was to end with Germany's lordship of the world. All suffering would lead to the glorious final peace of submission to the haughty self-worship of the Prussian military aristocracy.

Thus, as the months passed, the Great War shaped itself slowly, majestically into the world-old struggle between democracy and autocracy, between the equal rights of all men and the despotism of a few. On the one side were ranged liberty, justice, universal brotherhood. On the other were only the arrogance of a few egotists calling themselves "super-men," the ignorance of their misled subjects, and the enforced obedience of slaves beneath the whip.

Of course in our complex world no one issue ever stands completely clear of others. It would be absurd to think that there were no deeds of brutality on the Allies' side, no generous moments of pity and mercy among the German troops. The mere dictate of an autocrat commanding "frightfulness" can not obliterate all humane nature at a word. Even the deliberate teaching to German children during forty years that they should despise and hate their neighbors, even this could not wholly destroy their inheritance of universality from a Goethe, spirituality from a Beethoven, democracy from a Carl Schurz. To deny either the true nobility of many a German of the past or the resolute American loyalty of many an American of German descent, would be as blundering as to deny the intoxication of vanity which made the whole German people of 1914 willing followers of their government in its subordination of every other ideal to the one aim of dominating the world.

Yet, gradually, the deepest truth of all as to the meaning of the War grew clear. In inmost heart and meaning it stood revealed as one more phase of the eternal contest between light and darkness, civilization and barbarism, religion and non-religion. The issue was of Christianity and all other uplifting, altruistic faiths against Paganism; of generosity and love and mercy against the narrowness and selfishness of the beast; of spirituality against materialism; of heaven against earth.

What wonder then, when the War stood thus revealed, that America's young men entered it in the spirit of the Crusades of old, that America's older men organized it with the grim finality of a necessity of the soul, and that American women embraced it as a martyrdom. In that spirit alone was it accepted here. In that spirit was it carried through to its high conclusion. Therein, for Americans, lies the truth that made this the "Great" War. To the vast bulk of our people it was from the beginning what it had only by degrees become in France and Britain and other lands, it was a Holy war. No gilding of hypocrisy befouled it; no scheme for worldly profit defiled it; no clutch at glory debased it. The American Crusaders went to Europe to fight the

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THE FIRST BATTLE.

(The Belgian Troops defend their Frontier against Invasion)

From a photograph of the actual fighting

GERMANY opened her attack upon established law and civilization by a sudden invasion of the tiny neutral state of Belgium. We know now that she accounted Belgium as so feeble that the German armies were expected to sweep immediately across the little country, and so reach an unready France. From this terrible menace France was saved by the unexpected vigor and resoluteness of the Belgian resistance. Thus Belgium saved civilization.

German troops first crossed the Belgium frontier on August 3rd, 1914. The first fighting occurred on that day at several points, notably at the little town of Verviers where Belgian soldiers, hastily gathered, resisted the advance, just as this photograph shows them. This was taken at great risk from the shelter of a nearby wall, when already some of the Belgians had been shot down and others wounded. The little band of heroes were soon driven to retreat, by overwhelming numbers; but all along the frontier the Germans were similarly resisted and won their advance only at heavy cost. Indeed, the fury of the Germans at their losses seems to have been what first roused them to that murderous frenzy which made their march through Belgium a long series of unspeakable horrors. Belgium became what all future ages will acclaim her, the savior and the martyr of modern civilization.





Dragon of Frightfulness, to destroy him in his own den, and so preserve for themselves and for the universe the light of the spirit, the light that lifts man above the beast.

How was Germany, a once honored and admired Germany, misled into taking the devil's role in this hugest of all epic warfares? In that debasement of Germany we face the first of the innumerable and immeasurable tragedies which make up the mighty story of our day, the story which our children's children will reread forever. In the years 1870-71, the German people, united for the first time, triumphed swiftly and heroically over a France ill-led and ill-prepared for war. Justly proud of this success, of their energy, their self-sacrifice, their devotion to the "fatherland," the German people thought to perpetuate both their union and their freedom by creating the great German Empire under the lead of Prussia and its Hohenzollern kings. But, alas, their very victory and first step to united action had been founded on a lie; and the wonderfully triumphant outcome of that lie led them to believe in lies.

The falsehood which thus may well be said to have started the whole world disaster was planned by the great Bismarck himself, the ablest of Prussian statesmen. So little can even the shrewdest of mankind foresee the ultimate consequence of their deeds! Bismarck had wanted his country to fight with France; he foresaw that a united Germany could easily win, and that if he could only beguile the Frenchmen into beginning the war, all the Germans would unite in resistance. The kindly old King of Prussia did not want a war. Bismarck then succeeded in arousing French pride to such a point that a French ambassador in a personal interview with the Prussian monarch made rather aggressive demands. Even to this challenge the aged king answered with such wisdom and dignity that all danger of war seemed passed. Then came the historic falsehood. Bismarck received a telegram from his king describing the pacific interview. Such a result meant the breakdown of all Bismarck's dreams. Resolutely he took the telegram, cut out all the placating portions, and made it read as though king and ambassador had met and parted with words of defiance and acts of insult. Then he published the altered telegram.

It accomplished the Bismarckian purpose on the instant. The French, feeling themselves grossly insulted, rushed to declare war. The Germans, feeling equally the indignity to the Prussian king, crowded to him everywhere cheering for the war and pledging their support. Perhaps the kindly old monarch never quite understood why the interview which he had supposed would insure peace had instead made war inevitable. At any rate he let himself go with the tide; and out of Bismarck's falsehood arose the successful war, and a united Germany, and Prussia's King became an Emperor.

In later years Bismarck confessed, or we might more accurately say

boasted of his trick. Indeed it was neither better nor worse than the twisted methods of many another diplomat of many another nation. But for the German leaders it became unfortunately the corner stone of their entire system both at home and abroad. For the German people it became the basis of a blind trust in their Hohenzollern rulers. The masses were determined to believe. Even though they had been once deceived, yet that deceit had resulted in such glory and such wealth that they insisted on trusting. Doubtless the next deception would be equally profitable for them.

There we have the root of the whole evil! A nation not merely profiting by a single accidental falsehood, but deliberately worshipping falsehood. Men obeyed the Hohenzollerns blindly because all felt that these Prussian Emperors were grimly, resolutely treading the path which every German wished to tread, the path to glory and prosperity and world-wide dominance.

Probably few of the German people ever realized how completely and how misleadingly autocracy took them into the hollow of its hand. All Germany became the raw material on which the Prussian military leaders worked; and these leaders snatched from the fire for themselves, pride and pleasure and wealth and lordliness. Bismarck was by far the ablest of their earlier lords; but the main weight in deciding most of their autocratic measures since 1890 must be ascribed to the new Emperor, William II. In that year William II dismissed Bismarck from the chancellorship, and thereafter ruled by his own judgment.

What the system did as a whole was this. It pervaded the entire life of the people. It surrounded them in school from earliest childhood with portraits of all the Hohenzollerns and with reading lessons and declamations, teaching them what splendid heroes the Hohenzollerns were. It taught them that the Germans were the greatest people in the world, its natural leaders, only held back by the wicked jealousy of narrow and envious neighbor races. This gospel of vanity for themselves and of scorn and hatred for their neighbors was poured out to them through all their lives. What the school had begun, the newspaper and the theatre, even the official government ordinances continued.

The people were taught that the Slavic races along their eastern boundary were slaves, as the name implied, not fit to clean the shoes of a true German, terribly dangerous, but only so because of their vast numbers and sneaking treachery. To the west of Germany the French were depicted as a degenerate people, "monkeys" animated by a fantastic monkey malice against their betters, and the English as a nation of "shopkeepers," hypocrites pretending to morality in order to deceive honest Germans, but at heart scheming always and only after money. Thus the German nation learned to regard itself as a hero man surrounded by a pack of snarling hyenas, hating him for his goodness, snapping at his heels but never daring to meet him face to



THE FIGHT FOR DELAY.

(French Sharpshooters holding back the German Advance)

From an official photograph

WITH Belgium beaten down at last, the huge German army marched onward into France. Hundreds of motor-trucks carried the invaders forward at a rapid rate. The French armies, with British aid, tried for a moment to hold back the foe in Belgium; but soon found this impossible. The Germans were too numerous, too thoroughly prepared; their artillery fire was too crushing. So the French and British retreated. They had no choice except to leave Belgium to her fate. They were even compelled to yield the rich north-eastern provinces of France with the great manufacturing city of Lille.

This retreat cut the proud Frenchmen to the heart. Every man of them was so ready to fight, so ready to die, in defending his country. They retreated with faces to the advancing foe, always eager to rush upon him. Whenever his advance became too rapid, the watchful French commanders would give the word and French regiments would hurl themselves forward in glorious attacks, beating back the Germans again and again, in one location or another. But everywhere, along the whole line of battle, from the Ocean to the Rhine, the German hordes rolled onward.

Chiefly their advance was delayed by bits of individual heroism, such as our picture shows. When the main French lines fell back, sharpshooters remained, hidden wherever they could find a place. They were almost certain to be killed themselves, but meanwhile they were picking off the foremost Germans, compelling the foe to advance with utmost care, slowly wearing him out, breaking down his confidence and strength.







face and voice their hate. This view of their neighbors the mass of Germans came actually to believe. Their manner toward the casual visitor in Germany changed most amazingly for the worse from about 1890. By 1905 it had become almost openly contemptuous and defiant.

Of the world beyond their immediate surroundings the Germans were equally misinformed. In a German geography widely used, the map of the United States showed no names or outlines of the individual states. The country was instead divided into three broad sections. The part east of the Alleghanies was labelled "Region under British control;" the far larger middle section stretching west even to the Rocky Mountains was labelled "Region under German control;" and the strip beyond the Rockies was marked "Region under Indian control." Is it any marvel that a nation so mistaught expected the United States to side with them in war, and felt aggrieved when this "German America" rejected them?

Some of our American psychologists have well pointed out to us that under such training the German mind has remained a child's mind in recent years, governed by a child's psychology. He sees everything only as it touches him. He knows no other rights in the world than his own right, appreciates no desires but his own. Whatever he wishes, thus becomes right to him because he wishes it. All who oppose him are wicked just because they oppose—and he wants to punish them. Only when we realize this essential childishness of the German mind, can we understand the astounding attitude of the Germans through all the four terrible years of war, their "hymns of hate," a shrieking fury against the wicked, wicked people who deliberately resist them, their aggrieved astonishment that the world did not applaud them as they applauded themselves, their indecent savageries, and their equally indecent triumphs.

To this child people then, trusters in foolish falsehood as children always are tempted to trust in it, there came, in the years after 1871, a vast material prosperity, the strength of youth and wealth almost unlimited. But always the governing classes took away from the people a heavy portion of this wealth, as well as five years of each man's youth, declaring that this was necessary for the building of an army and a navy sufficient to protect them from their surrounding foes. Thus step by step the German government built up an enormous military machine, the mightiest the world had ever known, a nation all in arms.

The tragedies which sprang from the building up of this great army were chiefly three. First, and perhaps most terrible of all, was the further corruption of the German people themselves. The methods employed for obtaining discipline in this army were those which had been used in the brutish Prussian army of a ruder day. They were vulgar and harsh almost beyond telling. Every shred of independence and of decent self-respect was

beaten out of the recruits by the petty officers who drilled them. The orders given them and the penalties inflicted were unspeakably vile. Men drank, at command, the muss out of their officers' spittoons. That, however, was not considered foul enough to count as a punishment; it was a mere exhibit of obedience. The number of suicides among young recruits was large.

Think of a youth trained to such deeds through the five first years of early manhood, and you will understand the fate of Belgium. Almost beyond the conception of a gentleman—and the humblest American is at heart a gentleman—is the vicious spirit in which that horde, trained into beastliness, flung itself upon the Belgians. It was the recruit's turn to punish. These Belgians had disobeyed Germany, and he meant to break them, to teach them all he had been taught—and more. The German of 1914 had learned to be as savage to those beneath him as he was submissive to those above. He had learned two master-words, and only two, by which to impose his will on others: his words were Pain and Shame.

The second tragedy which came from that vast military machine was the ever widening gap between the rulers and the ruled. Germans were not of one breed but of two. The officials who commanded and enjoyed and reveled, were contrasted with the masses, who obeyed and toiled and paid. Gradually a widespread "Socialist" party grew up among the poor of Germany. Its members were quite helpless; for they had the German training of submission, and the military rulers deprived them of all real political power. But they could grumble; and they did. Their leaders protested against the ever increasing mountain of taxation and injustice. Every year it became more difficult to coerce them, to compel their obedience in the army, to wring from their scant wages the pennies wherewith to build more war-ships and more guns. Class hatred and financial disaster, these were the threatening specters born of the mighty military machine.

Third of the tragedies directly traceable to the "nation in arms" idea of Germany, was the world-wide suspicion roused by her vast preparations for war. The German rulers always explained to their people that the armament was necessary because neighboring nations were arming against them. But as a matter of plain evidence, Germany was always at least two steps in advance of any competitor. Other governments could never hope to equal her; because no other people were at once so able, so industrious, so numerous, and yet so submissive as the Germans. Other governments could only struggle along far behind her in a frenzy of fear. The world became hysterical with fear. For what purpose was Germany piling up this mighty armament, if not for conquest?

The only possible exception to this widespread European anxiety was in Great Britain. True Britain had no army whatever to match the German one; but for two centuries the British fleet had been the strongest on the



From an official photograph

The French tactics of retreat and of retreating until the
last possible moment and until the Germans were weak

in 1918. The French were successful. Marshal Joffre
threw upon the foe at the decisive moment and broke the
German power at the Battle of the Marne.

In this master battle which was played along a front of
over two hundred miles the first French attack was delivered
on the German flank by a force that rushed forward from
Paris and swept across the fields shown in our picture.
The Germans had the raised road on the right. The French
rushed forward from the road and the shelter of the hay-

stacks being surrounded and thus cut off from their base of
supplies. It was at this spot, therefore, that their defeat and
their retreat began. From here the destiny and the disaster
and from Paris to Verdun.

This was the climax of the war. The last great German
rush had failed. The German high command had been
crushed and the world had been saved. Now, however, they were
unable to rest or to recover. They were forced to retreat
again and again and were also





AFTER THE MARNE.

(French Zouaves removing the last Debris from the Greatest Battlefield in the World)

From an official photograph

THE French tactics of delay, of retreating until France was wholly ready, and until the Germans were weakened by distance from their starting place, these proved successful. The French master-strategist, Marshal Joffre, turned upon the foe at the decisive moment and broke the German power at the Battle of the Marne.

In this monster battle which was spread along a front of over two hundred miles, the first French attack was delivered on the German flank by a force that rushed forward from near Paris and swept across the fields shown in our picture. The Germans held the raised road on the right. The French zouaves attacked from the wood and the shelter of the haystacks. The Germans were beaten back; they only just escaped being surrounded and thus cut off from their base of supplies. It was at this spot, therefore, that their defeat and their retreat began. From here the dismay and the disaster spread along the whole line eastward, from Paris to Verdun.

This was the climax of the war. The first great German rush had failed. The Germans had expected it to conquer France and the world, and it had come grimly close to doing so. Now, however, they were compelled to intrench themselves, to resist attack instead of advancing. The long four years of equal warfare along the "western front" set in as the result of the French victory at the Marne.





oceans, and Britons, secure in their island home, might feel that German aggression could not reach them. But in 1898 Germany suddenly turned her attention to increasing her navy. Soon that navy grew to be second only to Britain's. Then it began to rival Britain's. The aroused British people set themselves to building warships at a rate such as the world had never dreamed of; and the German government toiled stupendously and at stupendous cost to keep up the race.

That was the last touch needed to arouse all the world. If Germany meant to rival Britain on the sea while outmatching all the rest of the world on land, her purpose surely was not one of peace. Indeed peace must prove fatal to her; for if there were to be continued peace then all the sums she had expended upon armament were wasted, and she would drop hopelessly behind other nations which were employing their resources in more profitable ways.

Thus the plain truth, as all mankind can see it now, is that in 1914, Germany had reached the breaking point. She could no longer continue, much less increase, her enormous expenditures. She had long dreamed of world-empire, long prepared for it, long awaited favorable opportunities for war. Now she must strike at last, or must surrender all her dreams, must turn to ways of peace. And how then could the government satisfy the vanity it had built up in its people? How assuage the fear and hate the Germans had been taught to feel toward other nations? Could the government confess itself the source, when it had so long posed as the victim, of all the war hysteria with which Europe trembled?

Besides, the German leaders had closely studied the situation. They really believed themselves able to achieve world-conquest. With Bismarckian diplomacy they would deceive other Powers and keep them separate, would strike down one foe after another, until all were helpless. They hoped to deceive their own people also, persuade them again as in 1870 that they were being wantonly insulted, were being wickedly attacked, and must strike in self-defense.

Much talk has been wasted upon the various diplomatic moves which preceded the declarations of war in 1914. If Russia had not said this, or Germany that, or if Britain had said something else, could war have been avoided? As a matter of fact, all the diplomats' crying out in those fateful days was but the useless buzzing of flies about the chariot wheels of Destiny. Germany had massed all her forces. Nothing could have prevented her from striking, unless all Europe had bowed to her utmost demands and let her extend her sway unresisted over all her contemplated empire of "Middle Europe." That indeed would have been a bloodless triumph which would have justified her army, satisfied her people, and made her ruler of the world without a blow.

With Germany's inflexible purpose thus made clear, even the murder of the Austrian prince at Serajevo is shown for what it really was, a minor matter, of no more note than a thousand other ugly crimes. It was merely the chance pretext of the moment which the German leaders twisted to their purpose.

Let us follow briefly what really happened. On June 28th, 1914, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, the Hapsburg Archduke Franz Ferdinand visited Serajevo, the capital of the Austrian province of Bosnia. He had been cautioned, had even been requested by the local authorities not to come. The people of Bosnia were Serbs, only recently seized upon by Austria. They had no love for their Austrian despots, and were held under only by military force. Yet their Hapsburg rulers, with that fatuous sophistry which has ever been the curse of autocratic government, assumed that these Serbs owed to the Hapsburg family loyalty, obedience, even affection and devotion.

Franz Ferdinand, a stern and narrow man, was determined to enforce these obligations upon the Bosnians. Hence he insisted on riding in public procession through the Serajevo streets. A bomb was hurled at him; he escaped it and sharply rebuked the city authorities for guarding his road so poorly. Then he rode forth again, and this time a more skilled assassin attacked him with a revolver. He was slain, as was also his wife, who endeavored to protect him with her body.

Probably the true inwardness of that murder will never be wholly understood. So many people in high place had reason to wish the Archduke dead, members of his own family, members of the German court, political opponents in Hungary and in Austria, as well as the down-trodden Bosnians. The Austrian government conducted an immediate but secret investigation, and announced that the crime had been plotted by Bosnian "traitors" encouraged by the Serbian government. But Austria had before held a somewhat similar judicial investigation with resulting accusations of Serbian intrigue; and that entire judicial fabric of condemnation had afterward been proven forged and false. The Serajevo examination was even more secret than the earlier one; did its judges reach a more honest decision? The world neither knows nor greatly cares.

What we do know is that at first the aged Austrian Emperor, Franz Josef, urged his people to be patient, and not to visit upon all Bosnians or Serbians a crime which could only have involved a few. The world applauded this pacific attitude, the Austrian people accepted it. For almost a month the unhappy incident seemed closed. It had passed by without any international imbroglio. Then suddenly the Serajevo judges announced their decision and Austria hurled against little Serbia an "ultimatum." This accused Serbia of guilt in the murder, insisted that she must admit this guilt immediately, take what punishment Austria chose to inflict, and in brief humble



THE BLOODSTAINED DUNES OF FLANDERS.

(British Troops creeping to the Attack beyond Ypres)

From an official photograph

FROM the very opening of the war Britain's navy kept control of the seas and carried British troops to France. At first these troops were few in number; Britain had never gone in, like France and Germany, for vast armies of millions of men, compulsory military service from the entire nation. She had only a small "professional" army with about a hundred thousand ready troops. So it was really France that stopped the first German rush. But afterwards, and always more and more as the years rolled by, Britain built up her army until it also was millions strong; and her colonies aided her, until at last the Britons fought on an equality with the French.

Chiefly the Britons held the northern end of the long battle line, their forces stretching from the English Channel southward across Flanders almost to Paris. The first great effort of the Germans to renew their advance, after their repulse at the Marne, was made near Ypres, the shattered Belgian city in Flanders which has since been set aside in its ruins as an eternal monument to the hundreds of thousands of brave men who perished there.

The region between Ypres and the sea is mostly barren, and the fighting there swept back and forth across the sand dunes as our picture shows. Much of the land was flooded by the Belgians as the only way of holding back their foes; and men battled amid a desolate, worthless wilderness of sand and sea.





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herself to an extent which involved a complete surrender of Serbia's independence. She was to become an Austrian subject province. Only two days were allowed Serbia to consider the matter or investigate the charges against her. At the end of that time, if she had not obeyed every detail of the ultimatum Austria would declare war.

Never before in the history of diplomacy had one previously friendly government assumed to dictate to another so completely, so arbitrarily, and so immediately. Moreover, the ultimatum was delivered at a time when the various ambassadors and ministers of friendly Powers whom Serbia would naturally consult, had been assured that nothing of importance was on hand. Some of the diplomats had even been officially encouraged to leave the Austrian capital on vacations or brief pleasure trips.

This abrupt and total change in Austria's official attitude toward Serbia had been caused by Germany. Within a week after the Serajevo murder, Emperor William II had gathered around him in his Potsdam palace all the chief leaders of his councils, and they had agreed that the murder should be used as the pretext for the war they desired. Each councillor was asked if his department of affairs was wholly ready, and each answered that it was. Only the representatives of commercial interests asked time to sell in the exchanges of the world their foreign stocks and possessions which might be lost to them when war was declared. They were promised two weeks delay; and so the Serajevo investigation was allowed to drag along through the slow July days, while German capitalists sold and sold and sold their imperilled stocks and produced almost a world panic which other financiers could not understand.

Why did Austria thus lend herself to the German plot? Perhaps her leaders never wholly understood it. They were merely encouraged to take the opportunity to crush Serbia completely and so extend their own domains. The German rulers afterward declared that they had not even seen the wording of the Austrian ultimatum until it was made public. Quite possibly they had not. They had simply urged Austria to make it decisively crushing and had pledged themselves to back it up even if it led to war.

Austria herself did not want a European war, did not even expect one. That became fairly evident in the mad whirl of diplomatic arguments which followed on the publication of the ultimatum. The poor Hapsburgs were doomed to be again, as so frequently before, the catspaws to pull treasure from the fire for the Hohenzollerns. What Austria wanted was to be let alone with Serbia, to have no other Power interfere while she gobbled up her annoying little neighbor and so reduced her own subject Serbs to impotence. She thought that Germany's vigorous support would hold off Russia, the great natural protector of the Serbs since both Serbs and Russians are of Slavic race. No other Power, she hoped, would care enough for Serbia to rush into the breach.

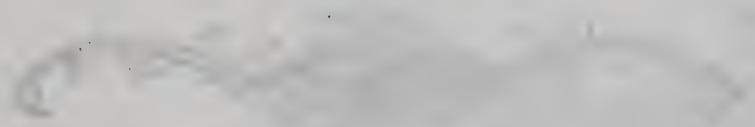
Serbia must have feared this also; for within the forty-eight hour limit of the ultimatum she hurried a submissive response to Austria, consenting to all she possibly could and yet preserve the faintest shred of self-respect. Despite this almost total yielding, Austria on July 28th declared war on Serbia. Indeed during the period of the ultimatum the populace of Vienna had been frankly rejoicing at the chance of war and saying that their only anxiety was lest Serbia should surrender wholly and so escape attack. They had long been trained in hatred of Serbia and regarded her as an easy victim.

Then came the Austrian awakening. Russia, despite the German menace, refused to let Serbia be destroyed. She began mobilizing her armies for war on Austria if that were necessary. Behind her came her ally France, pledging Russia aid if need be. Austria was startled indeed. Perhaps she saw a vision of what her own end was to be. A world war was a very different matter for her than a pompous military trampling on the helpless Serbs. She promptly asked what she had before refused, she offered to arbitrate the entire question. For a moment there seemed good prospect of escaping all war. Was Germany's trick to fail despite all her preparation?

No, for she was watching for just such a possible withdrawal by her weak-kneed victim and accomplice. She was ready for it. Immediately she despatched her own ultimatum to Russia. She declared that Russia's gathering of troops was a menace to her as well as to Austria, and that if Russia did not dismiss her assembling armies within twelve hours Germany would attack her. Meanwhile, and indeed for weeks past, the German armies were also gathering. For Russia to disarm in face of the German advance was obviously impossible. Germany's ultimatum was thus exactly equivalent to a declaration of war. And she had meant it to be so.

So Germany and Austria were at war with Russia and Serbia. There was no room now for Austria to withdraw. The German trap was sprung. The march toward world empire was begun, and Austria must already have half-suspected that she herself was to be her great ally's first victim.

There remained only the question, what would the other Powers do? With France there was no question. Long before, France had foreseen some such German outburst; and being herself the nearest and most likely victim, she had made with Russia an alliance, each pledging support to the other if attacked. Moreover, the warlike Frenchmen were only too ready to fight Germany in revenge for their defeat of 1870, if only the fight could be made on equal terms. Alone France knew she had no chance against the German colossus; but with Russia's help she was eager for the contest. Only thus could she escape the eternal fear which weighed upon her. So France summoned her troops. She still, however, thought peace possible; and to prevent any wanton act of her soldiers from precipitating war, she drew a "neutral zone" upon her own territory, forbidding any of her troops to approach within



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AMERICA TO THE FRONT.

(American Troops training in France bring the Joyousness of their Nation into the Somber War)

From an official photograph by the U. S. Government

WHEN in 1917 America entered the Great War, Europe had fought almost to the point of exhaustion. The war filled all men's souls. Its sufferings, its sorrows, its long years of strain had killed all high spirits. There was no family that did not mourn some death, no bodily frame that had not bent with misery. Into this forlorn world the first American troops burst like the rays of sunshine. They had the hard resoluteness needed to give new vigor to the Allies' fighting line; and they had also the freshness, the youth, the hopefulness, the easy confidence in their own strength, which brought back laughter into the gray world of Europe.

Everywhere our boys acted as in this picture. They worked hard while they worked; but in every free hour they played uproariously. Wherever they were "billeted" for training in France, the villagers were soon roused to new life, and cautious friendliness. The children especially were happy with our boys; and everywhere an "entente cordiale" was established, a better understanding for the future which was not the least among our victories of the war.

During the first months after our entry into the conflict, Europe regarded our boys as too untrained for the deadly work of the front line trenches. Our first troops reached France in June, 1917; but for months they did nothing but drill in camps far behind the battle line. The first deaths of United States troops in actual conflict did not occur until the following November.





several kilometers of her borderline. She meant to prevent Germany from saying, as in 1870, that France had begun the attack.

The German leaders, however, it must be remembered, had wiped all consideration for truth-telling out of their calculations. To rouse their people fully, they needed a defensive war. The "fatherland" must be in danger. So, having announced that Russia was going to assail them, they next announced that France had already assailed them, and they declared war upon her, August 3rd. The war declaration contained the statement that the French were invading Germany in many places, and specifically that a French air-machine had crossed the border and dropped bombs on Nurnberg. No faintest trace or evidence of any such invasions has ever been disclosed. As for the one specified case, the Nurnberg city officials themselves afterward declared that no air raid of any sort had taken place. Yet the German people, as they had been expected to do, devoured the falsehood with enthusiasm. The hated Frenchmen were attacking them, so were the Russian slaves! Every loyal German rushed enthusiastically and delightedly to the support of the government. Everyone was sure of victory. For this had they supported the enormous army! For this had they toiled and endured and paid taxes! It was "Der Tag," the "day" which they had silently worshipped for a generation, the day in which Germany was to prove and to assume her world-leadership. The fat profits would come after, as they had come after 1870.

Less assured was the attitude of the next strongest of the continental Powers, Italy. She had long been a partner in a "defensive" alliance with Germany and Austria, each pledged to help the others against an aggressive attack. But, only a year before, Austria had proposed to Italy that Serbia should be destroyed, and Italy had refused to be a partner to the crime. Italy was thus definitely on record as disapproving an attack on Serbia. She was not at all pledged to her allies for any offensive war; and they could have had little hope of her joining them in 1914. Of course they pretended to expect it. That was part of Germany's reason for declaring that she was being attacked. But Italy was not so easily to be deceived. She declared herself neutral in the war; and though Germany and Austria scolded at her for having deserted them, neutrality was probably quite as much as they had expected from her. She had many reasons to incline her to take sides against them.

There remained the chief question of all for the contending Powers. What would Great Britain do? She had a general friendly agreement with France and Russia, but nothing which pledged her to join them in this war. German diplomacy had been hard at work for two years past in London for the express purpose of keeping Britain neutral. Against only France and Russia, Germany felt sure of victory. Perhaps she could at the same time

defeat Britain too; but she very much preferred to fend this third foe off with promises until the others were defeated. Then, holding the whole of continental Europe in her grip, she would settle her old naval feud with the British Islanders.

Doubtless English statesmen saw and weighed this danger; but Germany's victory in the war was not nearly so self-evident to them as to her. As a matter of policy they might well prefer to hold back and, in unimpaired strength, make terms with the winning side. In reality, however, the ultimate decision as to Britain's attitude did not rest with her statesmen. It rested with her people. Britain, though far less democratic than she has become under the stress of the Great War, was even then ruled by her people's will. No autocratic government there could issue its arbitrary command for peace or war, as was being done in Germany, in Austria, and in Russia. Neither was there in Britain any universal fear and resentment against Germany such as had swept the democracy of France like one man into the fight. The English leaders frankly doubted whether their people would follow them into war. As a result they negotiated; they tried up to the last moment to prevent or at least to localize and modify the contest.

And then Germany blundered! Definitely and stupidly, she made the first of the series of blunders which were to lose her the victory in the great grim criminal game for Empire which she so nearly won. There was no excuse for such stupidity. She who had started all the turmoil, who alone stood at its central point and knew all that she intended the strife to mean and to accomplish, she need never have so misplayed her game as to drag into the war this confused, uncertain and disunited Britain. The Germans seem really to have believed that Britain was so lulled and flattered by their gentle, pleasant, reassuring words, that they could ignore and even tread upon her with impunity. Indeed their stupidity seems to have gone to the point of not even realizing they were offending her. They invaded Belgium.

They did this partly because that was their swiftest, easiest way to strike at France, partly also because Belgium was an attractive little piece of territory to add to their empire. It would be useful as a stepping stone from which to make their later war on Britain. For generations, Germany and Britain and all the other Powers had pledged themselves not only to respect but also to enforce Belgium's neutrality. Of course the German rulers had never meant to keep this promise. For years they had been building a series of military railroads which led straight to Belgium's border, and which were very efficiently employed in the invasion. The idea scarcely seemed to occur to German statesmen that any other nation might take more seriously these often iterated promises to Belgium.

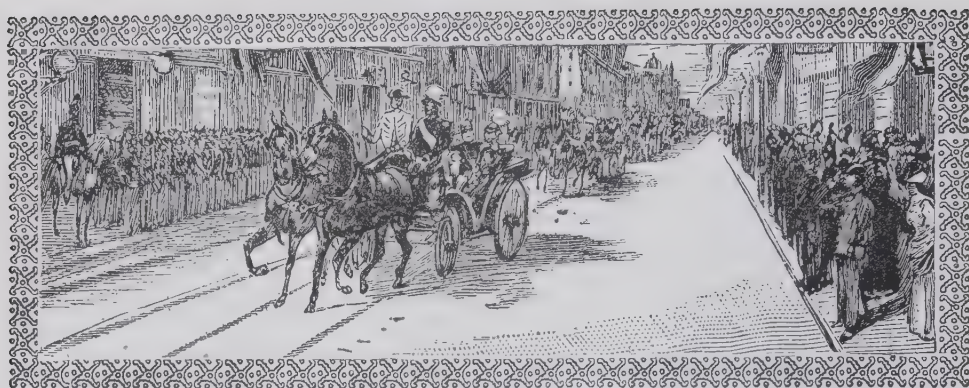
Yet it was the attack on Belgium which brought Britain into the war. Her statesmen recognized its menace; her people felt its dishonor. For Serbia

the people might not have fought. Serbia was Russia's protégée, and they had small love for Russia. But every man in Britain felt the thrill when his country's pledge to Belgium was made nought and he was called on to help avenge the heroic victim.

Thus it came about that when Britain declared war the German chancellor was dumbfounded. "Think," he cried to the British ambassador. "Have you considered all this means! Will you go to war for a *scrap of paper!*"

As the dark shadows of destruction deepened, that phrase established the difference between the two contending sides. For the moment no other nations entered the war. It began with Germany and Austria on one side, each actuated wholly by self-seeking motives; and on the the other Serbia and Belgium, the feeble victims, with their protectors, Russia, France and Britain. Doubtless each of these had selfish aims, each struck through fear and suspicion of the German incubus. Yet in addition each had a higher, nobler purpose. The Russians wanted to save their brother Slavs; Frenchmen fought to liberate the enslaved French folk of Alsace; and Britons fought to uphold their plighted word. Thus the Great War began.





THE FATAL PROCESSION AT SERAJEVO

Chapter II

THE FIRST MONTHS OF WAR



THE opening deed of actual war was the bombarding of the Serbian capital, Belgrade, by Austrian guns during the closing days of July. This, however, was a minor issue; Serbia had become but a pawn in the far-spread battle of the Powers. Much more noteworthy was the gathering of Britain's mighty fleet. All her ships, during July, had been engaged in summer maneuvers, a great practise drill, in British waters. This fleet had been on the very point of dispersal to all parts of the world, when the careless word of a high German prince started suspicion—at least such is the legend given to the world—and the fleet was held together. Thus in the opening days of August the ships were immediately on the spot to envelop Germany's coast. The German navy, not being yet strong enough to meet the British as a whole, was held helpless in its harbors. Had the British ships been scattered, there would presumably have been a long series of separate naval battles and a stupendous raid on Britain's merchant shipping, with losses incalculable and perhaps fatal. But, as things stood, Britain held from the very first her ancient mastery of the seas. Except for the later U-boat warfare, Germany's enormously expensive fleet might as well never have been built. That was the Allies' first great bloodless victory.

On land, the real war began with Germany's invasion of Belgium on August 4th. The plan of Germany's "headquarters staff" seemed wise. She had but two large military foes to deal with, France and Russia. She left slow and ponderous Russia to be met chiefly by her partner, Austria, and

sent only a mere fringe of her own troops to protect her eastern frontier. Meanwhile she gathered all her main great strength against France. In the war of 1870, she had rushed thus suddenly upon her foe and had broken France's military power within the first three weeks of war. If she could do the same again, the victory over Europe would be hers. Russia, though powerful for defense was too unwieldy to be dangerous in attack; and besides through German intrigue in the Russian court, all Russia's plans might presently be changed. It was grimly, treacherously true, as William II had more than once boasted to his intimates that he "held the Czar in the hollow of his hand."

So Germany planned to duplicate the victory of 1870, only on a far larger scale. It would seem as though the emperor and his staff had memorized every detail of 1870 and were reproducing it almost mechanically so close was the duplication. True, there had been no rushing over the Belgian border in 1870; Bismarck had been far too shrewd for that. The former attack had been made through Alsace and Lorraine; but in the later years France had so strongly fortified that weak portion of her frontier, that now the road through Belgium seemed much easier. It was guarded only by that "Scrap of Paper."

On the evening of August 3d, the German chancellor suddenly demanded of Belgium that she should permit the German armies to cross her territory into France, declaring that if refused they would crush Belgium and cross anyway. That was a moment big with fate for Belgium, yes and for the universe! Had the Belgians stood aside, no man can say what the result might have been. France though swift and eager for the fray was less ready than Germany, who had herself set the day and hour for attack. Britain's army, unlike her navy, was entirely unprepared; indeed it was much like that of the United States, so small in comparison with the millions of Germany and France, that it could scarce as yet be counted as existing. For France and England, therefore, delay seemed vital. Belgium gave them that delay, just enough delay perchance to turn the scale. And Belgium paid the awful price.

Her hero king and hero people refused to surrender to the German ultimatum. Hastily they gathered their poor forces; and the next morning, that tragic August 4th, the German hordes swept across the border-line.

The first armed clash was probably at Visé, a little town near where Holland joins Belgium. Here the Germans were for a time held back from crossing the river Meuse, and several of them were slain. Then the outnumbered Belgian troops withdrew, the Germans entered the town, declared that a civilian had fired upon them and began an indiscriminate massacre of the unarmed and helpless people.

We have no will here to trace the hideous detail of German "frightfulness" throughout Belgium. It was not the work of a few disobedient soldiers, ungoverned beasts such as every war may let loose upon the helpless. Some

such unrestrainable brutality appeared when the Russians invaded eastern Prussia; and Germany tried to persuade the world that the two cases were parallel. That is, her utmost effort at defense was to say that she was no worse than the ignorant Russian peasantry. But the German horror in Belgium was an official deed. Again and again its outrages were deliberately commanded by high authority. It was a coldly calculated use of the devil's most degraded instruments, intended to break the soul of the Belgian people and reduce them forever to being cringing slaves to Germany. The mere fact that Belgium was invaded taught the world that the German leaders were without honor; the character of that invasion taught us that the whole German mind had become so bestialized, that only generations of servitude and penance can restore to that nation the world's human liking, or human trust. Doubtless many Germans regretted what they considered the necessity of their terrible system. Some even protested against it; but all of them continued to uphold its perpetrators. All gloried in the splendor of a government which was setting out to make the whole world a hell for everyone except the Germans.

The most shocking cases of German destruction were in the cities of Louvain and Dinant. But the only strictly military events of importance in the first weeks of Belgium's occupation were the assaults on Liege and Namur. Liege, only twenty miles from the German border had been elaborately fortified and was Belgium's main defense against invasion. The Germans, rushing swiftly toward it, began its investment on August 5th, the second day of war. After a brief bombardment, they in the ensuing night made an attempt to storm the Belgian lines of defense. That was the first battle of the war.

The Germans remembered proudly their successes of 1870, when they had surged forward in dense masses and stormed almost impossible positions. They now tried in the same fashion to overwhelm the Belgian line. Time meant everything to the German leaders; their soldiers were blindly obedient; and they could well afford to sacrifice a few thousands for the sake of immediate success. But mankind's weapons of defense have improved markedly since 1870. The Belgian searchlights shone full upon the advancing foe, and Belgian machine-guns mowed them down with automatic deadliness. Thousands must have fallen, and that first night assault proved as costly as it was useless. The German chiefs drew back.

Thus Liege held out for several days. The Germans, however, were too numerous to be restrained. They completely encircled the defenses, and found undefended gaps through which they entered and took possession of the town. The surrounding forts still held out, and continued to check the German passage until cannon of a power previously unknown were brought forward by the Germans to bombard them. These enormous portable guns were Ger-



QUENTIN ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE.

(The Memorial erected by the Germans, where he fell)

From an official photograph

NO more genuine evidence of Democracy could America give than in the simple service and death of Quentin Roosevelt, the son of our former President. Young Quentin enlisted, like thousands of other gallant American youths, in the aeroplane service. There was no special notice of his entry, no special honors given him. Our aviation service was, like every other of our war activities, weak at first. We were wholly unprepared. As each young aviator proved his ability, and as soon as a machine could be provided for him, he was hurried to the front. They met the German "aces," the veterans of the air, on equal terms. In 1918 the Allies, including the Americans, held the mastery of the air. That was one of the main factors in our victory. But we paid for that mastery by the death of many a young hero. Quentin Roosevelt was one of the unlucky ones. In an aerial combat over the German lines, his machine was hit, and fell.

One of the more manly deeds, which somewhat lightened the savagery of the Germans' warfare was that they recognized Quentin Roosevelt's valor and did him honor by burying him where his machine had fallen, laying its twisted ruins above him as a memorial, and raising a rude cross above the grave. It was all they could do. Perhaps they recognized the difference between his simple service to the death and the showy pretense of service among the sons of their own Emperor. The royal family were always much talked of in the press as heroes, and always carefully sheltered from real danger at the front.





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many's first military surprise. They made all old style fortifications useless. Once they got fairly to work upon the forts of Liege, a few shots sufficed to destroy each long wrought and elaborate defense. The Belgian commander, General Von Leman, held out in the last fort until with his few surviving comrades he was crushed and smothered beneath the battered ruins. The German victors thought him dead; but he ultimately recovered to tell of his bewildering experience.

Without waiting for the complete subjugation of Liege, the invaders swept forward, occupied most of southern Belgium, and on August 20th attacked Namur, the Belgian fortress city on the French border line. Beyond it lay France. Strategists have pointed out that before attacking Namur the Germans deliberately held back for some days, and perhaps were waiting for the French to rush to Belgium's aid and advance recklessly, as they had in 1870, beyond their own borders. Once more the Germans might then have struck in behind the foe, encircled and destroyed them.

If such was the German hope, it failed of success. The French had appointed to the head of their armies General Joffre, and he was far too wary for such a trap. He moved his troops forward only as they were fully ready, and he kept his forces in touch with each other all along the frontier. He did indeed permit a few eager troops to invade Alsace in the first days of the war. That was for the glory of regaining some part of the lost provinces. A few towns were taken. Then the advancing French came upon the far stronger German line. They were badly beaten beyond Nancy and retreated to French soil. Some of the wild mountain region of southern Alsace they retained, and clung to through all the war.

That first battle of Nancy was really but a section of the widespread "Battle of the Frontiers" of France. The Germans perceiving that they could hope for no further French advance, moved forward with all their forces, stretching from Nancy on the east to Namur and even further westward. Full-spread, massive and stupendous, the German military machine over a million strong was rolling like an enormous sea across almost the entire frontier of France.

Namur had been counted on to delay the invaders for a while. But their huge guns battered its fortifications in a day. The French army supporting Namur was almost entrapped by the suddenness of this success, and only by rapid retreat saved itself from being surrounded. Indeed with all the French armies the "Battle of the Frontiers" went badly. The Germans had been known to be strong and well-prepared; but the full wonder of their strength had scarce been realized. The French armies were as yet quite unequal to them. A less cautious general than Joffre might well have met irretrievable disaster in that first blow.

France was quick to see her danger, quick to withdraw. This was to

be a warfare to the uttermost, a struggle for her very existence. Not only Belgium but the fairest, wealthiest portion of northern France must be abandoned to the merciless enemy. Joffre withdrew his armies steadily, not in rout, but striking back whenever the Germans rushed on so swiftly as to imperil the retreat. France must have more time and more men before she would put all to the final issue. This was the celebrated "Retreat to the Marne."

During this retreat the comparatively tiny British army, some seventy thousand men at first, under General Sir John French, joined the army of France, and supported its western wing against the main mass of the German advance under General Von Kluck. These Britons did some of the hardest and most successful fighting of that giant fight. German rage was now specially directed against the English; and Emperor William is reported to have given particular orders to Von Kluck to crush their "contemptible little army."

The task proved beyond Von Kluck's accomplishment, though he had at command perhaps half a million men. By the second of September he had forced the Britons back to within twenty miles of Paris; but they were still fighting. Moreover the resistance of both Britons and Frenchmen was growing stronger every day. Could Von Kluck seize Paris? There was at least a prospect of it; and the French government, to avoid being held within a besieged city, gathered up all its impedimenta and retreated to the far southwestern city of Bordeaux.

By this time, however, General Joffre accounted his forces ready. The Germans had been drawn far from their base of supplies; their ammunition and their numbers were rapidly decreasing. Joffre's own forces were now above the million mark. He gave his celebrated command to cease retreating. The embattled line stretched from Nancy on the eastern frontier through Verdun, and then along the line of the Marne River to Paris and beyond. This was to be indeed the decisive battle of the world.

It really began at the eastern end of the line, about September 1st; but this eastern battle is usually given a separate name and called the Second Battle of Nancy. Apparently the German high command still believed its forces could break in behind the French line and so entrap all Joffre's army. That is what a complete victory at Nancy would have enabled them to accomplish. So for an entire week the German artillery roared and dense German columns rushed in masses against the French who under General Castelnau guarded the hills which environ Nancy. By September 6th the German generals thought the resistance must be about crushed. Emperor William himself came to the front to ride forward with his victorious troops. One last huge assault was made. It broke down completely. The French position on the rocky height known as the Grande Couronne proved too strong



THE AMERICANS AT CHATEAU THIERRY.

(American Soldiers and Marines preparing to resist the German Assault
which reached nearest Paris)

From an official photograph

IN the spring of 1918 Germany made her last great effort for victory in the war. She knew that the Americans were coming over in ever-increasing numbers; but they were as yet untrained and untried. Her one chance consisted in her crushing the French and British armies before the United States could develop its full strength. That final drive of the Germans, the "Kaiser's Battle" as they named it, was tremendous, terrible, and not very far from successful. From March to July they hammered at the Allies' line. Again and again they broke through the defenses. At the end of May, their effort brought them back to the Marne River and almost within sight of Paris. It was at the very apex of this attack that they first met the Americans in force. The hard-pressed Commander-in-chief, Marshal Foch, had to send in our untried troops to fill his fast-breaking line. An American machine-gun battalion, afterward strengthened by our regular infantry and marines, was hurriedly advanced to Chateau Thierry, a town upon the Marne with a bridge crossing the river. This was the nearest point to Paris which the Germans had reached. And there they stopped.

Day after day through early June, the famous German troops and the Americans in this picture fought each other up and down the streets of Chateau Thierry and across its bridge. And in the end the best men won. The Germans retreated. Their last chance of winning Paris and the war failed them at Chateau Thierry.





to be carried. Enormous numbers of the Germans fell. This was indeed their first real disaster of the war. The Emperor went back home without his expected triumph, and never again through all the war did the Germans attempt to penetrate France through that eastern boundary by Nancy and the Grande Couronne.

Meanwhile with even larger numbers the opposing forces clashed along the western wing. Von Kluck did not attack Paris. Within sight of its distant towers he swung his forces eastward on September 4th to join the main German assault along the Marne. As he thus shifted his line of march he was attacked on the flank by the French forces under General Manoury, who came forth from Paris. By September 8th, the British army joined in this assault. Von Kluck, hard pressed, could not make a secure connection with the more eastern armies of his countrymen. The huge German machine became stretched out at this point of junction; it grew thin almost to the breaking point.

Nevertheless its main assault all along the Marne seemed promising success. Here fought the armies of the Crown Prince, and of the Saxons, and of General Von Bulow. Against them in the very center of the French line stood General Foch. Foot by foot his desperately fighting troops were forced backward. He had no reserves left to draw upon. The last hope seemed gone.

Frenchmen call what followed "the miracle of the Marne." Foch saw the thinning of the German line where Von Kluck's difficulty had dragged it out. On September 9th, gathering all his men for one last desperate blow, leaving them without support or protection if repulsed, Foch hurled them at the thin section of the German line. It broke! Yes, although the Imperial Prussian Guard itself, most famed of all German troops, was placed at the imperilled point, it broke. The French rushed through. In a moment the German armies on either side were threatened with a flank attack.

Then the whole German line perforce retreated. Von Kluck hardly managed to get clear at all. Some critics have declared that had the British joined in the attack upon him a little more swiftly, he would have been completely surrounded. As it was, his troops fell back as quickly as they could, while the more eastern Germans withdrew slowly and steadily, until all were across the Aisne River and climbing the heights beyond it, some forty miles to the northward of their farthest advance.

In a wild glow of triumph the French and British armies pressed the defeated Germans fiercely back. They hoped to keep them on the run all the way to Germany. But the heights beyond the Aisne make so strong a natural line of defense, that there the Germans easily held their ground. From September 14th to about the 20th, the allied forces hurled themselves fruitlessly and at a terrible cost in lives against the hastily dug German trenches. Then they realized that the position could not be forced. Yet neither could

the German machine drive on again. The Battle of the Aisne began the deadlock in which, for four long years, either army was to resist the other's every effort to advance.

Next, there began a swift readjustment of forces. Joffre had learned that he could not hammer the Germans back; but he might still encircle that western wing where Von Kluck had been so near disaster. A French army was therefore sent north to the westward of Von Kluck. The Germans, however, had also seen this danger, and dispatched an army to the threatened point. Then Joffre sent another army to outflank this one. Thus began what has been called the great "Race for the Sea." As fast as one opponent extended his line to the northwest, the other sent troops to match it. There were battles all along the line until finally without decisive advantage on either side the deadlock of trenches and embattled foes was extended north from the Aisne River to the English Channel. The French territory held by the Germans took on the shape of a wedge. Its apex was near Soissons, pointing toward Paris and the heart of France. Its two sides extended, one eastward along the Aisne River and past the strong cities of Rheims and Verdun to the eastern border, the other northward past Amiens and Ypres to the sea.

In this Race to the Sea there were three main events which stand out with striking prominence. The first was the siege of Antwerp, the great Belgian commercial metropolis. The Belgian capital Brussels had been entered by the Germans without opposition on August 20th; and Albert, the hero king of Belgium and his government had retreated to Antwerp. Now with the new race for the sea, the Germans renewed their advance against what remained of Belgium. They began the bombardment of Antwerp on September 28th. The city was regarded as one of the main fortresses of Europe; yet the huge German guns made its resistance hopeless. On October 8th the last remnants of the Belgian garrison, and some British troops who had come to aid them, evacuated the city. The Germans occupied it on the following day, and began there as elsewhere their four years' cruelty to Belgium.

The little Belgian army, however, and its heroic king were not even yet defeated. They retreated southwest along the Belgian sea-coast until at the mouth of the Yser River they came in touch with the French battle line which was extending northward. The Germans, pursuing eagerly from Antwerp, sought to sweep the Belgians across the Yser and so out of Belgium altogether. But here in the last little remaining corner of their kingdom the Belgians made a splendid stand. They were aided by the guns of British war-ships on the sea, and again and again they beat back the rush of the German massed advance. At length, on October 28th, when no other help seemed left, the desperate Belgians opened the dykes which held back the



THE GREAT ADVANCE.

(The Americans fighting their Way through Belleau Wood)

From the painting by R. Stahl

THE fighting at Chateau Thierry, at Cantigny, and a dozen other places where our troops had suddenly "gone in" during the vast "Kaiser Battle" proved to the Allies' commander that the American soldiers were equal to his best. He at once began planning his own great forward movement, using the Americans as the very spear-head of his thrust.

At Belleau woods, not far from Chateau Thierry, the June advance of the Germans had been checked by our marines. Then on June 15th these same marines and other American regulars were ordered to retake these woods. A fierce and glorious battle ensued. Our men rushed through the German defenses and swept the defenders from the entire woods. But, so important did the German generals deem this strategic point, that they sent large bodies of troops, again and again, to attempt its recapture. Each time our men fought the Germans back, and in the end retained the blood-stained, wholly-shattered region which had once been a wood. A month later, the general Allied advance was started from this vantage ground. After a brief artillery preparation the Americans rushed suddenly upon the unsheltered German line, and drove the foe to begin his long and stubbornly-fought retreat. The villages of Vaux, Buresches, and many other localities in this vicinity have become hallowed ground to Americans, because in those hot and terrible June and July days so many of our boys laid down their lives there to win that first big American advance.





ocean, and flooded their own land. From a river, the Yser became a broad flat gulf tossing above ruined farm-lands; but the thousands of dead bodies which floated on its horrid surface were mostly German. The one little corner of Belgium beyond the Yser remained free, defended by the remnant of her troops through all the war.

Beside the battle of the Yser and the siege of Antwerp, let us note also here the first battle of Ypres. Ypres is, or alas, was, an ancient Belgian city a little further inland in that corner of Belgium which was never to be surrendered. It lay along the course of the Yser, to the southward of the inundated district defended by the Belgian army, and on somewhat higher ground. In the course of the rapid shifting of positions in the race to the sea the British troops of General French had been sent to hold this section against the Germans. They arrived just as another huge enemy army, half a million strong, was pushing through this last remaining gap in the extended line. The new army represented Germany's final colossal effort to "win the war in the west," to break the allied line and reverse the unexpected decision of the Marne. Here for the second time victory seemed almost won, almost sure within their grip, and then it failed them.

The Britons who at first opposed the great German drive at Ypres were but a few thousand strong. But, while the British army may have been somewhat slow in advance during those first tremendous months, it was utterly unmovable from wherever it planted its standards and awaited battle. Its regiments might be blotted out beneath the German horde, but they could not be driven back. At Ypres each group of Britons simply fought until they ceased to exist, or until supporting forces came. It is on record that of one British division of twelve thousand men, ten thousand fell at Ypres. At length, on October 31st, the crisis came. With no single reserve left, General French gave weapons to a crowd of army cooks and hostlers, and they too stepped into the fray. They upheld their country's proud tradition. It was the turning of the tide. The thin British line had not yet wholly disappeared when on November 1st French reinforcements arrived; and then came more and more. From October 20th until almost the end of November, the German assaults continued. What was intended to be the decisive charge was delivered by the Imperial Prussian Guard on November 11th; and here for the second time the German Emperor came to be present when his troops won the deciding battle of the war. But a second time his "general staff" had miscalculated the resistance, and he could only watch his choicest battalions beaten back in death. Perhaps the Germans never knew how near they came to "breaking through" at Ypres. Their first repulse by the thin unsupported British line was at least as near a miracle as the repulse at the Marne.

The Germans are said to have lost 250,000 men at Ypres, which was more than they had lost even at the Marne. With their despairing abandon-

ment of the Ypres drive, both sides settled down to that first terrible winter in the trenches. It was a time of raids and counter-raids and constant watchfulness. Trenches had not yet been made sheltered and half comfortable as in the later years; and the winter was one of mud and cold and hunger and dreary misery immeasurable and indescribable. Wild beasts could never have endured what men by the strength of the spirit endured and lived through in the stress of those first months of awful war.

Let us turn now from the picture of this main battle line to view the events, lesser but still stupendous, which, during 1914, had taken place elsewhere in the world-wide struggle. The sudden flame of man's fury against man leaped up on every continent and even in the most distant seas. Two other nations had joined in the war, Japan upon the Allies' side and Turkey with the Germans, but neither contributed seriously to the fighting during these first months. Turkey had previously become practically a vassal state of Germany, since no other government would encourage the evil deeds of the irresponsible Turkish rulers. Japan had long been embittered by German arrogance in the East and welcomed eagerly this moment for redress. Her forces drove the Germans out of China, and then seized upon the nearby island colonies of Germany in the Pacific.

The war spread also to South Africa. There Germany had hoped to stir the Boers to a revolt against Britain; but the great Boer statesman, General Botha, held firmly to his oath of British loyalty, and most of his people followed him. The few who were seduced into revolt by German promises, were easily suppressed by the loyal Boers. After that, though not wholly in this first year of war, British troops gradually conquered all the German possessions in Africa. Similarly the British people of Australia seized the German colonies near to them. Soon there was no single German colony left anywhere in the world.

At sea, also, Germany's first efforts to match Britain's naval might were few and feeble. On September 22nd, a German submarine scored one signal and startling success. She torpedoed and sank a British cruiser in the North Sea. Then as the war-ship's two sister cruisers came rushing to save her drowning people, the submarine lurked near unnoted and torpedoed them both. Three British cruisers sunk within half an hour! That of course was nearer massacre than battle. There were, however, two sea-battles more like the older type. The German "South Seas Squadron" met some smaller British ships of war off the South American coast and easily destroyed them. Then Britain dispatched to those waters a squadron as much stronger than the German force as that had been stronger than the first British ships. The Germans were caught in a harbor of the Falkland Isles; and as they steamed out they were completely destroyed. One or two German commerce-raiders there were also, notably the Emden, which for a time ranged the seas and

captured British traders. But the last of these was quickly hunted down. Never was any broad boast made more complete than Britain's, in those first few months, that she ruled the seas.

The chief secondary scene of war, far greater than these outward circlings of the strife, was of course on the east frontier of Germany and Austria. Here lay mighty Russia and little Serbia, the first two nations challenged to the war. Germany had planned to leave these two temporarily to Austria, while she herself "settled the war" in the west. Austria, however, proved even less equal to the eastern task than Germany had been to the western. Twice that autumn did Austrian armies invade Serbia, only to be beaten back disastrously by the hardy warrior Serbs. Austria could not put her real strength into these invasions, because Russia was proving far more troublesome than either Germany or Austria had expected. They had reckoned that she would need at least five or six weeks before she could get her armies together. In fact, however, within two weeks of Germany's declaration of war, strong Russian forces were invading both Austrian and German territory.

If you will glance at a map of those days, you will note that along Russia's western frontier her Polish province, of which Warsaw was the capital, jutted out like a wedge between Germany and Austria. Polish Russia thus became a huge salient which could be attacked by her enemies from three sides. But conversely, if the Russians started first, they could attack eastern Prussia or the eastern Austrian provinces from two sides. That is what happened. As early as August 7th, one Russian army was invading east Prussia from its most eastern end, and within another fortnight a second supporting army began the invasion further west, advancing northward out of Poland. The first invading army met but feeble resistance. The east Prussian local troops were defeated at Gumbinnen, August 18th, and a considerable part of the region, the old first home of the Hohenzollern kingship, was severely ravaged.

The German military staff was sorely annoyed by this uncalculated disaster. Affairs were not going so smoothly in the west that they could spare troops from there; yet how could they check the Russians without an army? With an inspiration of genius, they hit upon a way. They appointed to command in the east General Von Hindenburg. At the time he was an old retired soldier, dropped from active service and forgotten. He was living in east Prussia, had in fact been born and bred there; and he knew that dreary marshy bogland as perhaps no other did. There is a story that he had once conducted army practice maneuvers there, being pitted against no less a rival general than William II himself; and Hindenburg had proven so tactless as to defeat the emperor roundly, a feat for which he had been properly applauded—and retired from the army.

If anyone could save east Prussia, it was Hindenburg. He was given the mere scrapings of an army; but with his complete knowledge of the land, that was enough. He managed to get between the two invading armies, and while one was prevented from attacking him by an intervening lake, he threw himself suddenly upon the other, pressed it at its weakest point and pushed it back into a mighty bog, a quicksand.

That was the battle of Tannenberg, Hindenburg's first famous victory. Its chief action was fought on August 28th. The Russians, knowing nothing of their surroundings, attempted to cross the bog, and were swallowed up by thousands. Thousands more were mowed down by the German artillery as the victims floundered helplessly and screamed for help and mercy. An army of two hundred thousand men was thus completely obliterated. Perhaps half of them were made prisoners, the first of the millions of hapless Russians who were brought to toil and die in Germany. The other half of the army perished in the boglands. The other Russian army promptly retreated. Its commander had no wish to incur a similar defeat. Hindenburg had rescued Prussia. He became her idol.

Meanwhile two other Russian armies were similarly invading Austria, the one striking south from Poland, the other advancing from the east. The army from Poland was vigorously met and checked before it was across the frontier. The army from the east, however, was commanded by the two ablest Russian generals whom the war developed, Russky and Brusilof. These two swept the Austrian armies to disaster, defeating them again and again. On September 4th Russky captured Lemberg, the chief city of the Austrian possessions east of the great Carpathian mountain range. Battle on a vast scale raged for some days about Lemberg. The forces probably reached half a million on either side; one estimate sets them at a million each. Then on September 8th the Austrians broke in complete rout. Two hundred thousand were made prisoners and the rest fled back through the Carpathians into Hungary. The Russians even followed them there, and Cossack troopers raided the Hungarian plains.

Here was a complete Austrian breakdown, almost as disastrous to the Central Powers as the check upon the Marne. Once more they had no hope of rescue in the east, save through the genius of Hindenburg. Hastily gathering what forces he could, he invaded Poland from east Prussia. By the first week in October he was threatening Warsaw. The move was unexpected; the Russian anxiety intense. Abandoning the advance through the Austrian mountains, General Russky hurried his armies to Warsaw. On October 14th, he checked Hindenburg's advance in the first battle of Warsaw. Indeed Hindenburg's forces were so small that he had probably never expected to hold or even attack the Polish metropolis; but he had saved Austria.

As Hindenburg withdrew from Poland, he ravaged the land completely and deliberately. Though the unhappy Poles were not really Russian, and



THE AMERICAN FRONT.

(General John Pershing leaving the Front Line Headquarters)

From an official photograph

THE earlier American battles were all fought under European chief generals. That is our men were sent in wherever needed, by regiments or in even smaller units to fight side by side with the Allies' troops already in line. As, however, our men who were trained for fighting became more numerous, as they mounted into the hundred thousands, one sector of the front was specially assigned to them. There our general, Pershing, gradually gathered an army of his own, a wholly American army. The front thus assigned to our troops lay to the eastward of Verdun along the valley of the Meuse River, in what was known as the St. Mihiel region.

Here, sheltered in such carefully-built dugouts as our picture shows, the Americans prepared for the first big military venture which was to be solely their own. This was the expelling of the Germans from the big salient of which the town of St. Mihiel was the foremost point. They had held this salient for four years; apparently they expected to hold it forever so elaborately had they arranged for all their comforts and conveniences behind the lines. Their dugouts were even more elaborate than the one here shown. In vain had the French repeatedly tried to drive the Germans out. Then suddenly, on September 12th, after a tremendous artillery fire, our soldiers swept suddenly through the German lines, piercing the salient from both sides, meeting in the middle and "bagging" a large portion of the German troops who had held the bottom of the bag at St. Mihiel.





though on other occasions Germany had professed the most fraternal devotion to their welfare, yet this was Russian territory, and Hindenburg was grimly resolved it should supply food for no Russian invasion of the future.

The Russian forces followed Hindenburg on his retreat into east Prussia. Once more the people of that land and also of Prussia's Polish province of Silesia, fled before the invader. But on November 15th Hindenburg turned on his pursuers and fought against them the battle of Mazurian Lakes. It was almost a duplicate of Tannenberg, and the remnant of defeated Russians hastily withdrew into Poland.

By this time Germany had abandoned hope of that swift crushing of France which had directed her first plans. The British line had held firm at Ypres. The deadlock in the west was manifest; and the danger in the east had become too great to be ignored. Hindenburg could not forever hold back single handed the vast Russian forces. So the latest German troops that had been gathered, were sent east instead of west. At last Hindenburg had a real German army. It was over half a million strong, a machine not unlike that which had sought to roll over France. This machine in the latter part of November started its advance on Warsaw, commanded by Hindenburg's chief assistant general, Von Mackensen.

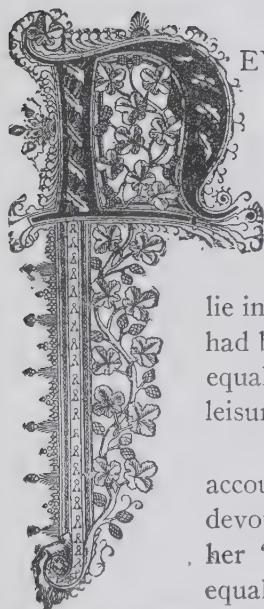
Now began the real and tremendous struggle for Poland. General Russky and his Russian millions met the huge advance with desperate courage. Russia's ammunition was giving out and sometimes her valorous peasant soldiers fought back the foe with clubs or with bare hands. Their losses were enormous; but peasant life has always been held cheap in Russia, and always more men pressed forward to fill the broken lines. There was a whole long series of great battles. One was fought early in December for Lodz, the second chief Polish city, half way between Warsaw and the frontier. Lodz was taken by the Germans on December 6th with a hundred thousand Russian prisoners. Then from December 10th to the end of the year there was one long battle in which the Germans finally forced their way across the Vistula River, Poland's main defensive line. The winter cold was terrible. Men froze to death almost as they fought. The German losses were huge. Never before perhaps had Germany demanded so much of her soldiers; and they responded wonderfully. Yet the advance slackened. Under Russky's able leadership, Russia's strength was too gigantic to be beaten down as yet. By the first of February in the new year of 1915, Mackensen had reached within forty miles of Warsaw. But he had also reached the end of his strength. In this second battle of Warsaw the Germans were again turned back. Hindenburg tried to lighten their retreat by himself heading two different German advances from east Prussia. But though he pushed back the opposing Russians, he could accomplish nothing decisive. By the end of February the deadlock was accepted in Poland as it had been in the west, and the exhausted armies settled down to winter's rest.



THE WAR ON THE ALPINE SUMMITS

Chapter III

THE WAR IN 1915 AND 1916



EVER had the world dreamed of such far-spread warfare, such tremendous battles, such staggering sacrifice of human life, as it had witnessed in 1914. Yet the year ended, as we have seen, without decisive advantage on either side. The Allied governments regarded this as being in itself a victory for them. Everyone had thought that Germany's hope for victory must lie in her sudden rush upon an unready world. This first rush had been successfully blocked. Germany must fight now upon equal terms; and the Allies expected to finish her defeat at leisure.

Unfortunately this reasoning failed wholly to take into account Germany's really marvellous strength, the union and devotedness of her people, and the stupendous earnestness of her "Will to Win." The struggle was in reality far more equal than any Ally statesman would admit, or perhaps could realize. France had suffered enormous losses, and her most valuable provinces were in German hands. Russia had almost reached the end of her meager store of munitions, and was honeycombed by treachery. Against Britain's sea-power and her wealth Germany was about to develop that most terrible of weapons, the submarine.

In preparing her naval "Day" against Britain, Germany had counted considerably on using her submarines against British war-ships; but, except for the one case of the sinking of the three cruisers in September, the submarine had proved ineffective against the strong and watchful fighting ships.

In 1915 Germany resolved to change the purpose of her submarines, using them for the destruction of Britain's merchant ships. This policy was an open defiance of international law. That law, in the effort to lessen the horrors of sea warfare, had decreed that no merchant ship which did not resist capture should be sunk until she had been searched to make positive her enemy character, and until all people aboard her had been transferred to some place of safety. Such a process of investigation and protection of human life was obviously impossible to a submarine. The success of her assault depended on its secrecy and suddenness; and her tiny cabin afforded no way of conveying to some safe port the many members of a captured crew. Hence submarines had not previously been regarded as possible "commerce-raiders."

On February 4th, 1915, Germany announced her intention to use them as such. She proclaimed that after February 18th, her submarines would blockade the British Isles and torpedo all British ships without warning. As Germany had repeatedly pledged herself to obey international law, she here a second time broke faith with all mankind, as flatly and defiantly as when she had invaded Belgium. Her previous broken faith had brought instant punishment by Britain's entry into the war. The second falsity brought no such immediate retribution; yet in the end it proved more disastrous still. It aroused all neutral nations against Germany, and at length brought the United States into the world-wide alliance against her falsity and her ambition.

The objection of neutral nations against Germany's course was obvious. Hitherto neutral ships had been safe at sea; so had neutral goods even in enemy ships. The lives of neutrals had been protected under all circumstances. How were all these to be safeguarded now? Germany made no effort to spare them. Her submarines torpedoed ships from such a distance as left even their nationality in doubt. One neutral vessel after another, more especially Norwegian and Dutch traders, was destroyed. Their governments protested. The United States, as the largest neutral nation, made repeated protests. Germany, swayed unfortunately by the pacific words of the American Secretary-of-State, Mr. Bryan, paid small attention to our protests.

Britain met the German attack by declaring a blockade of the German coast and announcing that she would seize even neutral goods if she believed these to be ultimately destined for Germany by way of Holland or some other neutral half-way stopping point. This was in its turn an infringement of international law, but by no means so direct, or deadly a thrust at genuine neutrals as was Germany's. The British seizure of neutral ships involved only financial loss, an affair to be settled afterward in the law courts or by arbitration. The United States protested, but far less vigorously than she was protesting against Germany's destruction and murder.

Then came the culminating case. Germany deliberately determined to

employ her "Frightfulness" against America. Her officials published in a prominent New York newspaper a warning to Americans not to travel on the British passenger-ship *Lusitania*, which was just leaving port. Then German submarines lay specially in wait for the *Lusitania*, and torpedoed her. She was destroyed off the Irish coast on May 7, 1915. Over a thousand people, including 114 United States citizens, perished with her.

Then at last American public resentment was fully roused. The pacific Secretary-of-State was driven to resign from office; and our government demanded from Germany a full accounting. Germany squirmed, and evaded, and apologized, and promised. She assured us she would attack no more passenger ships, and broke her word. At last after almost a year of grave and patient persistence, the United States on April 1, 1916, despatched an ultimatum. She too would go to war if needs must. Then at length Germany yielded, and for a time kept her submarine attacks under such restraint as made safe the lives of American citizens.

For Britain, the attack of the submarines upon her commerce proved a serious but not necessarily a fatal blow. During the two years of 1915 and 1916 she lost over a thousand merchant ships. The rest of the world, her allies and the neutrals, lost nearly another thousand. The ships destroyed, however, were chiefly of the slower and smaller kinds. Moreover, the restrictions insisted on by the United States helped to reduce submarine warfare, during the closing months of 1916, to an admitted failure. At that time, the world's shipping was being replaced as rapidly as Germany could destroy it. The year 1917, as we shall note later, was to tell, under different conditions, a very different tale.

On the surface of the seas, 1915 saw no large fighting of ships against ships; and 1916 saw only the one noted combat, the "Jutland Battle" of May 31st. This, in the power of the ships engaged, was by far the biggest naval battle the world has ever known. It was not, however, a full and matured trial of strength, the German navy hurling itself against the British in the long desired naval "Day" of German glory. Rather, the Jutland battle was an accident. The German main fleet was steaming through the North Sea close to the German harbors on what was little more than a practice trip. Suddenly some British vessels, light and swift, ranging the seas far in advance of the huge British main fleet, sighted the Germans. The British "cruisers" and "destroyers" rushed daringly in to attack the German "dreadnoughts," hoping to detain them until the British dreadnoughts could arrive. Several of the lesser British ships were thus sunk or badly damaged; and just as the main British fleet did arrive and the dreadnoughts on either side began exchanging distant broadsides, evening closed down, and the many fighters lost touch with one another.

A wild, weird night ensued, such a night as seamen may never know



DRIVING THROUGH THE ARGONNE.

(American Tanks rushing forward by the one available Road
to chase the Enemy)

From an official photograph

AFTER the brilliant success of the American army in storming the St. Mihiel salient, the sector of the French front entrusted to them was more than doubled. Marshal Foch now planned to begin that general advance along the whole line which swept the Germans out of France; and he assigned to the Americans the advance which was perhaps the most difficult of all, the advance through the Argonne forest.

This region is a sort of backbone for central France, wild, rugged, mountainous, and shrouded in dense woods. No army had ever previously won a passage through the Argonne. And now, for four years, the Germans had been adding to its natural defenses a thousand wire entanglements and secret pits, and hidden machine-guns. Yet our boys fought their way through. They had not much artillery to help them, for big guns could hardly reach to that tangled front. They had a few tanks; but even the staunchest tank was helpless in those forests, and the road here shown was the only one that could carry them into action. So our boys fought their way through by sheer hard, bloody work of the infantry. They spread chicken-wire over the German entanglements and so marched or scrambled over the tops of an underbrush thick with traps below. They fought with rifles and machine-guns and kept going on and on until they broke the hearts of the Germans by an obstinate persistence which refused to recognize anything as impossible, and preferred death rather than either surrender or retreat.





again. Huge ships, raging through the dark like blinded monsters, stumbled suddenly on others, flared into blazing battle, and swept by. Flames roared above high mast-tops, then faded into blackness. Men drowned while shadowy craft sped over them showing no light unless a gun spat forth. When morning dawned, the Britons found no remaining enemy.

Promptly thereafter the German fleet from the safety of its ports issued hysterical accounts of the wonderful victory it had achieved. Probably the exact amount of the German losses will never be known. British officers made report of unknown German warships, great and small, which they had seen burn or sink in that mad night. At first the German government denied having lost any of its main ships. Then, as outside evidence against this grew positive, each loss no longer possible of denial was admitted, but no more. The real German view of the Jutland test is, however, made obvious by the fact that their main fleet never again ventured out of harbor, until the "Day" in 1918 when it steamed forth to yield itself without a fight to the Britons and Americans.

When we turn from the sea to note the land war during 1915 and 1916, we find the earlier year was filled almost wholly with German victories. 1915 began, as we have told in the preceding chapter, with a German setback, the repulse of the big Mackensen and Hindenburg winter "drive" against Warsaw. An Austrian disaster followed soon after. This was the loss of the great fortress city of Przemysl, which General Brusilof's Russians had been besieging through the winter. Its garrison of perhaps a hundred thousand men surrendered on March 22nd. This made the Russians once more masters of all the Austrian lands east of the Carpathians; and once more they fought their way to the mountain summits and threatened Hungary.

These very disasters were turned by Germany to her own advantage. She demanded from Austria complete control of the Austrian army. Austria, utterly helpless, yielded everything. German battalions were mingled with those of Austria; German generals took command of the united forces; and German minor officers drilled and bullied them. The Austrian people became mere "cannon-fodder" for the maw of German ambition. Not a year had passed since Austria's haughty ultimatum to Serbia, and little Serbia still stood defiant and unbroken; but Austria, wholly crushed by Russia's strength and the disaffection of her own subject peoples, lay prostrate. She had become, like Turkey, a mere vassal-state of Germany.

Along the French line of trenches the warfare of 1915 was dreary, unsatisfactory to the Allied Powers, and without definite result. During the preceding winter's lull France and Britain had gathered what seemed to them a vast supply of ammunition. With this they assailed the Germans, the French delivering at Perthes in February and the British at Neuve Chapelle in March, the heaviest bombardment the world had yet known. It was

stupendous, indeed in noise and flame. But the Germans, having resolved on a defensive warfare along this front, had built deep underground retreats. In these they endured the bombardment almost unscathed; and when the Allies' troops followed the cannonade with a forward rush, they were repulsed at heavy cost.

In April, the British began the "Second Battle of Ypres," attempting to storm the German defenses one after another. Here, on the evening of April 22nd, the Germans launched against them the first "gas attack." Its horrors are too well-known to repeat. It was a method of warfare forbidden by old treaties, which once more Germany decided to ignore. So unexpected was the coming of the gas that it practically annihilated a French regiment upon which it first swept down. German troops came pouring into the gap; but they were met by a Canadian division, whom that fight made famous. Half-smothered by the gas, which had to some extent reached them also, the Canadians fought on blindly, desperately, through all their agony, and drove the Germans back.

A few months later the Germans employed at Ypres another similar hideous and forbidden weapon. They sprayed large quantities of flaming gasoline into the enemy trenches, burning men wherever it touched them, turning their drenched clothes into living torches. This method, however, while more spectacular than the gas, proved less effective. It burned men to agony without slaying them, and they met the charging Germans with a fury more terrible and deadlier than ever.

At Ypres neither side won through. Further south, in the Argonne, the armies of the Prussian Crown Prince made four vehement assaults in June without success. In September the largest assault of the year was made by the French in Champagne; but this attack also broke down. In brief the defense along the trench line in the west, the defense from barbed wire, dug-outs and machine guns, was at this period so much stronger than any method of attack which had been yet devised, that each assault from either side meant only frightful losses.

On the whole the Allies could boast of some small advance, and so claimed success. They did not seem to realize that Germany was merely trying to hold them off with lesser strength, while she concentrated her forces in the east. Reversing her aim of 1914, she tried now to "win the war in the east," and for the second time she came within a hairbreadth of success.

By the spring of 1915, her mingled German and Austro-German armies were in full readiness on the Polish border. Once more Mackensen commanded them, and he had been given for his assault such a mass of artillery as made the French and British bombardments in the west seem as nothing. On May the first this almost superhuman thunderstorm of iron death was hurled suddenly on the unsuspecting Russians. Mackensen had chosen his



THE GREAT GUNS ON THE MEUSE.

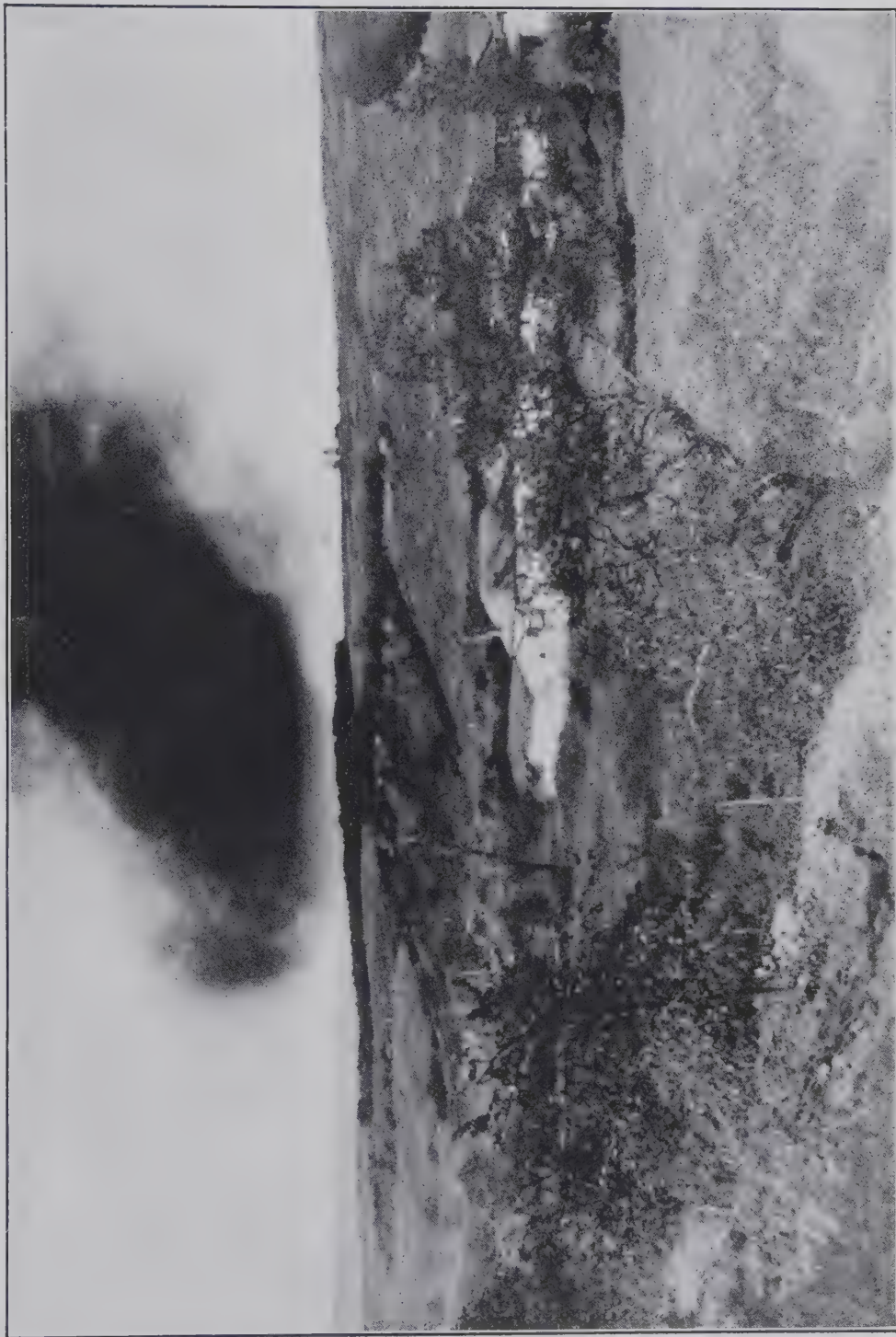
(Explosion of a huge German Ammunition Stack from the Fire of the
big U. S. Naval Guns)

From an actual photograph which caught the explosion

THE great American advance through the Argonne broke the German armies practically in two, and left to either half no choice but to retreat before the advancing French and British forces. The beginning of the end was thus brought clearly into view. The German breakdown was still further hurried by one of the first of a number of American devices or new ideas to be brought into practice. Had the war lasted for another year, there would have been a number of grim surprises for the German generals. This first one was the employment of the biggest of our naval guns as portable batteries on land.

As manifestly there was no likelihood of the German big battleships attacking ours, therefore some of our biggest guns, supposedly far too big for being moved about, were hoisted onto railroad cars and so bulwarked that they could be fired from the car. Then they were taken by rail across the whole of France and special tracks were laid for them leading to our rearmost trenches along the Meuse. From there they began their attack. Shooting sometimes twenty miles across what seemed a peaceful country they would land huge shells in the very midst of German supply centers or ammunition dumps, treasures which the foe had deemed perfectly secure. The Germans had built a gun which carried seventy miles into Paris; but they could not aim its shells, and these were too small to do serious damage. Our navy guns could be aimed at a target, and they destroyed it. They had a tremendous effect in lowering the German "morale".





point of attack on the Dunajec River, not far from the ancient city of Cracow. His assault is called the Battle of the Dunajec—if that can be called a battle, which was in effect a complete wiping out of the Russians. After each bombardment the German infantry advanced to clear the stricken field and prepare new places for setting up the artillery.

The complete defeat of the Russians here, left the Russian forces under Brusilof in the Carpathians almost surrounded. He managed, however, to make a masterly retreat and join the other Russian forces. These were pounded hopelessly back by Mackensen's huge battering-ram. They lost battle after battle. On June 2nd, Przemysl was recaptured; on June 22nd, Lemberg. By the first of July practically all the former Austrian territorial losses were made good, and the fighting was on Russian soil.

On July 14th, Hindenburg's main army, under his personal command, joined in the great advance. For the third time he hurled an army against Warsaw; and this time he had at command all the forces Germany possessed. On July 28th he smashed his way across the Vistula River, storming the great Russian fortress of Ivangorod. On August 4th Warsaw was hastily evacuated by the Russians—none too soon, for already they were almost surrounded, and but barely escaped. Only the heroic resistance of the little fortress of Ossowietz held back the Germans long enough to save the Russian army. Twice now had the Russians been threatened by just such a disaster as Germany had planned against the French the year before. First Brusilof in the Carpathians, and now the Grand Duke Nicholas, at Warsaw, just barely saved the Russian forces from annihilation.

Escaped from Warsaw, the Russians were still sent reeling backward through all that long hot summer—though beyond Warsaw the big German artillery could scarcely be moved forward over the marshy Russian wastes. On August 17th, the strong fortress of Kovno surrendered so suddenly that its Russian commander was tried for treason. On August 25th, Brest-Litovsk, the last Polish stronghold, fell. Over a million Russians had been made prisoners in this mighty drive. The numbers of the slain no man may ever know. It was a holocaust.

On September 6th the Czar, Nicholas II, came himself to the front to take personal command of his troops. He could not stay the retreat. On the southern end of the line, the fortress city of Pinsk was stormed on September 16th; but beyond lay almost impassable marshes through which the Germans did not venture. Along the northern half of the line, the last great battle was at Vilna, a city scarce four hundred miles from Petrograd itself. Vilna fell on September 18th. Here again the Russians were almost surrounded; but a third time by a resolute retreat and truly marvellous endurance they escaped this crowning disaster.

By October the strength of the great Hindenburg advance was exhausted.

Or rather its leader was too wise to push further across the Russian wastes with his bases of supply so far behind and the winter cold so near. It was an unexpectedly early winter which had wrought Napoleon's downfall in just such a campaign. Hindenburg still made repeated efforts to capture Riga, the chief Russian seaport in the north; but it withstood every assault. So new opposing lines of trenches were dug and both armies settled down in them from Dvinsk on the north to Rovno on the south. In the farthest south Brusilof even began a new Russian advance and reinvaded Austrian territory, as though just to show the world that Russia was still fighting, still undefeated.

To these stupendous Russian campaigns of 1915, the greatest Europe has ever known in the mere sum total of human life destroyed, there were several important adjuncts. Most notable of these was the entry of Italy into the war.

Just before the beginning of the great drive in May, while Austria seemed in the utmost depths, with Przemyśl surrendered and the Russians sweeping through the Carpathians, Italy had been negotiating with Austria, demanding a price for further neutrality. She asked the surrender of all the Italian-speaking lands possessed by Austria. In sorest need Austria might perhaps have yielded, but then came Mackensen's advance, the consequent stiffening of Austrian courage, and a refusal of Italy's demands. The Italian people had long felt something of the true nature of the war and had wished to enter it upon the Allies' side. Now they fairly forced their hesitant government to take the popular course. On May 23rd Italy declared war on Austria.

Results, however, by no means corresponded to the Italians' hopes. Their troops rushed immediately over the Austrian border; they did some splendid fighting in the Alps; but they could advance very little further. The natural mountain defenses of Austria were here extremely strong. Austria's main troops were with Mackensen in the east; but her older men, the retired "land-strum" proved strong enough to hold the Italian frontier. Indeed the very source of Austria's weakness, her many subject races, proved here her salvation. The Slavs among her subjects had been most unwilling to fight the Slavs of Russia, and on the eastern frontier had often surrendered in entire regiments without a blow. But these same Austrian Slavs dwelt near the Italians and feared Italian domination; hence against the Italian army they now fought resolutely. All through the year the Italians were held back on the line of the Isonzo River, constantly fighting to cross it, constantly driven back with heavy loss.

Equally important in its tragic unsuccess was the war against Turkey during 1915. By closing the Dardanelles strait, Turkey barred all passage to the Black Sea and so deprived Russia of all supplies from the southward. Now Russia, as we have seen, was sorely needing new supplies, especially of



THE ITALIAN ADVANCE.

(American Troops capturing the Town of Codroipo in aid of the Italian Advance)

From an official photograph

AS the German front continued crumbling under the repeated blows of the French, Britons and Americans, the generals of the Italian army saw that they too could now advance with crushing force against the Austrians. These were now deprived of German support and were exhausted, hungry and despairing. So the whole Italian line advanced suddenly during the last days of that glorious month of October, 1918. There was some fierce fighting, but the Austrians soon broke and fled in utter rout. Never was there a more complete downfall. Whole regiments surrendered in a body, begging only for food as prisoners.

In this sudden and comparatively easy advance of the army of Italy some American troops, the 332d regiment, took part. They had been sent to the Italian front, mainly as a pledge of our future support, the promise of what we would do to aid Italy in another year when our full strength was ready. The mere presence of these few thousand men of ours did much however to encourage the previously defeated Italians. The Americans were given a place of honor in the October advance, and on November 4th, the last day of war upon the Austrian front, they captured, against some slight resistance, the little frontier town here shown.

Only the complete surrender of Austria, in the agreement of November 4th, prevented the Italians from advancing to Vienna itself. Resistance against them had entirely ceased.





guns and ammunition. Lack of them was to prove one main cause of her defeat and downfall. Hence Russia, and also her chief commercial ally Britain, devoted much of their warlike attention to Turkey during the year. In January a Russian army invaded Turkish possessions from the east by way of the Caucasus Mountains, and entered Armenia. A poorly organized Turkish army was crushingly defeated at Sarakemish; but Mackensen's advance soon drew Russian attention back from the Caucasus.

In the respite thus allowed, the Turks reached the unspeakably horrible resolution of destroying all their Christian subjects in Armenia. This would at least prevent the Armenians giving aid to the Russians; and Turkey had long wanted to be rid of these Christian subjects anyway. They were too able, too industrious; and persecution of them attracted too much undesirable attention from European Christians. So Turkey resolved to take advantage of Germany's present protection so as to solve the question in her own way. She accused the people of Van, the main Armenian city, of having rebelled against her in support of Russia; and then she made this the pretext for beginning the wholesale slaughter of the entire race. Of the two million Armenians who existed before 1915, probably less than half a million survive. So hideous were the massacres in their brutality and fiendlike torture that even some Germans among the missionaries there protested against the callousness of the German government in allowing and encouraging the massacre.

Doubtless the Turkish monsters felt themselves the more wholly free to delight their senses with murder and torture, because of Britain's failure at the Dardanelles. In the hope of breaking Turkish power completely and opening the road to Russia, Britain attempted this year to force a passage through the Dardanelles. In March her ships and those of France attempted the daring feat of storming the strait in face of mines, torpedoes and the many cannon, all directed by German officers with German skill. Had the dash succeeded, it would have won world-applause. We are told now that the Turks themselves expected it to succeed. But the navies were unfortunate. Two big battleships of Britain and one of France were sunk. Several others were damaged; and the British admiral decided that the passage was impossible.

The stubborn Britishers then resolved to capture the forts and even Constantinople itself by means of an army landed from their ships. But by the time the army arrived, the Turks were fully prepared. Some tremendous fighting followed, especially by the "Anzacs" or colonial British troops at Suvla Bay where they forced a landing in face of the Turkish army, and at Sari-Bair Hill where they fought their way to the summit against awful odds. Yet on the whole, the expedition failed completely. Out of 120,000 troops Britain lost 50,000. By the end of the year the last remaining soldiers were withdrawn in full admission of defeat.

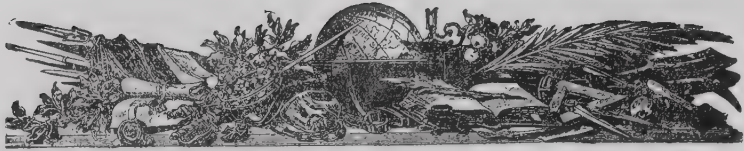
Another 1915 British expedition against the Turks which ended in

disaster was that in Mesopotamia. In January the Turks had tried to invade Egypt by way of Suez, and to start a Mohammedan "Holy War" against Britain. This had broken down, and been followed by a British advance from the Persian Gulf up the Euphrates River through the traditional Garden of Eden and the site of the oldest civilization in the world. The expedition had gone well at first and the troops had advanced along the Euphrates driving a Turkish army before them until by November they were within twenty miles of Bagdad. But they had hoped to meet Russian forces advancing through Persia and Armenia; and Russia, as we have seen, was over-busy elsewhere. So at length the Britons were driven back, and lost touch with their supports, and were surrounded at Kut-el-Amara. Here they withstood a five months' siege; but in April of 1916 the ten thousand starving survivors surrendered. The Turks had captured an entire British army.

Last of the Allies' eastern disasters of 1915 was the crushing of Serbia. During 1914 her soldiers had splendidly resisted Austria; but in the fall of 1915 Germany, having reached the end of her great Russian drive, turned her attention to the Serbian affair. Her first shrewd step was to purchase the aid of Bulgaria. This fierce little state was frankly eager for war, and would fight for whoever paid her most in territory. She had recently warred against both Serbia and Turkey, and hated both equally. But the German diplomats compelled Turkey to yield some of her most valued lands to Bulgaria, and the latter thereupon abandoned her Turkish feud and entered with Turkey into the German alliance.

Serbia was immediately invaded from two sides, attacked by Bulgaria from the east and by a German-led Austrian army from the north. Against such odds she fought heroically but hopelessly. The invasion began with the storming of her capital, Belgrade, on October 8th. Her main arsenal, Kragujevats, was captured on November 1st, and her army routed. By the end of November the remnant of her troops were fighting, pinned against the background of her mountains. They had no escape except by scaling the snow-covered peaks. This they accomplished amid awful suffering. Only the aged and the helpless were left behind. It was the exodus of a nation. Those who survived the terrible journey were received by Italian troops in Albania; and three years later fought their way back into their own homeland.

The closing days of 1915 thus saw the German cause triumphant everywhere in the east, while in the west she had easily, with only a portion of her forces, held back France and Britain. Moreover, her own allies had all become completely dependent on her. They had all sunk to being partners in her crimes. What she had done to hapless Belgium and Poland, the Austrians and Bulgarians had duplicated. by their massacre of Serbians, and the Turks by their massacre of Armenians. The murderers might well have said to each other in Franklin's celebrated phrase, "We must all hang together, or we shall



GERMANY SEEKS THE ARMISTICE.

(Marshal Foch receives the German Envoys)

From a drawing made on the spot

THE Great War practically ended with the armistice agreed upon by Marshal Foch and the German envoys on November 11, 1918. Of course, technically, an armistice means only a temporary cessation of hostilities, and wars have in the past broken out anew. But that is only possible when the armistice has left the opposing forces on somewhat equal terms. The armistice which closed the Great War was a complete German surrender. For nearly two months previous, the German government had been endeavoring to lure the Allies into an equal armistice which would enable her armies to escape from their dangerous position in France. But the Allies knew well that the enemy was broken; and Marshal Foch continued his attack until the Germans, driven to the last extremity, asked for peace.

To make quite clear the fact that the Germans were surrendering, Marshal Foch insisted that their envoys should come to his headquarters, and he refused to let them name any terms or raise any discussion. He simply laid before them the Allies' demands, demands which took away the last remnant of Germany's military power and left her entirely helpless. These terms the envoys might accept or reject. They accepted them.

Thus the historic meeting in the railroad car which constituted Foch's headquarters was really a mere formality. The Germans, headed by the noted civilian leader of the "Catholic" party, Matthias Erzberger, reached the headquarters on November 8th.





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1 Marshal Foch
2 Admiral Wemyss

3 General Rhodes
4 General Weygand

5 Herr Erzberger
6 General Von Gundell

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7 General Von Winterfeld
8 Count Oberndorff

all hang separately." The criminals must remain united to protect one another against the vengeance of the whole world; and in that black union Germany was undisputed master. Her dream of a single empire of Middle Europe stretching "from Berlin to Bagdad" was an accomplished fact.

In 1916, therefore, there was from Germany's viewpoint but one thing more which she must do. Russia, she well knew, was broken; and already German intrigue was so powerful in the Czar's court that Russia would remain "broken." Britain, though still out of reach on her island, had been sore stricken in the east, and Germany had another blow secretly preparing against Britain if needed in the future. For 1916, her task was to be the crushing of France.

Thus the story of 1916 becomes chiefly the story of the great assault on Verdun. On February 21st the Germans suddenly hurled upon the French trenches before Verdun an even greater blast of artillery than had broken Russia at the Dunajec. On the 25th, when it seemed as if the iron storm must have reduced to scattered atoms every trench and gun and human form, then some three hundred thousand of Germany's picked troops rushed forward to seized upon the devastated defense lines. Once more Emperor William had come to the front to grace the final decisive victory with his presence; and for the third time he had to witness failure instead. Somehow the French poilus had managed to endure the iron storm. It has been said that their generals were on the very point of withdrawing the battered remnant of their forces, when General Petain managed to bring up reinforcements instead. The great German assault carried only a few outer defenses, and those were taken at enormous cost.

That first assault, however, was only the beginning. Week after week the Germans hammered their way on. After a time the French artillery was increased to match theirs; and every foot of ground was fought for with the utmost desperation. Then it was that the French battle cry, "They shall not pass," rang over Europe and with its heroism thrilled America as well. By the end of June the loss of the Germans exceeded half a million of their best soldiers. That of the French was scarcely less. And still they fought! France might perish there to her last man; but only then could Germany break through.

Each of France's main allies, Britain, Russia, Italy, attempted an attack to divert the assault on her. Chief of these efforts at relief was the huge British and French attack known as the Battle of the Somme. By this time the British, under General Kitchener's guidance, had raised the largest volunteer army Europe had ever known, "Kitchener's million," a million men who came of their own free will from civil life to help in saving civilization. German "Frightfulness," the deliberate needless murders by the submarines, the bombarding of helpless English coast towns, the Zeppelin air-raids, the

execution of the heroic nurse Edith Cavell, and perhaps most of all the execution of Captain Frye, a British merchant commander, for fighting back against a submarine—deeds such as these had made Britain one with devastated France and martyred Belgium, in the set resolve to win completely in this war, or else to perish wholly. Life in a German-ruled world seemed to every soul throughout the Allied lands a fate infinitely worse than death.

So, on July 1st, "Kitchener's million" began their assault up the valley of the Somme, a river flowing from the German trenches toward the French, half way northward between the Aisne and Ypres. French troops aided in the attack but it was chiefly British. Soon it rivalled in magnitude the struggle at Verdun. All summer and all fall it raged. Vast stores of German men and munitions, intended for Verdun, had to be diverted to the Somme; and the Verdun fight died down. Indeed, the French at Verdun were enabled to reverse the situation and start counter-attacking. By December, 1916, they had recovered all the ground they had lost. The Germans did not "pass."

Thus in a way, the Somme battle had accomplished its purpose. It had weakened and so aided to defeat the great Verdun assault. In itself, however, the Somme fight was just a long nightmare of slaughter, continuous, horrible, and without decisive ending or result. "Tanks" were first used in this battle on September 15th. The Germans broke under the first surprise of their attack; but these first "tanks" were far less effective than those of later years. The 18th of November saw the last big British assaults. The battle could not be said to end; it just wearied out and grew less under a blanketing of winter rains. The German loss had reached three-quarters of a million men; and the loss of the Allies probably exceeded this. The end of 1916 saw the trench lines across France still almost exactly where they had been before, after an expenditure of human effort, human agony and death, unprecedented in the history of the world.

Along the Italian frontier also, the year resulted in no large changes. The Austrians, under German leadership, began a huge offensive in May, but had not carried it far when they were hurried away to their Russian frontier to repel an invasion there. Then, at the end of June, the Italians sought to lend their aid to Verdun by a large advance. Once more they fought their way across their border to the Isonzo River. This time they even won the crossing of the river and on August 9th stormed Gorizia, the chief Austrian city of the region. But the rugged mountains beyond Gorizia still held them back at the end of the year. They had fought valiantly and lost heavily. Their advance was scarcely preceptible.

Still more costly were the Russian efforts in this costly year of 1916. It is proof of Russia's wonderful vitality that she made any further aggressive struggle after her crushing defeats of 1915 and the rapid dwindling of her military supplies. Yet repeatedly through 1916 she startled friends and foes with

her huge blows, the death struggles of a wounded giant. Not only wounded, but poisoned! By this time German intrigue had reached its full power for evil in the Russian court. The Czarina herself, originally a German princess, was openly accused by the Russian masses of having betrayed them. The British attributed to her the death of Lord Kitchener. He was being sent secretly to Russia to lend his aid and advice; and somehow the Germans learned just when and how he was to voyage thither, and sank his ship. Again and again during this year Russian troops advanced in secretly prepared offensives, only to find that the Germans had learned all their plans, so that the attack proved but a trap for the Russian soldiers. They were met by concentrated artillery and mowed down in massacre.

Only one Russian advance seems to have escaped betrayal. This was made by that masterly general, Brusilof. On June 4th, when the Verdun need was greatest, he suddenly hurled over half a million men against the Austrians at the southern end of the long trench line. For the third time the Austrian line broke completely before him. Within two weeks he had swept the Austrians back out of Russia. Within three, he had reached the Carpathian mountains. Once more the Cossack horsemen dashed over the passes and threatened Hungary. That was when the Austrians abandoned their big Italian offensive and hurried to their eastern frontier. German troops also were hastened from the northern front to bar this ever-returning Russian flood. Yet Brusilof continued to fight his way forward. By mid August he had reached almost to the walls of Lemberg. Then the court treason managed to betray him also. High Russian officials in German pay sent him the wrong shells for his cannon. Soon he was wholly without munitions, and perforce abandoned the advance.

The Russian court treachery now discovered an even blacker possibility of crime. Roumania, the largest, strongest and most civilized of the Balkan states, had long been disliked by Russia. Here was a chance to destroy her without cost or effort. Roumania had seen the danger to herself which threatened from Germany's ambition for the empire of "Middle Europe." She had wanted to join the Allies; but with the German forces so near and strong she had not dared to brave them. Now at the very moment when Brusilof's vigorous attack seemed to give Roumania a chance to join with him successfully, but when in reality he was weaponless and about to retreat, the Russian court sent to Roumania a secret ultimatum. She was offered the aid of a Russian army if she would join the Allies at once, but was forbidden to expect further protection if she refused. Roumania seized the crafty bait, and joined the war (August 27, 1916).

For a moment, all seemed well for her. Her eager troops swept far forward into Hungary; and while the Bulgarians advanced against Roumania from the south, she could well hold her own against these ancient foes. But

to the north the advancing Russian army of Brusilof had disappeared. The Austrians and Germans, left without a nearer foe, turned grimly on Roumania. Frantically she called for the promised Russian aid. It did not come.

The renowned German general, Mackensen, was sent with German troops to direct the Bulgarian advance. A German-Austrian army drove the Roumanian forces back out of Hungary. Soon they were fighting on their own frontiers. In the south Mackensen and the Bulgarians broke the Roumanian line on October 21st, and shortly afterward forced a passage across the Danube River into the very heart of Roumania. As for the Roumanian army which had invaded Hungary, it was surrounded in battle near Craijova (November 17th) and compelled to surrender, giving the Germans undisputed control of all western Roumania.

Mackensen now drew all his armies together and advanced against Bucharest, the Roumanian capital. It surrendered on December 6th. During the closing weeks of this swift and masterly German campaign, Russia had sent troops to Roumania's aid. She did not want the triumphant Germans to cross her own border. These Russians, with what remained of the Roumanian army, still held out among the mountains in one northern corner of Roumania. Except for that one region, this fairest of the Balkan states had in a brief three months become another German conquest, as helpless and almost as desolate as Belgium, Serbia and Poland.

Thus, at the end of 1916, when after the loss of the first surprise attack of the war's beginning Germany had fought all her foes on equal terms for two long years, her power seemed higher than ever. Through all the east she stood supreme, opposed now only by wounded, exhausted, betrayed and betraying Russia. In the west she had held her own, with half her forces, against the utmost efforts of Britain, France and Italy. What was to happen when she could turn back from the east and once more concentrate all her giant strength upon the west? That was what the whole world was wondering—and dreading—when 1917 began.





MAKING AMERICAN SOLDIERS

Chapter IV

AMERICA ENTERS THE WAR



ON January 31st, 1917, Germany achieved the last and crowning blunder which made impossible her long conceived and almost accomplished splendor of world conquest. She flatly defied the government of the United States, and so forced our country into the war. It is true that the United States, if standing alone in her utter unpreparedness, might perhaps have merely been added as another bleeding victim to the Germans' list of slaughtered nations. But the United States, with the protection of Britain's fleet to give her time to gather her resources, would have been by herself an equal match for Germany at her strongest. And Germany no longer possessed her power of 1914. She was weakened by the loss of over two million of her best soldiers, by the world-wide knowledge of her official falseness which made it impossible for her to trick another victim, and above all by her fast diminishing resources. She had expended these lavishly in battle, had exhausted all the stores accumulated in happier days, and had found it impossible to force any large amount of either food or munitions from the conquered but ruined and starving east. As for the produce of the western world, this was kept from her almost wholly by the British blockade.

Presumably therefore, Germany had reckoned up her dwindling resources and knew that she could fight at full vigor for only two more years. On this basis she built the plans which have since been made evident to the world. For one year she would fight defensively on land while devoting herself to a

new and infinitely more destructive submarine assault upon the commerce of all the world. If England could thus be brought to her knees—starvation against starvation—that meant victory. If England were only weakened not defeated, then in 1918 a land attack should hurl all the gathered might of the preceding year against France in the final, irresistible campaign of victory.

True, unrestricted submarine warfare meant breaking the pledge of the preceding year to the United States, the pledge which had soothed us single-faced Americans as a “diplomatic triumph.” That pledge, however, as we now know, had only been given because Germany had found her submarines too few and ineffective anyway. She could afford to humor us while she built new and stronger ones. Now these were ready.

Doubtless Germany had some hope that we, who had endured so many slights and injuries, would endure one more. On the whole, however, she rather expected war with America and had convinced herself that our government was too feeble, our people too selfish and inexperienced, for us to wage effective war. She would let us snap feebly at her heels until Britain and France were down; and then—Her government smacked eager lips over the huge indemnity she would exact from our ravaged cities.

Thus Germany's blunder was again, as when she attacked Belgium, based upon psychological error. She failed to realize how the easy-going American temper, the kindly “live and let live” spirit of America's free air, had hardened against her. In 1914 we pardoned, and willed to pardon, much; even in 1916 President Wilson owed his reelection in part to the slogan “He kept us out of war!” But by 1917 a large majority of our people had slowly and unwillingly been brought to accept two ideas which ran contrary to all our ordinary life experience. The first and chief of these was that German government had really turned its people into something so unhuman that genuine human beings could not consent to allow these monsters to continue inflicting their tortures upon other humans. We must rescue the beings of our own human kind from extinction by a new order of creature of fouler mold. The second idea, narrower but even keener, was that this brutelike government fully intended ultimately to hurl its armies upon us as well as upon Europe. Hence we had become more than ready to fight, and to do it in the true American spirit. A fool plunges into a contest with no realization of its suffering, and as pangs rain upon him he becomes equally frantic to escape. A wiser man has foreseen all this; and if he decides that he must encounter the agony it is with set will to endure all things, to continue till he wins—or perishes. In such mood America entered the war.

The mechanical steps of that entry were as follows: On January 31st, 1917, Germany notified us that she withdrew her promise of the previous May, as to restricting her submarines so as to protect American lives. Immediately thereafter her new U-boats rushed to sea and began sinking every



THE AMERICANS ENTER RUSSIA.

(The first American Troops to reach Arctic Russia are welcomed
by the Allies' Generals)

From an official photograph

THE complete and utter breakdown of all government and all order in Russia under the Bolsheviks, led to a difficult and puzzling position for the Allies. To the Germans, of course, the Bolshevik breakdown was simply an opportunity to snatch Russian money and Russian territory as far as possible, to ruin eastern Europe as completely as she could for her own benefit. The Allies, on the other hand, owed much to Russia. They wished to treat her not only justly, but generously, to save her if they could. But how? The Bolsheviks were not Russia. They were only a small minority, composed largely of foreigners and criminals, to whom murder was a joy. The hideous massacres in which the Bolsheviks revelled made it impossible for civilization to clasp hands with them. Yet to fight them was to assume a new war, a war against the only organized power in the Russian capital. Hence the Allies resolved merely to protect against the Bolsheviks any region of Russia which set up a people's government of its own.

Such a government was raised among the peasantry of northern Russia; and Allied troops were sent to the chief port of the north, Archangel, to support the local authorities, and to prevent the Bolsheviks from seizing the vast military stores which the Allies had sent to Russia, and which remained unpaid for in Archangel. Our picture shows the American contingent of these troops being formally received by the British commander, General Poole, and also by General Turcom, the leader of an Armenian force brought thither by the strange vicissitudes of the Russian upheaval.





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ship they could, neutrals as well as enemies, sparing no one, often deliberately destroying every human being aboard, shooting them as they escaped in life-boats or drowning them with added horrors of insult and mockery. On February 3rd, our government broke off "diplomatic relations" with Germany, this being the customary means of threatening war.

On March 11th there began in Russia an event which swept aside our last reluctance to join the contest. Russia had always been an autocracy. Its people, struggling for self-government, had repeatedly been suppressed by force. Our democratic sympathy was all with the people, and we were most unwilling to join hands with the Russian autocracy for any purpose whatever, even in the noblest cause. But now the Russian people overthrew their Czar. He abdicated March 15th and a "Constitutional Democracy" was set up. This was a patriotic government largely aroused by the desperate resolve of the people to get rid of all the traitors, even in highest places, who had been so hideously betraying the land to Germany.

With such a democracy, and with the western democracies of France and Britain, we were only too eager to join forces. The war now would be definitively for the destruction of all autocracy. On April 6th we declared war.

During 1917 we could do little in the struggle on land. We must first make soldiers. But the huge preparations which we at once began lent large encouragement to all our wearied allies. We were quick also to give them full financial aid. At sea we were in different condition. Our navy had long been kept in first class condition. Our lighter, swifter ships were sent abroad at once; and we rapidly took over our full share of the endless battle against Germany's new and far more terrible submarine warfare.

The submarine seemed for a time to be going to accomplish all Germany hoped. So sudden and so much more powerful was the new attack that in its first month (February, 1917) over two hundred ships were sunk. In April the loss rose to almost a hundred every week, a total of 800,000 tons for that one month. That, however, was the worst. With America's aid, Britain mastered the deadly secret foe. Many submarines were sunk and captured. The loss of merchant ships decreased until in June, 1918, it totalled less than 200,000 tons. Meanwhile America had begun building ships in large numbers, so that by August, 1918, the weight of new ships launched here exceeded the total of the whole world's losses for the month. The U-boat had been met and mastered.

Its chief effect had been to force other neutrals to declare war on Germany. China did so in August, Brazil in October, Greece, though from other causes, in July. A number of lesser countries, including even far off Siam and Liberia, joined the Allies. The ring of foes about Germany became truly

"international." She had forced upon the rest of the world that "world-league" which she had long ridiculed as being impossible.

On land in 1917, the war dragged on at ever sadder, harder length, without the spectacular events of the preceding years. On Germany's west front General Hindenburg now took complete command; and his first spring move was to withdraw his entire force slightly to a much stronger line, called the "Hindenburg line." Here throughout the year he defied attack while preparing for the great advance of 1918.

In the east the new Russian democracy soon broke down. Its leaders had eagerly assured the Allies that they would fulfill all Russia's obligations in the war. But the mass of the Russian peasantry were now in their ignorance interpreting democracy as meaning idleness, the right to do nothing but sing and play, and eat someone else's food. They wanted peace. Then Germany launched into their midst professional agitators, men who promised them anything and everything no matter how impossible, so as to secure their support. Soon there was no order anywhere in Russia, no obedience, no authority, no intelligent or coordinated effort to solve any one of the thousand complex problems which the disastrous war had thrust upon the government.

The Russian democracy did indeed succeed in starting one considerable war advance. In June of 1917, the fiery orator Kerensky went to the southern front and by his vehement entreaties persuaded the demoralized soldiery to fight. General Brusilov was still their leader; and so on July 1st he for the fourth time drove in the Austrian front. On July 10th the strong city of Halicz with fifty thousand Austrians was captured. But by that time the energy was all gone out of these poor peasant dreamers of Russian soldiery. By July 20th they were in open mutiny against further fighting. Soon, with scarce even the excuse of an advancing enemy, the whole army was in flight. The next month the German forces on the northern front advanced against the great Russian seaport of Riga. For over two years Riga had gallantly withstood every form of German attack, had been the stronghold of the Russian line. Now it surrendered (September 2nd) almost before it was attacked.

Clearly Russia was going fast to pieces. The agitators were convincing everybody that if Russians would refuse to fight or to work all the rest of the world would imitate them and there would be universal peace—and plenty. Never did such a silly madness rule a nation. On November 7th, the agitators, headed by Lenine and Trotzky, drove the democracy out of power, and established what they called the Bolsheviki or rule of "free" men. Within a month each province of Russia was setting up a government of its own, and the Bolsheviki, who had promised peace, were fighting everywhere,



PARIS WELCOMES PRESIDENT WILSON.

(He is escorted through vast Multitudes of cheering Frenchmen to his Paris Home)

From an official photograph

PRESIDENT WILSON reached Paris for the opening of the Peace Conference on December 14, 1918. His fame had preceded him, and Europe looked to him as the greatest man and chief figure of the age. As a dwelling place while in Paris, he was formally assigned by the French government to "Murat Castle," a very elaborate and famous mansion, once the property of Prince Murat, one of Napoleon's chief generals.

To reach the "Hotel Murat," President Wilson had first to drive along the chief streets of Paris, through a course marked out by French soldiers, and lined with the entire populace of the metropolis. The people seemed to have gone half-wild with joy at their escape from the long misery of the war. They attributed their victory mainly to America, and most of all to Wilson; and it is doubtful if even Paris had ever before welcomed any man with such universal enthusiasm. Our picture suggests something of the crowd. It was taken just as the President's carriage passed the Arch of Triumph which stands in the center of the *Place de l'Etoile* or Place of the Star, from which radiate the chief boulevards of Paris.

President Wilson reached Paris some weeks ahead of the formal opening of the Conference, and spent his time in visiting London, Rome, and other cities, working to unite all men in what he had come to regard as the most important outcome of the war, the League of Nations.





and willing to fight anybody—except the genuine and capable fighters the Germans.

Within another month the other Bolshevik promise, freedom, was as completely broken as their impossible pledge of peace. They were compelling everybody to accept their views and were slaying all who opposed them. They started a class-tyranny more terrible than any autocrat had ever done before. The "laboring class" were now to "boss" and if necessary slay all others. The "intellectual" people must now do all the coarse and heavy work—or die. Since nobody worked soon everybody was starving. Then there were more massacres. Russia sank into utter anarchy, a return to the most primitive barbarism. Civilization disappeared.

The only other heavy fighting of the year 1917 was on the Italian front. There the Italians pushed on bravely but with small success. Germany tried against them the same methods of "propaganda" that had so effectively ruined Russia. Agitators were sent among the soldiers to persuade them by every means that their government was deceiving them, that they need but say the word and they could have peace and happiness and plenty.

When Germany thought the Italian disorganization sufficient, she suddenly hurled a vast German-Austrian army against the Italian front (October 21st). It broke completely. The Italians seemed fairly to melt away. Two hundred thousand were taken prisoners, almost without resistance. The rest were swept out of Austria, back into Italy, back from city to city, from one river to another, until it seemed that not only Venice but all north Italy might be given up to German plunder.

A new Italian leader, General Diaz, took command; and gradually the resistance stiffened. French and British troops were hurried to Italian aid. By November 18th their line was once more holding firmly. It had been forced back to the Piave River; but that was the furthest it was ever to retreat. Venice was saved, even as Paris had been after hope had been almost lost.

The first United States troops reached France in June, 1917; they were first sent to the firing line in October; and the first recorded deaths among them in the fighting occurred on November 3rd. Before the spring of 1918 they were arriving from America in such numbers and proving themselves such efficient fighters, that the common saying in Europe was that the war had become a race between Hindenburg and Uncle Sam. Would the Germans be able to sweep over the weakened Ally line before enough Americans reached the front to bar the way forever?

Hindenburg had now been preparing for a year to launch his final great attack upon the western Allies. Moreover Germany could at last concentrate there with all her strength. Russia on March 3rd, 1918, withdrew wholly from the war. Her Bolshevik leaders signing with Germany the peace of

Brest-Litovsk. At first they had declared Germany's terms so outrageous that they would sign no treaty, simply refusing to fight her further. But Germany sent her troops deeper and deeper into Russia until presently she would have possessed all the land. Then the Bolsheviki yielded and signed the treaty. It surrendered all western Russia and provided for a large money indemnity and other penalties. The only remaining Allied army in eastern Europe was that gathered in Greece around Salonica; but this had made no headway against the Bulgars for two years, so Hindenburg concluded to leave this force and that of the British in Palestine to be opposed by the Bulgars and the Turks. Once more he would "win the war in the west."

On March 21st, 1918, the final great German "victory drive" began with a huge attack on the British line near Cambrai in the northern sector of the long French trench line. From day to day the assault widened and at the same time drove more deeply into the breaking line. By March 26th one British army had been swept aside completely. The line was broken and nothing stood between the Germans and the important old French city of Amiens. Then General Carey saved the day for the Britons by throwing into hasty line all sorts of scraps of troops. Prominent among the defenders were a whole regiment of United States engineers. They had been sent there to do building work; but now they threw aside their shovels and with hastily seized rifles helped to beat back the Germans. On March 27th the French closed a similar gap further south; and the huge assault was fairly at a standstill. It had done no more than dig a deep "pocket" into the long line of defense.

This, however, was only the beginning of the Hindenburg plan. No sooner did the Cambrai assault slacken than another, equally vast, was launched just south of Ypres, on April 9th. The natural German hope would be that the Allies, in concentrating forces against the Cambrai drive, had so weakened their line elsewhere that the Ypres drive would break through completely. Again the Germans came appreciably near success. The British line did not break, but it was so crushed back by overwhelming numbers, that presently the Britons were fighting with their backs close to the English Channel. They had no more room to maneuver. Another rush might sweep them into the sea. That final German rush came on April 29th; but the British line held like a rock and the foe endured a most costly repulse.

A third great German assault began on May 27th. This time it was launched against the French line along the Aisne River; and here again it swept back the Allies, making a third great dent or pocket in their line. Soissons, which had held out against the Germans ever since 1914, was captured on May 29th. On the 31st the Germans reached Chateau Thierry, a town upon the Marne. Once more as in 1914 they stood upon the Marne River, and within thirty miles of Paris. Everywhere they seemed able to hurl back the Allies' lines at will. Was this the end?

Instead, it was the turning point. That "race" between Hindenburg and Uncle Sam was not to be another German triumph. At last an American army, not yet the mighty force it was to become but already sufficient for the need, was in the field. Already on May 28th, just as the third German drive was sweeping across the Aisne, the first American assault maneuvered by American command was being delivered at another portion of the line not far away. American troops stormed the town of Cantigny, drove out the Germans and held the captured ground against repeated counterattacks. Then on the first of June when the Germans at Chateau Thierry tried to sweep onward across the Marne, they were met by the American Marines, hastily rushed forward to block this very spear-point and apex of the German drive on Paris. The Germans never crossed those Marne passages at Chateau Thierry. That was the beginning of the end. A few days later American troops counterattacked the Germans north of Chateau Thierry, at Torcy and at Bouresches woods, drove back their line, and began the giant task of hammering them back all the way to Germany.

There was no immediate breaking of the German aggressive campaign. Being checked along the Marne, they on June 9th launched a fourth great drive beyond Montdidier, where the first assault in March had been held back. But the French were ready now, and the final turning point of the war should perhaps be regarded as the brilliant French counterattack at Montdidier on June 11th. This fourth drive, unlike the three earlier ones, made no advance, conquered no new French territory. It was hurled back with decisive loss just where it had been begun.

Still Hindenburg refused to acknowledge his campaign was lost. Another vast German assault was promptly launched against Rheims on June 15th. The French troops defeated it even more decisively than at Montdidier. Then on July 15th came the sixth and last great German thrust of the year. Not at Rheims itself, which had been proved impregnable, but at the Allies' line for thirty miles or so on either side of Rheims, came on the last great flood of the German effort at world victory.

It failed disastrously. To the east of Rheims, the French tried a new method. They withdrew, giving a mere pretense of resistance from their first trenches, and so stood concentrated and fully ready on their second line. From that they swept the Germans back in utter rout. Just to the west of Rheims this last assault was somewhat more successful. The opposing French and Italian troops were driven back from the Marne and at some points the German charge reached almost five miles beyond the river. That was the last momentary "high-water mark" of German victory. Further eastward along the Marne the Germans had to meet the Americans at Chateau Thierry and they could force no crossing of the river there.

Suddenly on July 18th, General Foch, who had been created commander-

in-chief of all the Allies, launched their united universal counterattack, which was to continue without pause until four months later the exhausted, reeling German army cried for peace "at any price." The American troops north of Chateau Thierry took their part in that main advance of July 18th, took it so well that presently the forward thrust was mainly in their hands. This was the ground which the Germans had won in their drive of May 27th southward from the Aisne. Now the Americans hammered them back even to the Aisne again. On July 20th the last Germans fled back across the Marne from that "high-water mark" they had gained four days before. On August 2nd the Americans entered Fismes, the last remaining town in the German pocket south of the Aisne.

The general crumbling of the German power was now becoming everywhere visible. In June when Hindenburg was first feeling the breakdown of his French campaign, Germany had called on Austria for a final desperate drive against the Italians. So the Austrians with all their strength smashed across the Piave River on June 15th. Within three days they were in insuperable difficulties. The Italians held firm; the losses of the Austrians were heavy; they began to feel the necessity of retreating back across the Piave; and then—they could not. The river swollen by Alpine rains became almost impassable. The Italians counterattacked most eagerly with some slight help from French and British troops; and presently the Austrians' defeat had become disaster. They lost over a quarter of a million men. Practically all who had crossed the Piave were captured or destroyed.

On July 6th Italian forces began an advance against Austria by way of Albania and Montenegro. On September 16th the main Allies' army in the Balkans began its advance. This force had remained on the defensive in northern Greece for almost three years, ever since Serbia had been crushed. Now under the French general D'Esperey, and accompanied by the reconstructed army of expatriated Serbians it advanced to the crushing of Bulgaria. The Serbians fought furiously for vengeance. The resistance of the Bulgarians proved feeble. They had long had their fill of the misery of the war. Even torturing helpless Serbians had ceased to delight them, while they starved and trembled at the spectre of the coming vengeance. Bulgaria was the first of Germany's partners in massacre who deserted her. On September 28th Bulgaria began clamoring for an armistice. On September 30th she surrendered unconditionally to General D'Esperey, bowing herself to whatever punishment the Allies might assign.

Turkey's breakdown followed soon afterward. On December 9th, 1917, the French and British army in Palestine had captured Jerusalem, the Holy City. Now in September of 1918 they made a new advance and achieved a decisive victory under General Allenby. The Turkish forces were surrounded and surrendered. British cavalry swept over the now unresisting country,



THE BIRTH OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

(Professor Masaryk Signs his Nation's Declaration of Independence)

After a photograph of the event

THE Czechs or ancient Bohemians and their neighbors, the Slovaks, were the unwilling subjects of Austro-Hungary until the Great War enabled them to assert their independence. While the Czechs in their native land were still suffering immeasurable misery under Austria in the War, their exiled leaders were fighting for them in other lands. In the United States the Czech leader was Professor Thomas G. Masaryk, who with his associates prepared and proclaimed here, in October, 1918, the Czech Declaration of Independence. It was signed by Masaryk in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, on the very spot where the American Declaration of Independence had been signed a century and a half before.

The exiles named Masaryk president of their country, and this choice was confirmed by the people of Bohemia's capital city, Prague, as soon as the Austrian chains fell from the city. President Masaryk then journeyed home to his people, reached Prague on December 20, 1918, and became the regularly recognized head of his nation. The independence of Czecho-Slovakia was confirmed by the Allies in the Peace Treaty; and the new republic proved worthy of its foster parentage in the older Republic of the United States. Czecho-Slovakia became, in fact, the most democratic land in Europe.



seizing all Syria and capturing Damascus on October 1st. Turkey was left without armies and almost without food. She surrendered as Bulgaria had done. On October 5th Austria also made an appeal for an armistice but not as yet on terms the Allies would accept. She could not bow her proud head in complete surrender.

All these breakdowns meant of course that Germany, concentrating all her effort in France, was no longer upholding her exhausted partners with her own strength. In other words, the great Allied advance which General Foch had started with the Americans on July 18th was slowly breaking all the German strength. The first American advance was held up along the Aisne in August. But then a vigorous French offensive was launched against Montdidier on August 8th. A great British advance south of Ypres began on August 9th. August 20th a French army under General Mangin began a forward drive from Soissons. On August 22nd the British general, Byng, began the great Somme drive, fighting back over the old blood-stained ground of the battle of 1916, ground which had been rewon by Hindenburg in his first advance in 1918. Now so easy in comparison, proved the British drive that within two days Byng was back at the old "Hindenburg line" behind which the Germans had conducted all their defensive fight of the preceding year. On August 25th Byng broke through the Hindenburg line, and now the British were fighting on ground the Germans had held through four long years, almost to a day. In August, 1914, the Germans had first rushed southward to the Marne over these very fields; in August, 1918, they were falling back from a second Marne defeat, but still fighting grimly.

Many American troops were with the British through all this brilliant advance. At Juvigny, on August 29th, one American division fought against four German divisions, and so defeated them that the German troops themselves nicknamed that particular American force "the Terribles." On September 1st, American troops fought for the first time on Belgian soil, successfully storming the town of Voormezele. These earlier American successes were all minor, local matters. So immediate had been the need for troops against the German drive that our American general, Pershing, had allowed our soldiers, each detachment as it was ready, to be sent to join the French or British wherever troops were needed. Thus our men had been fighting under foreign generals. Naturally the wish of every American was that they should form an army of their own and conduct successful major operations under their own leaders. This also they were to achieve.

In August a separate American army was placed upon the firing line, entrusted with the entire care of that sector of the front stretching to the eastward of Verdun. The wiping out of the "St. Mihiel salient" by this army (September 12-14) is everywhere recognized as one of the most brilliant operations of the war.

Then on September 26th the Americans began their main battle of the war. Their section of the line was now extended to the west of Verdun as well as to the east. Such had been the success of the many Ally attacks that General Foch now commanded a general advance all along the front. West of Verdun the Americans struck forward into the Argonne forest, a wilderness through which no army had ever before fought its way. Our men did it. This was the vital point of the Germans' line, and they resisted with all their strength, pouring in constant reinforcements. Step by step our men pushed forward until by October 11th they had driven the Germans completely from the forest. On October 16th, American troops captured the town of Grand-Pré, the goal for which really the whole battle was fought. Our possession of Grand-Pré broke the last connecting link between the German armies to the east and west. The western armies had now no choice but to retreat from France. Indeed it was doubtful if they could retain sufficient supplies and ammunition to enable them to retreat successfully.

By this time their breakdown was showing everywhere. On October 1st French troops recaptured the city of St. Quentin; the British began storming Cambrai; and the Germans, with Belgians, British and Americans pressing close upon them, began the evacuation of Belgium. Lille, the largest French city they had possessed was abandoned by them on October 5th. On the 13th they fled from Laon, last and strongest of the fortresses they had so long maintained upon their old trench line. By the first of November they had fallen back, still fighting stubbornly, to the French frontier. Another big American drive was begun against them on November 1st, pushing them back across the Meuse River. They stood now with the rough frontier mountain region behind them, the advancing Allies everywhere in front, and scarcely any possible line of supplies left open.

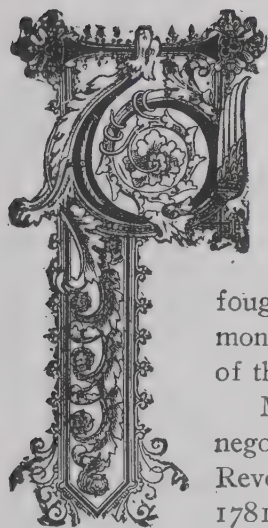
Clearly, if the Allied advance persisted, the Germans could be broken and destroyed. But the victory must still cost an enormous toll of valuable human lives. Germany offered to surrender. A new Chancellor, Prince Maximilian of Baden, had been appointed expressly to secure peace. In October he talked haughtily of treating with the Allies on equal terms; but by November he was more submissive. A great Italian advance now swept the Austrians back out of Italy; and the despairing starving Austrians refused to fight longer. Their army disappeared, its troops surrendering by thousands to the Italians. On November 4th, Austria made what was practically a complete surrender to General Diaz, the Italian commander in the field.

Germany followed next. She asked an armistice from General Foch. The terms he named were such as would prevent any possibility of her broken army rallying and renewing the war. She was asked to give up everything on sea and land. Yet even this hard armistice she accepted on November 11th, 1918, practically placing herself at the Allies' mercy. The Great War was over, and the new Era of Peace began.



Chapter V

THE PEACE TREATY



THE tremendous energy with which Europe and America had toiled and suffered through the War left them exhausted at its close. Hence the "Armistice Period," during which the terms of peace were being arranged, was one of reaction, of weariness, even of world-wide selfishness, bitter in its contrast to the universal spirit of service and self-sacrifice in which the Allies had fought the War. This Armistice Period covered over seven months from November of 1918, to June 28, 1919, the day of the signing of the Peace Treaty at Versailles.

Many smaller wars have required much longer periods of negotiation before peace terms were arranged. In our own Revolution of 1776, for example, the fighting stopped in 1781, but the final peace treaty was not signed until September of 1783, nearly two years later. In those earlier days, however, there had been no such close communication among nations, no such immediate and imperative need of a resumption of the ways of peace. Nations then had been self-sufficient and self-supporting. In 1918 every nation needed the products of every other. All, except the fortunate United States, were almost literally starving. All needed, with keenest intensity, the assurance of security, without which it was impossible to rouse their people to renewed labor, renewed energy and hope.

Hence the seven months of argument over peace terms was a most unfortunate delay for Europe; and when even the Treaty of Versailles proved incon-

clusive on many points and in many ways, the disaster of such uncertainty weighed upon the world almost as heavily as the disaster of the War itself. For indeed the War, with all its tragedy and horror, had brought to mankind great progress as well as great individual sorrows. The delay, the bitter quarreling, the widespread suspicions engendered by the treaty, these brought nothing but disaster.

Never did an unfortunate period open with brighter hopes. On November 11, 1918, both Europe and America celebrated the Armistice with wildest glee. Even defeated Germany and Austria rejoiced; because at least the fighting was over, and they had escaped the ravage they had inflicted on their neighbors. Moreover the huge stores of food and clothing which every country had garnered wherewith to support its armies for the coming winter could now be handed over to the civilian populace. Millions who had been half starved during nearly five long years of war now ate their fill.

It was in the midst of these first months of rejoicing, that the leaders of all the Ally nations began gathering at Paris to agree upon the terms which they would dictate to Germany. Paris, the capital of sorely tried and splendidly resisting France, had been universally agreed upon as the fitting place for the negotiations; and never in the history of the human race had there been another assemblage to equal this in the number of nations represented and the famed men from each who now met and argued.

Most widely recognized and honored of them all at the beginning of the conference was President Wilson of the United States. Europe was in no mood then to belittle the decisive help which the United States had brought to the Ally cause. Britain and France had done by far the heaviest fighting; but they had fought to the point of exhaustion, and at the opening of 1917 could hope for nothing better than the equal peace which would have meant German domination of the future. America's intervention had turned that dreaded yet unescapable peace of equality into a peace of complete and triumphant victory. America was the savior of the human race; and all men hailed her as such. And the man who had led her and all the Allied leaders to their victory was President Wilson.

Never has any human being been more enthusiastically welcomed, more widely acclaimed than was Wilson in the brief round of visits which he paid the Allies' capitals. He had great plans—great dreams they were—for the future of humanity. He meant to make this conference the foundation on which to build a universal "federation of the world," a union of all governments which should not only prevent war forever but should also help mankind in a thousand other ways. Under this League all governments were to



PEACE ON EARTH!

(Rejoicing at Versailles on the Signing of the Peace Treaty)

From a photograph

WHEN the preliminary Peace Treaty was actually signed at Versailles on June 28, 1919, the whole world rejoiced. Naturally the most eager and demonstrative rejoicing was that at Versailles itself. When the actual ceremony of the signing was complete, Premier Clemenceau, the "grand old man" of France, stepped out upon a balcony and announced the fact. No scene of the entire ecstatic day exceeded this of Clemenceau's reception by his people.

Clemenceau was called "the tiger of France" because of his desperate life-long struggle against Germany. He had been unanimously elected President of the Peace Conference; and, with President Wilson and the British Prime Minister Lloyd George, he had constituted the "triumvirate" which really dominated the conference. It was he who had most firmly and steadfastly insisted that the treaty must strip Germany of every vestige of military power. He had made France definitely the military leader of Europe, as Britain is the naval leader. The Germans signed the treaty only under sternest compulsion. The Ally troops held the Rhine provinces, and the French soldiers, especially, were only too eager to march onward to Berlin. So Germany signed, and Clemenceau became the idol of his people.





combat disease together, and spread the "Red Cross" everywhere, and help the laboring classes, and establish a true democracy in every nation.

These ideas the United States President had spread over all Europe by his vigorous pen and his tremendous position. He was "the people's" champion; and the people went wild in applauding him. He reached Paris in December of 1918, and from there paid brief visits to London and to Rome, where Britain's king and Italy's gladly welcomed him as an equal. Then, with his great designs explained to each of the chief Ally governments, he returned to Paris, and the Peace Conference was formally opened there on January 18, 1919.

One way in which the "conference" was peculiar was that it included no representatives of the defeated nations. These were so completely defeated that there was indeed no necessity for consulting them. So far as they were concerned, peace terms were simply to be dictated to them, and they were to accept or perish. The real conference was among the many Allies themselves. The difficulty was to find terms on which they could all agree among themselves. The War had so disrupted all ancient arrangements that every nation had now a multitude of new agreements to make with every other. It is thus simple truth to say that, since history began, there had been no other such universal conference. Looking over its vast field of discussion one is inclined to wonder, not that it took seven months to reach a conclusion, but rather that it ever managed to reach conclusions at all.

Of course the interests of each nation differed from those of every other. On only two points were they all agreed: first, that Germany should pay for all the ruin she had wrought, and second, that any similar warlike effort at world-dominion should be made impossible for any nation in the future. Yet even these obvious purposes were approached by each of the Allies from a different viewpoint. Britain felt that the surest guarantee for future peace lay in a mighty British Empire with its invincible fleet keeping peace over every ocean, and incidentally protecting British trade. France believed the guarantee should be a mighty France extending to the Rhine and holding Germany submissive by military force. Italy wanted to extend her dominion over the Adriatic and the Balkans, to restore in a sense the ancient Roman Empire, and by a wiser administration than that of the broken Austrian Empire to keep the turbulent little nations of southeastern Europe in peaceful obedience. Japan declared that universal peace must come through the full recognition of racial equality between the yellow and white races, a step which would involve free admission of Japanese immigrants to the United States—to which course our western States would never have consented. How could harmony be established amid such divergent views!

Moreover when the diplomats at Paris faced the problem of Germany's repayment for all the damage she had caused, they found this difficulty more insurmountable still. Here the plain fact stood forth, that Germany could not pay. All the wealth in her people's possession, from the vast private fortune of her Kaiser down to the last miserable pittance of the peasant women toiling in her fields, would not begin to make good the losses she had inflicted on her foes. Even if her people were all permanently enslaved and made to toil for the rest of mankind forever, the financial loss would remain unpaid. And how could such slavery be enforced? Or how could a new and more equal world be reconstructed on such a foundation of inequality? Democracy knows but one method of making men work; and that is by securing to each man the reward of his own toil. Hence even the Germans must be allowed some freedom, some prospect of comfort, to encourage them to industry. In brief, Germany had destroyed more than she could possibly reconstruct.

This grim fact was obvious to every statesman at the Peace Conference; but unfortunately the European statesmen did not dare to point out the fact to their people. The peoples in their exhaustion and war-weariness needed the tonic of hope. Otherwise, confronting the shattered world before them, they might well give way to despair. So Europe continued to resound with the cheerful cry that Germany was to pay for all losses; that Wilson was going to establish a millennium of universal democracy and equality; and that, on top of this, each individual nation was to get whatever it claimed in added lands and glories, despite the conflicting claims of other nations. Never was there such a hopeless hodge-podge of contradictory demands, nor a more childlike confidence than that of the peoples that President Wilson was going to give everything to each.

To aid him in the stupendous task of meeting these expectations President Wilson brought with him four other delegates, named by him, to represent the United States. These were his Secretary of State, Robert Lansing; his personal friend and councillor, Colonel Edward M. House; an army general, Tasker H. Bliss; and as a single representative of his political opponents, the Republicans, the former ambassador and judge, Henry White. In effect, these were all merely assistants; the President acted alone.

The chief European representatives to speak for their various nations were, for Britain, David Lloyd George, her Prime Minister; for France, Georges Clemenceau, her Prime Minister, who was made President of the conference; for Italy, Vittorio Orlando, her Prime Minister, and his chief confrère, Baron Sonnino; for Belgium, M. Paul Hymans, afterward the first president of the League of Nations; and for Greece, her noted Prime Minister, Venizelos.



BOLSHEVISM'S GREATEST DAY

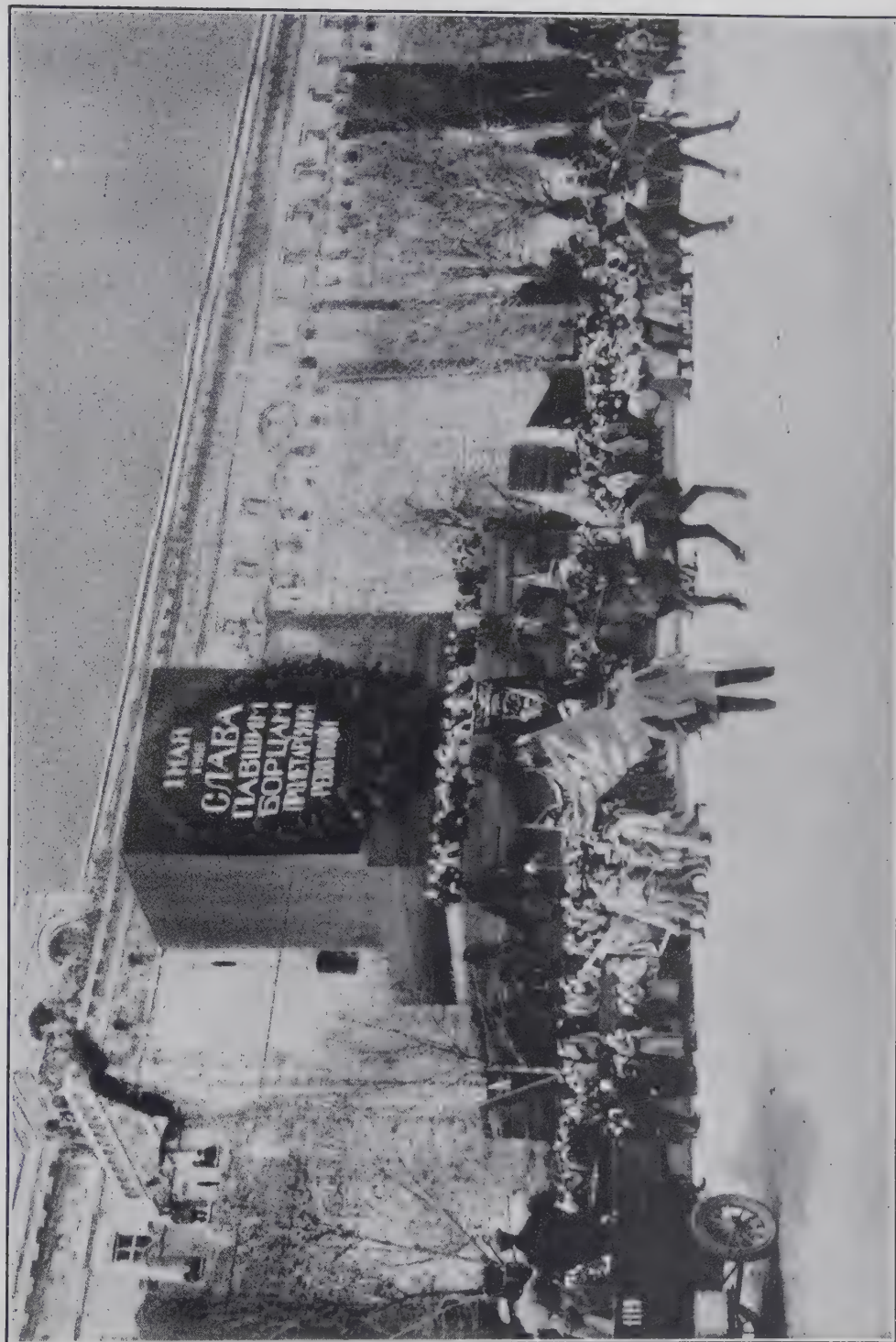
(Moscow Celebrates the Peace with Germany)

From the first authentic picture to reach the United States

THE Bolshevik rulers of Russia had perforce made peace with Germany early in 1918. They could no longer resist her armies; so they consented to surrender to her a vast sector of Russian territory. When Germany's power was at last broken by the Allies the Bolsheviks saw in this their chance to reassert themselves. They, in effect, declared war on all the world, asserting that they meant to undermine and at length destroy every government not built on the same basis as their own. By January of 1919, they had completed the internal organization of their own government, and held in its honor a day of celebration in all their cities. This celebration marked the climax of their power; for its disintegration had already begun.

Our picture shows the parade in Moscow, the ancient Russian capital and holy city. The czar's monument, outside the ancient Kremlin or royal enclosed grounds, had been boarded over and draped to make a Bolshevik monument. On this was inscribed the date of the ending of the Bolshevik revolution; and the Russian masses, hoping that peace had indeed returned at last, joined joyously in the celebration.





From beyond Europe there were also many notable figures. The most prominent of them were the representatives of Japan, and perhaps those two remarkable leaders of South Africa, General Louis Botha and General Jan Smuts. Of course there were dozens of other striking figures at the conference. There was the celebrated pianist, Ignace Paderewski, who had risen to be Prime Minister of Poland. There was that heroic Serbian figure, Prime Minister Pashitch. There was the picturesque Prince Rustem of Arabia. There were the much enduring leaders of the Czecho-Slovaks under Austria, Karel Kramar and Eduard Benes. There were the spectacular plenipotentiaries from Siam and from China; and the dignified representatives of half a score of Latin American republics, many of these latter being university professors.

Among this mass of able men the two who naturally came next to Wilson in dominating the conference were that able leader of Britain, Lloyd George, and the resolute Tiger of France, Clemenceau. Indeed, these three were really the final judges and directors of the whole, though the voices of Italy and of Japan were always powerful, and such men as Venizelos and Smuts were profoundly influential even without the weight of mighty armaments behind them.

In the discussions which followed after that first celebrated gathering of January 18th, it soon became evident that each great nation was chiefly interested in some special feature of the Peace Treaty. President Wilson was determined on the League of Nations. The other Powers would have preferred to leave the details of this for future arrangement, and have hurried on to the immediate practical necessities of readjustment. Ultimately, however, they yielded; and the League, fully organized and outlined, was inserted as the first article of the Treaty.

Britain's representatives were chiefly interested in maintaining her supremacy over the seas and in extending her control over as many colonial lands, formerly German or Turkish, as possible. On the first question, warfare at sea, the Treaty remains discreetly empty. On the second, Britain, much against her will, finally accepted the principle of "mandatories," which at America's insistence was written into the Treaty. This principle asserts that all colonies affected by the Treaty, that is, all formerly possessed by the Central Powers, shall be governed wholly for the good of the native inhabitants, and only so long as these inhabitants remain incapable of self-government.

The governing Power is to act only as a "mandatory," representing the League of Nations and reporting to it annually. This principle, if the future finds it loyally carried out, is perhaps the greatest democratic triumph incor-

porated in the Treaty. Moreover its influence must ultimately extend beyond the colonies specifically named and work for the freedom of all peoples in all climes.

To France all other questions before the conference were subordinate to the one great issue of establishing French security and supremacy as against Germany. She wanted, therefore, to cut away from the German Empire all possible territory to the East, to free all the Slavic peoples from Teuton rule, and to prevent any union between Austria and the other Teutonic states. On her own frontier France wanted Alsace and Lorraine, to which all her Allies agreed she had a rightful claim; but she also wanted to extend her border everywhere to the Rhine. This would have given her possession of lands distinctly German. It would have ignored those very principles of self-rule for which the Great War had been fought. Its only excuse was the powerful plea of military necessity.

To offset this necessity both Britain and the United States promised France protection against any new German menace. France then yielded her demand for the strictly German Rhinelands, with the perhaps unfortunate exception of the Saar valley. This small region of the Saar was granted to France temporarily as a financial rather than a territorial recompense. The Saar is one of the richest coal regions in the world; and the Germans had so broken down and ruined most of the French coal mines that France was in absolute and immediate need of coal. Instead of trusting Germany to supply that coal, the Saar with its mines was turned over to France until such time as her enormous coal losses could be repaid.

Both Britain and France had thus yielded largely of their personal interests for the sake of equal justice to all. Unfortunately when the question of Italy's problems came up, her diplomats proved less generously foresighted. By a secret treaty with France and Britain, Italy when she entered the war had been promised some regions then under the control of Austria but inhabited by an obviously Slavic population. Of course, as against the new-born power of Democracy which had really won the War, the secret pledges of French and British diplomats had no authority whatever. The Slavic regions obviously belonged to the new nation of Yugoslavia formed by Serbia and the former Slavic subjects of Austria. The Italian government, however, not only insisted on this Slavic territory, but also invoked at the same time the principle of national self-determination to claim as its own several other regions on the Slavic side of the Adriatic, on the plea that these were partly inhabited by Italians. Having thus offered every plea for Italy's enlargement at the expense of the Slavic peoples, the Italian diplomats refused to yield anything of their



BOLSHEVISM'S DISGRACE

(The Chief Street of Petrograd after Three Years of Bolshevik Rule)

From a photograph taken in November, 1920

NO other power could have so utterly condemned and ruined Bolshevism as have the Bolsheviks themselves. Primarily Bolshevism is based on the philosophic theory that men's laws should be made by assemblies elected not by the people as a whole but by Soviets, that is by groups composed of the people engaged in each particular line of occupation. Such an assembly, with its representatives fairly distributed among the various groups of humanity, might perhaps prove both just and efficient. In practice, however, Russian Bolshevism has produced no such assembly. Instead it has been ruled by a few fierce fanatics; and its assemblies have been utterly unrepresentative. For justice it has substituted wholesale falsehood, treachery and murder; and instead of efficiency it has shown such a stupid and brutal ignorance as has reduced Russia to desolation, has erased her civilization and plunged her back into an almost primitive barbarism wherein the strongest or the craftiest snatches what he can.

Our picture illustrates this by showing a main street of the Russian capital after it had been for nearly three years in the undisputed possession of the Bolsheviks. The stores are empty; the buildings are falling into ruins; the streets are cluttered with débris. Men and women, herded together and ordered to clean away the snow, work a little because they must; but their toil is utterly joyless, and the passersby are as dreary and listless as the workers. No accurate figures are known, but it is estimated that more than half the population of Petrograd has perished from disease or massacre.





self-contradictory claims. They justified their position on the plea that Italy must establish a secure military frontier as against some possible future Slavic attack.

President Wilson, as the impartial champion of equal justice, stated openly to the world the position assumed by the Italian diplomats. At this the Italians withdrew from the conference. Finally, however, they returned, accepted the dictation of the three great chiefs of the conference as to Italy's boundaries with Jugoslavia, and signed the Peace Treaty with the other delegates. The unhappy aftermath of the affair was that the Italian people, having been encouraged by their government to demand so much, felt themselves cheated by the final decision of the Treaty. They lost faith in their own government, as well as in their former Allies.

Chief of the further difficulties that confronted the conference was the dispute between Japan and China. The Japanese envoys saw early in the conference that they would have to abandon their dream of a proclamation of race equality. Furthermore, the adoption of the mandatory principle barred them from extending their colonial possessions among the Pacific Islands. On both these important points they yielded gracefully, thereby making stronger the position of insistence which they maintained on a third point, their claim to possession of Shantung.

Here it was that Japan came into clash with China. Shantung was that portion of the Chinese mainland which China had, under pressure, surrendered to Germany twenty years before, just as in previous generations she had surrendered other regions to Britain, France and Russia. At Shantung the Germans had built up a powerful fortress and a prosperous colony, which Japan had wrenched from them at the beginning of the War, and had ruled over for four years. China now demanded possession of Shantung. Japan declared that she had won the region at terrible cost from Germany, not from China, that her need for it as a home for her own overflowing populace was tremendous, and that her right to it was at least equal to the rights of any of the European powers to the other regions which had been rescued from the hopelessly incompetent Chinese government. The question thus took on too complex an aspect to be readily decided. In the abstract all the Western nations would presumably have preferred to see Shantung restored to China; but the European powers were not at all willing to surrender their own Chinese possessions. Was China capable of self-government? In face of the hesitant opposition against her, Japan clung firmly to her purpose.

Once more the United States delegates were the only ones who continued in resolute opposition to this plan of giving to one nation dominion over peo-

ple of another race. Japan thereupon threatened to disrupt the conference; and rather than have another of the great Powers withdraw from the Treaty, as Italy had already done, President Wilson at length yielded the point. The United States thus joined Europe in giving Japan preference over China. The Chinese delegates, being denied possession of Shantung, refused to sign the Peace Treaty. They were the only ones among all the Allies who failed to sign.

In the reconstruction of eastern Europe, the Ally delegates found no such intensity of friction; because outside of Bolshevik Russia there were no forces left capable of opposing, scarce even of protesting against, their designs. Here the Peace Treaty created, or perhaps we might better say recognized the existence of, three new independent countries not existent before the War. These were Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia.

The new Poland was a resurrection of that ancient Poland which had never wholly died, though its territory had been divided over a century before and its people held in subjection by Russia, Austria and Germany. Bolshevik Russia had been compelled by Germany in 1918 to yield her share of Poland, including its ancient capital Warsaw, so that Germany could create of Poland a kingdom subject to the Teutons. Then with Germany's fall the Polish regions of both Germany and Austria had joined the Russian Poles. Under General Joseph Pilsudski the Poles had proclaimed their reunion and complete independence. Meanwhile there had long been many Poles, even a regular "Polish Army," fighting on the side of the Allies. Other Poles, long in despairing exile, came flocking home to their risen country. Paderewski and others represented Poland ably at the Peace Conference; and the Allies there were eager indeed to lend every possible help to the new nation thus upraised against Russian Bolshevism on the one hand and Teuton autocracy on the other.

Czecho-Slovakia, the second of the new nations of eastern Europe, was centered on the ancient kingdom of Bohemia with its ancient and celebrated capital city of Prague. The Bohemian people, Czechs as they call themselves, and their neighbors, the Slovaks, were both of Slavic race and had been among the most discontented of the subject races of the former Austrian Empire. Even more than the Poles, the Czechs had voiced their rebellion against Austria during the Great War. Forced to fight under Austrian generals, the Czech soldiers had taken every opportunity of deserting, until at length there was a complete and powerful Czech Army fighting for the Allies under Russia's banner. Even when Russia abandoned the Ally cause, the Czech Army remained faithful to it.



RECONSTRUCTION IN SERBIA

(Rebuilding the Broken Bridge across the Drina River)

From a sketch by Richard Assmann

THIS sketch shows men as they actually stood, shortly after the glad tidings of the armistice, looking from the Bosnian or formerly Austrian side of the Drina River across its dividing line into Serbia and the city of Vishegrad. Immediately with the coming of peace men's thoughts turned to the rebuilding of their world. Bosnia and Serbia were to be no more divided but were to unite into one country as Yugoslavia. The fighting along the frontier river was ended; the broken bridge was to be rebuilt.

While the South Slavs or Yugoslavs sorely needed Ally help after the five years' desolation of the War, they did not stand waiting for it, but began at once to help themselves. The building of the Drina bridge was symbolic. The people of Bosnia promptly announced their freedom from the Austrian yoke, and their union in a "greater Serbia." The South Slavs from the other Austrian provinces did the same. So did the Montenegrins. All the western regions of the Balkans united with Serbia. Her king then appealed to the Allies to confirm the existence of the new state, and the members of the Peace Conference approved. Hence, with the signing of the Peace Treaty, Serbia ceased to exist as such, and became instead the nucleus of the new and far stronger nation of the Yugoslavs.





Meanwhile all the Czechs, whether in Prague, in the dauntless army, or in exile scattered over the world, had seized everywhere the earliest opportunity of proclaiming their bitter defiance of Austria, and their determination to achieve independence. Chief of their exiled leaders was Professor Thomas Masaryk, who championed their cause in the United States, and won for them the Allies' recognition of their independence. Thus while Bohemia was still in Teuton power during the War, its independence was announced and its exile government under President Masaryk was everywhere honored and obeyed. On the instant of Austria's downfall in the War the people of Prague overthrew their Austrian officials and welcomed the homecoming of Masaryk. The delegates appointed by him were admitted to the Peace Conference; and it made one portion of its work the establishment of the boundaries of, and the full recognition of, the new nation of Czecho-Slovakia.

Jugoslavia or, as it is officially named, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, was less wholly the creation of the Peace Conference. It was really the "greater Serbia" of which the Serbs had dreamed before the War. It was the union voluntarily formed between the Serbians and the Slavic races who had dwelt in the southern portions of the former Austrian Empire. These were chiefly the people known as the Croats and the Slovenes, as well as Austria's more distinctly Serbian subjects of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Serbs, both of Serbia and of the Austrian provinces, were naturally very eager for this union. The Croats and Slovenes were much less assured of its advantages for them. The Croats are an intellectual race centering about their ancient city of Zagreb, or Agram as the Austrians had called it. The Slovenes were an agricultural race, living even nearer to the center of Austria's territory, with their capital at Laibach, which they themselves called Liubliana. The moment Austria had broken down in the War there was a hasty gathering of her Slavic subjects at Laibach, and the Austrian yoke was thrown aside. Immediately after the November armistice, these formerly Austrian Slavs began negotiations with Serbia, looking toward an equal democratic union. After considerable discussion, this union was established and was proclaimed to the world on January 5, 1919. The former little kingdom of Montenegro, whose people were also of Serbian race, had already united itself to Serbia by a decree of its national assembly, passed on December 1, 1918.

This newly formed union, commonly known to-day as Yugoslavia, was not established without difficulty. Many of the Croats and Slovenes would have preferred separate little states of their own. The former Montenegrin monarch, Nicholas, protested vigorously against his own deposition; and there was

considerable agitation in his favor both in Montenegro and among the Allies, especially in England.

Moreover, the Allies were by no means so unanimous in approving the formation of this powerful Yugoslav state as they had been in creating Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. Serbia was, of course, to be rewarded for her loyalty to the Ally cause, her tremendous services and sufferings throughout the war; but this widespread Jugoslavia was obviously likely to be a formidable rival to both Italy and Greece in their control of the eastern Mediterranean. Neither was it of any value to western Europe as a barrier state against either Teuton or Russian. The West might well have preferred to see Serbia remain a little mountain state like Switzerland, rather than to see it trebled in size and reaching out to the port of Fiume on the Adriatic. It was here again that the United States stood forth as almost the sole champion of justice as against expediency. She refused to permit Italy to take Fiume from Jugoslavia.

The Paris conference, having first to settle all these sharp disputes arising among the Allies themselves, did not reach any sort of agreement until after four months of discussion. It was not until May of 1919 that the many-minded delegates decided what terms they would impose upon defeated Germany. On that date they notified the German government to send delegates to France to receive and sign the terms of the peace dictated to them by the Peace Conference.

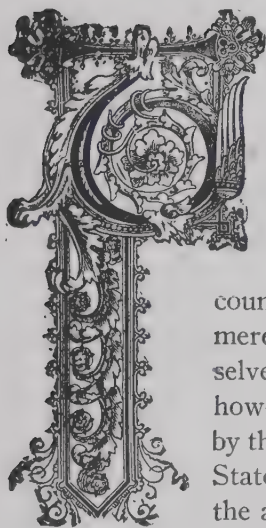
Here there came another and yet more serious difficulty. The Germans were indeed completely defeated in a military sense. The Ally armies held the Rhinelands and could easily march across the remainder of the German Empire and take possession of Berlin. Yet, before the Germans had surrendered, they had been assured by the Allied council that the peace terms imposed upon them would be based upon the celebrated "Fourteen Points" which President Wilson had long before proclaimed as the essentials of a just and righteous peace. The Germans now declared that the terms presented to them did not at all harmonize with the Fourteen Points. This obviously was a matter of opinion, not of demonstrable fact; the Ally leaders declared that the treaty did fit the Fourteen Points.

The Germans protested vehemently. Their government talked of "passive resistance," of letting the Allies seize possession of Berlin if they would. The first German peace delegates to France resigned in a body rather than sign the hated treaty. In the end, however, a second German peace delegation was sent to France; some slight modifications were made in the treaty, and it was formally signed at Versailles on June 28, 1919.



Chapter VI

THE ERA OF RECONSTRUCTION IN EUROPE



THE signing of the Treaty of Versailles by the delegates of all the nations involved was a gorgeous and impressive ceremony. It constituted the climax, as we have seen, of many months of vehement dispute. This was, however, by no means the ending of the difficult task of peace-making. Each of the governments involved had still to approve the action of its delegates. In some countries this had been done in advance. In others it was a mere formality, the governing powers having been themselves the treaty makers. In the most notable case of all, however, that of the United States, the Treaty was rejected by the Congressional upper house, the power which the United States Constitution makes co-ordinate with the President in the acceptance of peace.

The opposition of the United States Senate was directed chiefly against that portion of the Treaty which President Wilson had insisted upon as the most important of all, "The League of Nations." Immediately after the signing at Versailles various commissions were appointed to work out the details which the Treaty involved. In most of these commissions the United States was represented; but in those which dealt with that League which her representatives had forced upon Europe, she took no part.

It should also be noted that the Versailles Treaty left other peace treaties to be arranged with Germany's partners in the War. The main treaty had not

attempted to include the details of peace with either Austria or Hungary, or Turkey or Bulgaria. Germany had simply been compelled in advance to pledge herself to agree to whatever terms might be enforced against these other states. The Peace Treaty with Austria was signed by the Austrian and Ally delegates on September 10, 1919. The text of the League of Nations was included in this treaty as in that with Germany; and China which had refused its signature to the German treaty because of the clauses referring to Shan-tung, now eagerly seized the opportunity of signing the Austrian treaty. China thus became a member of the League. This left the United States as the only outsider among the former Allies.

A similar peace treaty was signed by Bulgaria on November 27th; those with Hungary and Turkey were not completed until more than another year had elapsed. The Austrian treaty recognized Austria as an independent republic, but forbade her the privilege of ever uniting with Germany, a course which had seemed to many of her citizens the only possible way by which she could continue to survive. All the formerly subject provinces of Austria's Empire were taken from her to form the new states already described, or to extend the territories of Italy and especially of Rumania. Hungary also surrendered much territory, chiefly to Rumania, and became a separate republic. Turkey surrendered still more of its European territory, submitted to European control over Constantinople, and freed most of its former Asiatic provinces.

Far more important than these long delayed treaties were the actual facts of readjustment which had meanwhile been confronting the civilized world. In the east, the internal tumults of Russia and her warfare with Poland were all too confused and too hidden to be as yet disentangled. Germany was in almost equal tribulation. So were Greece and Italy, and even France and Britain.

When Germany's military power had broken down in November of 1918, the German people rose at last against that autocracy which they had so long not only endured but worshiped. Even before the signing of the Armistice there were violent upheavals in many German cities. On November 3rd the sailors of the navy revolted at Kiel, and refused to obey an order which would have sent them out to a hopeless death in battle on the ocean. On November 9th Berlin itself was in a flame of Socialistic revolt; and the Socialist leader, Scheidemann, proclaimed the downfall of the autocratic Empire. On the same day Kaiser William's abdication was published by his Chancellor, and both William and his heir the Crown Prince fled to refuge in Holland. From there they afterward issued the more formal abdications which had been impossible in the haste of their departures.



REVOLT IN IRELAND

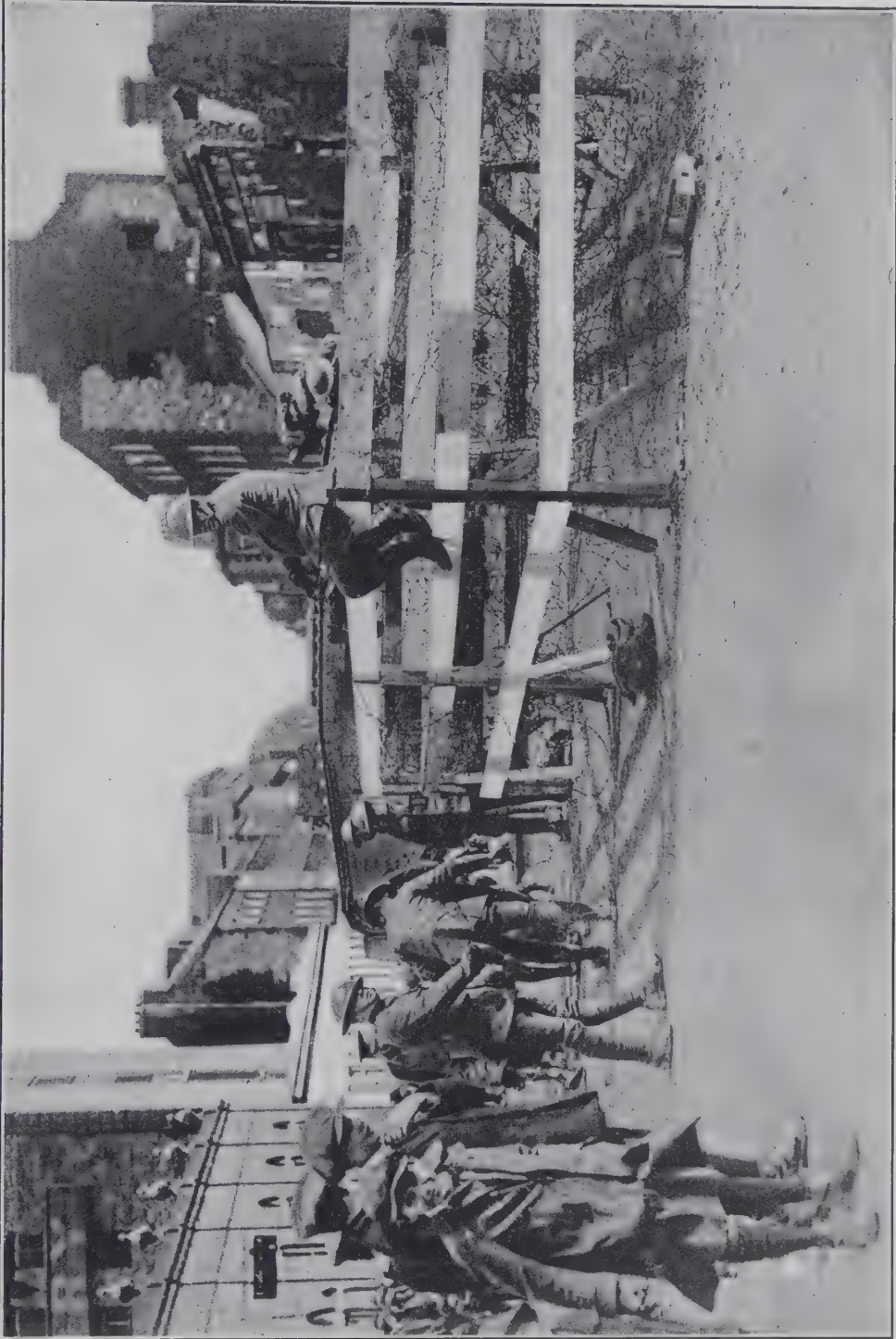
(British Soldiers Barricade the Streets of Limerick)

From an authorized photograph

DURING more than four centuries England has held control over Ireland by force, and one unsuccessful revolt has followed upon another. There is much to be urged in extenuation of England's attitude. In the course of generations so many Britishers have settled in the land that a considerable portion of it is and has been for centuries British in sympathy and in religion. Hence as each revolt spreads over Ireland there ensues not only war with the English but civil war within the land itself.

Such was the tragic situation which arose there in 1919. Many Irish leaders despaired of Britain's continual muddling over the "Home Rule" she had promised Ireland; and they started a revolt, not by the hopeless method of armed attack, but by intellectual means, by words and deeds of protest. For almost a year this method seemed to promise success; but by degrees passion drove both sides to the use of physical force. In northern Ireland strikes developed into riots, and presently Protestants and Catholics were fighting each other in the streets of Belfast and other towns. The government of necessity used armed forces to suppress the disorder; and the British soldiers naturally sympathized with and took the part of their Protestant supporters. Soon all Ireland was in a flame. In the south, the united populace turned upon the British soldiers. The strike in Limerick, here pictured, was almost a battle. Martial law was declared; and the soldiers barricaded the streets, erected barbed wire entanglements, and drove armored tanks against the rioters.





Relieved thus of the chief obstacles to peace, the German Socialists proclaimed Germany a republic, and confirmed the Armistice already arranged by the military forces. Leaving the terms of peace to the goodwill of the Allies, whom they hoped to conciliate by the adoption of republicanism, the Germans now devoted themselves with characteristic thoroughness to the reorganization of their own affairs. The change of government was in fact carried through in most orderly fashion. The retiring Imperial Chancellor learned from the Socialists that they desired for their temporary leader Frederick or "Fritz" Ebert; and accordingly the Chancellor gravely announced that by his own and the Emperor's authority he passed the chancellorship to Ebert. The latter was then proclaimed by the Socialists as the temporary president of their republic. Thus to William Hohenzollern, King and Emperor by "Divine Right," head of a long line of princely autocrats, there succeeded Fritz Ebert, by trade a harness maker, and son of a poor tailor of Heidelberg.

The orderly government of President Ebert did not, however, satisfy all Germans. His Socialist supporters represented the medium between two extremes; and their course was equally obnoxious to the aristocratic conservatives, who would have clung to the empire, and to the fiery "reds," who sought the complete overthrow of all existing institutions. These extreme revolutionists, known in Germany as "Spartacans," were the first to attempt armed revolt. On January 5, 1919, they attempted to seize the government. For over a week there was desperate fighting in the streets of Berlin. Hundreds were slain on both sides, including the Spartan leaders, Dr. Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, both of whom were killed while under arrest. The Spartacans were at length subdued.

A general election was then held to install a more regular government in place of the temporary one. By this election the authority of the Socialists was confirmed; and, under their control, the first truly representative Assembly which the German people had ever elected met at Weimar on February 6, 1919. This Assembly elected Ebert to a more regular presidency, and prepared for the new republic a permanent constitution, which was confirmed by the people.

Both "reds" and monarchists, however, still continued their plots against this majority government, which was sorely hampered by the necessity of accepting the peace terms of the Allies. Germany had no means of resisting her victorious foes; the frightful errors of the previous rulers had left to the new republic no choice but in submission. Yet the opposition parties raised an outcry over every step of the surrender, accusing the government of cowardly weakness, and insisting upon impossible and extravagant methods of defiance.

The Ebert government, however, held its control with impressive strength.

Even when an ill-advised German admiral, after peacefully surrendering his fleet to the British, sank the ships in the British harbor of Scapa Flow, the Ebert government managed to satisfy the disgusted Allies. The admiral had obviously waited until all danger was past and then performed his deed of defiance with perfect safety to himself, breaking his pledged word of surrender and robbing the Allies, in time of peace, of property which no longer belonged to Germany. The German government was compelled to add to the already enormous indemnity which it had pledged to the Allies, the cost of the sunken ships.

Negotiations on this and other themes so delayed the work of the various reparations committees appointed under the Versailles Treaty, that the mass of detail consumed the remaining months of 1919. Formal consent to the Treaty had also to be obtained from all the nations involved. When this consent had been given by every nation but the United States, there followed the last ceremony in concluding peace, the final "ratification" of the Treaty. This took place on January 10, 1920, in the French Foreign Office at Paris. Then and then only was the Great War officially at an end. Even this conclusion, however, left the United States and Germany still nominally at war; and the United States Government had to notify Germany formally that between them the armistice terms of November, 1918, were still in force.

Germany had next to face another attempt at revolution, certainly one of the most remarkable and most modern of upheavals. In February of 1920, the European Allies presented to Germany a list of almost 900 military criminals whom, according to the terms of the Treaty, she was to surrender for trial and punishment by the Allies. This list began with the Kaiser and included almost every German official who had been prominent in the War. Holland, where the Kaiser was still in refuge, refused to surrender him; and the Ebert government declared that the seizure and surrender of all the former Teuton chiefs was wholly beyond its power, and must lead to revolution in Germany.

Upon this the Allies yielded their demand, consenting that the indicted criminals should be brought to trial one by one in German courts. Despite this yielding, the excitement in Germany was such that a group of monarchists thought the moment opportune for ousting the Socialists and seizing the government. Under the nominal leadership of a minor official, Herr Kapp, an army of the former troops marched suddenly on Berlin, and almost without opposition seized the government offices. President Ebert took flight only just in time to escape capture.

No armed resistance was offered to the Kapp government, but President

Ebert from his refuge in the distant city of Dresden, called on the people of Germany to overthrow the Kapp militarists by means of a general strike. This truly modern means of defying an army was successfully carried through. So universal was the strike that, even in Berlin, Kapp and his army could not get the most ordinary business carried on. In the country at large they were wholly powerless. After only four days of this passive resistance Kapp yielded; the Ebert government returned in triumph to Berlin (March 18, 1920).

While Germany thus struggled against all the forces of disorder and of anarchy, the lands of the Allies were also menaced by many evils, but chiefly by the mad muddle of anarchistic destruction which was being deliberately spread abroad over all lands by the Russian Bolshevik government. The Bolsheviks had declared themselves at war with all the democratic world, which they accused of being really ruled by the forces of concentrated wealth or "capital." As a method of warring against "capital," the Bolsheviks sought to instigate revolution everywhere.

In its effect on America and western Europe, this Bolshevik propaganda was most successful in Italy. The Italian people were, as we have seen, already dissatisfied with their government because of the Peace Treaty. So, throughout 1919 and 1920 Italy found itself in disastrous turmoil, partly from its laboring classes burdened with heavy war taxes, and partly from its more extravagant patriots, who urged defiance of the Allies and the forcible seizure of Fiume. The sufferings of the laborers led to food riots throughout northern Italy in the summer of 1919; and on July 21st there was an attempt at a universal strike, which soon fell through. Numerous efforts were made by "red" revolutionists to overthrow all government; and throughout 1920 there were many places in Italy where workingmen seized possession of manufacturing plants and attempted to run these for their own benefit. Business suffered widespread disaster. There were even some ships belonging to the government which were seized and managed by their own sailors. With all these confused efforts toward communism the government dealt very patiently, waiting for the ignorant laborers to discover their own incompetence to handle the large affairs they had undertaken. By 1921 there was little left in Italy of this "red" revolt or "communistic" business disorganization in the hands of ignorance.

The conflict between the Italian government and the super-patriots was even more difficult of adjustment. On September 13, 1919, Gabriele d'Annunzio with a band of volunteer soldiers seized possession of Fiume, declaring that it was truly Italian and that he would hold it for Italy by force in defiance

of the Allies of the Yugoslavs, and even of Italy's own government. D'Annunzio before the War had been known as Italy's greatest living poet and novelist; during the War he had won fame as an aviator; now he suddenly achieved his widest notoriety by this wild, patriotic, fantastic defiance of the entire universe.

The Italian government having consented to the Peace Treaty which gave up Fiume now felt itself in duty bound to prevent its too fiery poet from overturning the peace. It sent an armed force to expel the poet and his followers from Fiume, assuming apparently that this would be an easy task. But the heart of the whole Italian nation was with d'Annunzio; the soldiers sent to suppress him joined with him instead. Other volunteers rushed to his defiant standard; soon he had an army of fifty thousand men in Fiume.

For over a year the poet and his legions held Fiume and considerable surrounding territory. Faced with the difficulty of expelling him the Allies held numerous consultations, and Italy was granted more and more of what d'Annunzio demanded. Finally in December of 1920, Italy, Yugoslavia and the Allies reached a general agreement by which Fiume became a sort of free port under Italian supervision; and the Italian government then undertook in earnest the task of suppressing d'Annunzio. By this time exhausted Italy was almost a unit in its insistence upon peace; and d'Annunzio's turbulent soldiery surrendered the city in January, 1921.

Both France and Britain had also serious "reconstruction" difficulties to face. The tremendous cost of living and the wide spread of profiteering combined with Bolshevik appeals to rouse the poorer classes almost to frenzy. In France there were strikes throughout the summer of 1919 as serious as those in Italy. Such, however, was the people's devotion to France, and such their ever-burning suspicion against Germany that every attempt to turn the labor strikes into anarchic revolt failed utterly. There was even a political reaction against the Socialistic party, which had long been the strongest party in France. In the election of November, 1919, only 55 Socialists were elected among the 626 members of the French parliament.

In Britain the difficulties confronting the government were yet more serious. They were, first, the labor problem, and second, the whole Irish question. Labor during the War had come into almost complete control of Britain. Wages had been raised again and again, but could not keep pace with the ever-rising cost of living; and there was serious danger that the high wages would stop all possibility of profit for manufacturers and so stop all business and production of every sort. There was a great strike among the miners and another among the railroad employees in 1919; but the ill success of the labor



THE LEAGUE AT LAST!

(First Meeting of the Council of the League of Nations)

An official photograph

THE preliminary Peace Treaty of Versailles was accepted within six months by all the governments concerned in it, with the exception of the United States and China; and even China joined the League of Nations which the Treaty had proposed. Hence a final and official signing of the treaty was held in Paris on January 10, 1920, and immediately afterward a first meeting of the Council of the League was summoned. It met in Paris on January 16th.

In the absence of the United States, which was to have held the presidency, the Council named as its President the French representative on the Council, M. Leon Bourgeois. He and the other members, nine in all, are here photographed seated around their council table. Behind them are their secretaries and other officials. The members of the Council as seated at the table, naming them from left to right, are Senor Da Cunha of Brazil; Francisco Nitti, Prime Minister of Italy; Demetrius Gounaris, Senator and Cabinet Minister of Greece; Leon Bourgeois, Senator of France; Paul Hymans of Belgium, afterward President of the League; Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary of the League; H. A. Fisher, Britain's Minister of Education; Viscount Ishii, Japan's Ambassador to France; Señor De Leon, Spain's Ambassador to France. The Secretary of the League is not officially a member of the Council; hence only eight members are present. The Council was to have had nine members, the ninth representing the United States.





movements led the great mass of the community, even among the laborers, to a disbelief in extreme measures. By 1921 labor and capital seemed to have come to a better understanding in Britain than perhaps anywhere else in storm-tossed Europe. Once more the British Empire seemed on the high road to commercial prosperity.

The Irish question has proved more difficult of solution. With the close of the War, Ireland had felt supremely confident that the long promised and long delayed "home rule" would be hers at last. But the old difficulties again intervened. The Protestant north of Ireland feared to be under the dominion of the Catholic majority; and England itself feared that under home rule Ireland might soon assert complete independence, become a dangerous menace, and even, in case of future war, a terrible foe ravaging a defenseless English coast. Hence there began once more the endless parliamentary confusion over home rule bills which satisfied no one and never reached completion and enforcement.

This disappointment gave tremendous impetus to the movement already inaugurated by the Sinn Fein in Ireland. This organization had long demanded complete independence. It had even gone so far as to encourage active resistance to the English during the Great War. The Dublin revolt of 1916 and its association with Germany had caused a widespread antagonism of world feeling against the Sinn Fein. Now, however, patriotic Irishmen, both at home and abroad, rallied to the Sinn Fein as the only hope of Ireland.

In the British parliamentary election of 1918, there were, out of the 107 Irish Members of Parliament, 73 Sinn Feiners elected. Instead of joining the British Parliament these 73 met in a parliament of their own at Dublin, conducted their meetings in the ancient Irish tongue, the Gaelic, voted a declaration of Irish independence on January 21, 1919, and elected Eamonn De Valera as "President of the Irish Republic."

Then began troublous times for Ireland. During several months the British government made no effort to interfere directly with the self-constituted Sinn Fein parliament. Thus Ireland was really under a double government. British rule continued there as before, but there was also the unofficial government of the Sinn Fein, which gave its orders and was secretly obeyed by a large proportion of the people. This double government soon led inevitably to clashes between the hot-heads on either side. In December of 1919, General French, the famous War chieftain who had been made the British ruler over Ireland was attacked by assassins, but escaped.

Soon murder followed upon murder. In the north of Ireland the conflicting parties met in fierce and destructive riots in the streets of Belfast. The

British army in Ireland was enlarged until it held the country completely in its power. The Sinn Feiners, or some of them, took to "secret war"; that is they assassinated British policemen, military officers and other officials. Some of the British retaliated in kind; and shootings and the burning of property spread from end to end of Ireland culminating in a great fire which destroyed a large portion of the ancient and famous city of Cork. (December 12, 1920.)

It was amid tumults such as these, shaking Britain almost as deeply as they shook Germany and Italy and France and eastern Europe, that the much-disputed League of Nations came actively into existence in 1920. No sooner was the final Peace Treaty signed on January 10, 1920, than President Wilson sent out a summons for the first meeting of the League which the Treaty had created. This he did by the stipulation of the Treaty itself that he should be the man to call the meeting, although as we have noted, it was no longer possible that he should be President of the League, since the United States had not joined it. On his summons the Council of the League met in Paris on January 16th. Leon Bourgeois of France was chosen as President of the Council. Later, a meeting of the Assembly of the League was called at Geneva (November 15th), and Paul Hymans, the Belgian lawyer and statesman, was elected its President.

The work of the League during the first year of its existence was enormous. All the organized nations of the world joined it, the neutrals in the Great War as well as the Allies, excepting only the United States, Germany, Russia, Austria and Hungary. Argentina withdrew from it temporarily as a protest against the refusal of the Assembly to take certain measures Argentina desired; but even in resigning she expressed a hope of being able to rejoin. The active work of the League included not only the executing of the terms of the Peace Treaty, but also the establishing of various new treaties among friendly nations, and the public registering of old ones. A permanent International Court of Justice was established. Much was done toward the limitation of armaments, the remedying of the economic crisis, and the spread of humanitarian efforts to suppress the opium and white slave traffics. A permanent "mandatory" commission was also created to oversee the administration of the former German colonies.

In brief, to one who expected that despite the desertion of the League by its originators it could still accomplish everything in readjustment of all the troubles of the universe—to such a one its first year may have seemed unsatisfactory. But to those who had learned how difficult, how obstructed by a thousand antagonists, is every step in human progress—to them the first year of the League was one of joy indeed that so much had been achieved.



Chapter VII

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICA



THE nations of America had been far less deeply involved in the Great War than those of Europe, and consequently had no such tremendous debts to face, no such intensity of suffering among their people, no such sombre doubt as to the wisdom of all governments. Hence America did not have to face the mad violence of anarchy and purposeless destruction which shook Europe during the reconstruction era. Nevertheless, America had serious troubles.

Throughout Latin America the War had created a temporary prosperity and an enormous rise in prices. These led to reckless expenditure and, later, in many states, to riots, labor tumults and the financial disaster which became widespread in 1920 and 1921. There were revolutionary changes of government in Peru, in Bolivia, in Costa Rica and in Honduras.

Cuba held an election so fiercely contested that the United States felt compelled to caution her fiery pupil; and in San Domingo brute force so completely drove out justice that the United States assumed armed control for the restoration of order.

More threatening still was the continued tumult in Mexico. President Carranza had shown himself a most obstinate opponent of every effort of other nations to secure what they considered justice in Mexico. He passed laws practically confiscatory of large foreign properties. Europe looked to the

United States to enforce European rights, since by the Monroe Doctrine, formally incorporated in the League of Nations, European arms were not to be employed in invading American territory. Instead, however, of listening to the protests of the United States Government, Carranza became ever more arrogant. United States citizens were repeatedly arrested or slain in Mexico, and redress could seldom be obtained.

In 1920 Carranza's presidential term came to its close; but so tyrannical had become his clinging to power that he began arrangements to postpone the new presidential election. This brought the Mexican situation to a crisis. The Mexican people themselves had long been discontented under their harsh and impractical ruler. Revolt had been constantly in evidence during all his term of office. Francisco Villa had fought him in the North, Emiliano Zapata in the South, and General Blanquet in the East. Now revolt broke out in Mexico City itself; and Carranza was driven into flight. On May 21st he was slain while seeking to escape. The government was taken over temporarily by General de la Huerta.

Under Huerta peace and order were restored. Even the archbandit and revolutionary Villa disbanded his followers, settled down to the cultivation of a ranch; and when some of his cattle were driven off by raiders, instead of going after them himself, he appealed peacefully to the government for the restoration of his property. A presidential election resulted in the choice of General Alvaro Obregón, the chief military supporter of the Huerta government. President Obregón began at once the effort to establish more cordial relations between his country and the United States.

Of reconstruction difficulties within the United States itself the most serious were those caused by inflated prices, by labor difficulties, and by the failure to come to harmonious agreement with either Allies or enemies as to the terms of peace. Of this last disaster we have already spoken. The Treaty of Versailles was presented to the United States Senate on July 10, 1919, and was there discussed continuously until November 19th. A two-thirds' vote was necessary for the adoption of any resolution to accept the Treaty either in whole or in part; and many test votes gradually made the fact clear that there was no possible action, either in approving or rejecting the Treaty, upon which two-thirds of the Senators would concur.

As the unwillingness of the Senate to accept the Treaty became manifest, President Wilson on September 3rd started a speech-making tour around the country urging upon the people the importance of accepting the Treaty and the League of Nations which it included. Some of the Senators followed in his path to make opposition speeches. The vehemence of the struggle was too



IMMIGRANT CHILDREN IN NEW YORK
(The 1920 Christmas Welcome to the Babies Just Entering America)
From a photograph

WITH the removal of the restrictions caused by the War, there began in 1920 a new flood of emigration from the old world to the new. Thousands upon thousands of the poorer classes were eager to escape from Europe, where they had suffered so terribly and where they dreaded a return of warfare. The main stream of this flood passed through the port of New York where its members were stopped for examination at the immigrant receiving station on Ellis Island.

Our picture gives a typical scene of the effort made to welcome these unfortunates during their inevitable detention at Ellis Island. On Christmas of 1920 toys were secured for all the children at the station, and were presented to them by Mr. Wallis, the Commissioner of Immigration. Mr. Wallis's assistants are grouped around him. The line of children illustrates the fact that most of the immigrants are of Slavic race, fugitives from that hideously harassed land of middle Europe lying between the Germans on the one hand and the Turks and Russians on the other.





severe for the President's physical frame, worn as he was by his long struggle in the European conference. On September 26th he broke down completely, was compelled to abandon his trip, and continued thereafter a semi-invalid during the remainder of his term of office.

Gradually the United States withdrew from active participation in the further treaty-making in Europe. She refused a position even on the various conference boards which arranged the later details of peace. In 1920 the Council of the League of Nations formally invited the United States to take over the mandatory for Armenia, to govern and protect that cruelly outraged land as France was governing Syria and Britain Mesopotamia. The sympathy for Armenia had been intense in America, and President Wilson expressed the popular desire that we should assume this mandate. The Senate, however, feared the danger of our becoming further involved in European controversies and perhaps in war, and definitely declined the mandatory. (June 1, 1920.)

Our only remaining activity in Europe was that of the enormous charitable organization by which this country lent its aid to the feeding of Europe's poor. Two days before the armistice in 1918, Herbert Hoover had been sent to Europe by President Wilson to build up the Relief Administration which has since become inseparably associated with Hoover's name. On February 24, 1919, Congress passed a law appropriating a hundred million dollars to this work of relief. Other nations joined in the movement, and several hundred millions have since been expended under Mr. Hoover's direction. American charity has saved the lives of uncountable thousands of children as well as adults not only in the rescued lands of eastern Europe but even among those whom we faced as enemies in the Great War. If Europe blames us for having deserted the League of Nations, the masses of her poor will not forget this stupendous work of rescue.

The home troubles which arose in the United States as the aftermath of the War were largely financial. The government in its resolution to win the War at any cost had set no limit to expenses. It had paid enormous prices for material and enormous wages for labor. Private enterprises had found expenses increasing in similar degree, and the cost of living had risen before the armistice to almost double its former amount.

The government had expected that when the War was over these huge costs would redeem themselves. Instead of this the huge quantities of goods which were exported to Europe to help the reconstruction there, kept America temporarily short of material. To increase this shortage there came the profound and bitter evil of "profiteering." Shameless traders on the hard neces-

sity of the stricken world forced prices higher and higher. The government passed law after law to reduce prices and check profiteering; but this remedy was slow and not particularly effective. Prices continued to advance until the summer of 1920, by which time the public had wellnigh exhausted its capacity for purchasing, and a reaction came not from political but from natural causes.

The American people would have suffered yet more severely from these high prices and from the high taxation necessitated by the War, had there not been a partly compensating rise in wages. Labor was scarce, and for a time wages mounted almost as magically as the increasing costs. Never before had the labor unions been in so strong a position as they held immediately after the War. On January 15, 1919, the American Federation of Labor presented to a Congressional committee a series of demands which included government ownership of all public utilities, progressive taxation of all large fortunes or large holdings of land, and government authorization of labor unions.

Several huge strikes occurred during the ensuing year, three of these being of special prominence because they involved the public and the government quite as much as they did the smaller private parties of employers and employed. The first unusual strike was that of the Boston Police, which occurred early in September, and which raised the serious question of the right of policemen to break their oath of service and so leave a population suddenly defenseless and exposed to all the ravages of its criminal elements. Public sentiment turned sharply against the police; and under the vigorous handling of the State's executive, Governor Coolidge, this strike was soon broken.

Of far wider moment was the great "Steel Strike" which began on September 22nd from the effort to unionize the steel industry. So serious were the threatening consequences in this, the most widespread of all our national industries, that before the outbreak of the strike, President Wilson made every possible effort to bring the dispute to an amicable settlement. After his breakdown in health the Senate and other government agencies took up the effort. A "National Industrial Conference" was convened at Washington in October. It consisted of three groups representing the employers, the laborers and the public who were being ground between them. After nearly three weeks of vehement argument this conference found itself unable to reach an agreement on any single subject; and it disbanded in despair. As for the strike, it gradually petered out, its failure constituting the most serious setback that labor had suffered for years.



THE NEW RULE IN THE UNITED STATES

(The President and Vice-President of 1921, and the man who won their election)

From an official photograph

THE United States Presidential election of November, 1920, was vigorously contested. So many, however, were the causes of discontent throughout the country, and so numerous the complaints against the executive authorities, that when the ballots were counted it was found that the opposing Republican candidates had the largest popular majority ever recorded in a Presidential election. There have been several Presidents who received a larger percentage of the electoral votes, and some with a larger per cent of the people's votes; but no one had ever before carried an election by the enormous popular plurality of seven million votes. The Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution had opened the suffrage to all women, so the total vote in the election exceeded twenty-six and a half millions. Of this the Republican candidates received over sixteen millions, the Democratic candidates over nine millions, and the Socialist candidates nearly one million.

The man who organized this sweeping Republican victory, the National Republican Chairman, Will Hays, is here pictured in consultation with the new President, Warren G. Harding, and Vice-President, Calvin Coolidge. The President had formerly been the United States Senator from Ohio; the Vice-President had been Governor of Massachusetts. With their inauguration, backed by such wide support, the political disruption resultant from the War was at an end. A new era for the United States began.





Even more costly was the great "Coal Strike." This had been threatening for several months before it came to a head. Considering the heavy and dangerous nature of a miner's work, the public had very generally given its sympathy to any improvements the miners might demand. But a prolonged coal strike at this time, when the stock of coal had been almost wholly exhausted by the War, would have been a national disaster, bringing misery to millions and probably even death. In October the President from his sick-bed issued an appeal to the miners not to strike, promising them a government investigation and laws to redress every wrong. Despite this plea the miners quit work on November 1st. The government secured a legal injunction to check the strike, and did thereby break something of its force. The injunction could not, however, prevent individual miners from stopping work if they so pleased; and there was thus an actual though not an official strike. A government conference finally settled the matter by granting the miners some, but not all, of their demands. On December 10th, their leaders voted that they should go back to work. Only by slow degrees did the reduction in living costs and the recovery of the manufacturing interests from their disordered condition bring anything of harmony back to these far-reaching industrial antagonisms.

From the great upheaval of the War there arose in the United States two other changes which must retain a permanent interest. These were expressed in two amendments added to the long honored and wellnigh sacred Constitution.

First of these amendments was the "Eighteenth," which prohibited the use of intoxicating liquors. This was passed by Congress and presented to the several states for ratification in 1917, while the War was being fought. By January, 1919, the amendment had been ratified by the necessary three-quarters of the states and was proclaimed as law. By its own provision, however, it did not forbid the use or sale of liquor until one year later, that is, until January 16, 1920. Meanwhile, a temporary "prohibition" had been established as a War Measure. Hence prohibition had become almost universal even before its absolute establishment under the Constitution.

The "Nineteenth Amendment" gave the suffrage to women. Energetic advocates of this amendment had for many years urged its adoption. It was finally approved by the Senate where it had met most opposition, on June 4, 1919. It was then submitted to the states for ratification. A majority of the states passed it promptly, many of them having already granted the suffrage to women within their borders. As time dragged on, however, the fact became evident that the securing of the approval of the necessary thirty-six states

would not be easy, at least not in time for the 1920 presidential election. The women workers for the cause had set their hearts on securing the suffrage for this election. Finally the struggle narrowed down to the possibility of securing the ratification in a single state, Tennessee. There, after a bitter struggle, it passed the legislature by a majority of one, on August 18th. The Tennessee legislature afterward withdrew this ratification, but not until after the United States Secretary of State had proclaimed the Nineteenth Amendment as adopted (August 26, 1920).

Thus in the Presidential election of 1920 women for the first time voted everywhere in the United States in full equality with men. This large increase in the electorate made the result of the election seem dubious to many minds. Each political party sought to nominate its strongest candidate. President Wilson refused renomination by his party, because of his two terms of service and his enfeebled health. The candidate of the Democrats, Governor Cox of Ohio was, however, pledged to support the Wilson policies, including the League of Nations.

The candidate of the Republicans was Senator Harding, also an Ohio man, one of the milder opponents of the Peace Treaty in the Senate. For Vice-President, the Republicans nominated Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts, the executive who had broken the Boston Police strike.

The election proved an overwhelming victory for the Republicans. All the varied forces which President Wilson had antagonized in eight years of struggle were united now against him and against his party. The Democratic electoral vote was only 127 as against the Republican 404. Kentucky was the only state not of the extreme South which voted the Democratic ticket.

On March 4, 1921, Warren G. Harding was inaugurated as President, and Calvin Coolidge as Vice-President of the United States. The long and tumultuous eight years of President Wilson's rule was at an end. The country entered on a new and let us hope a more peaceful era.



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